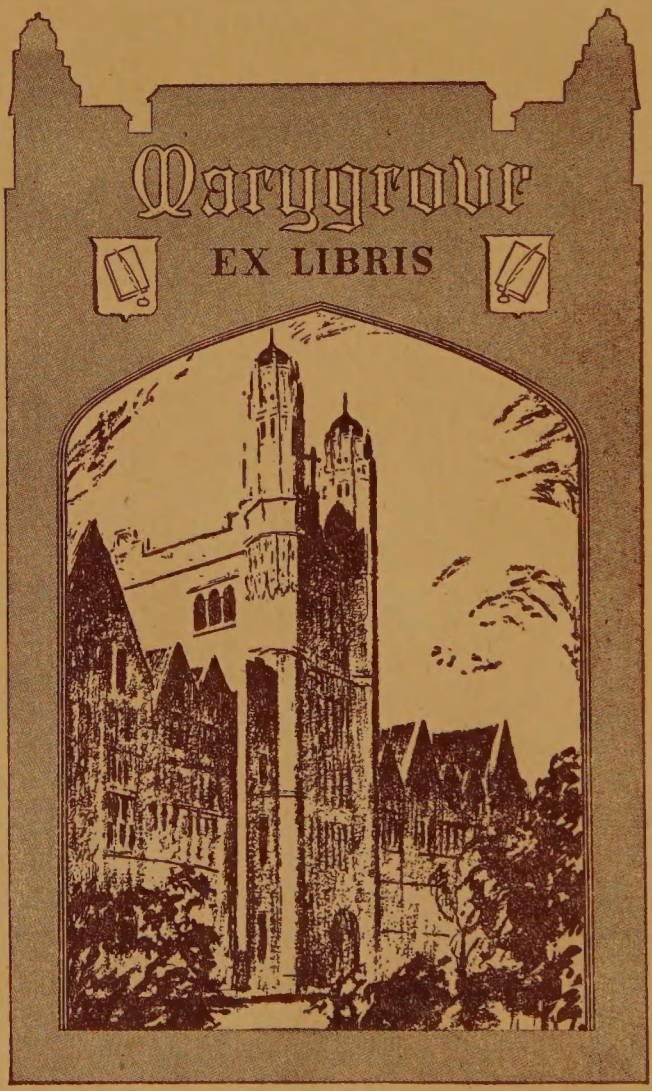
BELGIUM
THE LAND OF ART

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

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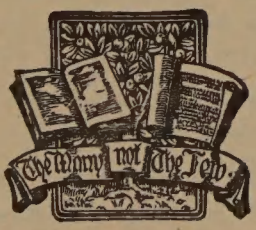
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BELGIUM:
THE LAND OF ART

ITS HISTORY, LEGENDS, INDUSTRY,
AND MODERN EXPANSION

BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS
Author of "Brave Little Holland," and Member of the
Nederlandish Societies of Leyden, Middelburg,
and Leeuwarden



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TO THE YOUNG MOTHER

TRAVEL-MATE IN BEAUTIFUL BELGIUM

AND

TO THE BOY

BORN WITH THE BOOK

ELLIOT McCALLIE

PREFACE

"WHAT can an American see in Belgium?" asked a twentieth-century friend. My answer was, "What he has eyes to see." This little book, written after four journeyings in the Low Countries between France and Germany, is intended to give pleasure to the reader at home, and to the traveler the means of enjoying what he sees. Furthermore, it shows how numerous and vital are the points of contact between American and Belgic history. No other land is richer in history or more affluent in art than is Belgium. In none have devout, industrious, patriotic and gifted sons told their country's story more attractively. By pen and in print, on canvas, in mural decoration, in sculpture, in monuments of bronze and marble, in fireplaces and in wood-carving, the story may be read as in an illuminated missal. Belfries, town-halls, churches, guild-houses, have each and all a charm of their own. Yet what avails all this historic and artistic wealth, to the unread and uncultured, if he fail to understand or appreciate what is before his eyes?

I have told in outline the story of savage, Roman, Frankish, feudal, crusading, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern Belgic land, and of the people in what, until 1830, was the old house of

bondage, with many masters, yet rich in local liberties, despite tyrants and oppressors many.

It is one of the wonders of history that a bilingual people, of two distinct ethnic stocks, Celtic and Teutonic, and successively in subjugation to Rome, Germany, Burgundian and Bourbon France, Spain, Austria, and to French Revolutionaries, to Napoleon, and to Holland, should finally, in 1830, win unity, freedom, and sovereignty. I have glanced at the eighty years or more of Belgian nationality, prosperity, and expansion by commerce and colonization.

Not less interesting than the story of their political vicissitudes is that of the social, economic, industrial, and artistic development of the Belgians. No people can be understood unless their past is clear. Nevertheless, I have dwelt upon the early mediæval and Renaissance periods, not with the "backward look," but as the soil from which the present has outflowered. In ages forgotten lie the roots of both their art and their national spirit. It is not to the "dead" past that I have given much space, but rather to those salient events and tendencies which have made fertility for the present and seed for the future. The story of Belgium may be read not alone in text and document, but also in statues and painting, carving and heraldry, lace and tapestry, and the modern natives have used these lavishly, both to express and to interpret the spirit and actions of

their predecessors. In this very condensed sketch I have laid emphasis on those phases of history which the Belgians themselves most value, and which they have notably represented in art, so that they are most visible to the tourist to-day. I have utilized not only the conclusions of critical scholarship, but also the results of my own studies and observations. Space, however, permits only a view of the bold headlands of the national history. One admires the experience-wise sons of Belgium, in their frank setting-forth, with pen, brush, and chisel, both the humiliations and the glories of their native land. They know that "Life often jests at what Death makes immortal."

I have been careful to show our debt to the Walloons (who, rather than the Dutch, first made homes in New Netherland, and, with the Flemings, furnished so large a contribution to the American composite), and to call attention to their great symbol of faith, — the Belgic Confession. In my large congregation at Schenectady (1877–1886), yes, and in Boston and Ithaca, were hundreds of people, like the de Forests, van Antwerps, etc., who were descended from forefathers taught by Guido de Bray and fugitives from the Spanish invasion of 1567. Thousands of Americans who say and believe that their ancestors were "Huguenots" are, in reality, descended from the Walloons.

At some future time I hope to add a volume on

my personal adventures, experiences, observations, and studies, entitled "The American in Belgium," the fruits of my journeyings in the land of the Maas and the Sambre.

W. E. G.

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN this new, revised, and enlarged edition, I have scrutinized the text and made such corrections as seemed necessary, after my last visit to Belgium in 1913, when I went over a large part of what became the battle line of 1914–1916.

A final and additional chapter on "Brave Little Belgium" brings the historical narrative into focus with the initial events of the great world-war. In this, and in correcting the text, I have been aided by correspondents in or from Belgium, whom I thank heartily.

Who can read, without a keen stirring of sympathy, King Albert's exclamation, "Long live independent Belgium!"

W. E. G.

ITHACA, N. Y., 1916.

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BELGIUM: THE LAND OF ART

CHAPTER I

THE FACE OF THE COUNTRY

To the American who has planned to enter continental Europe through the gateway of the Scheldt River, making Antwerp his threshold, both the sandy dunes and this arm of the sea have a most fascinating history. At once the name of Low Countries seems appropriate, for from the steamer's deck only church spires are visible above the flats and hollows.

Yet the panorama, to the student of American origins, has many a story to tell. While still off the low French coast of what was once Belgic territory, we catch a view of the spires of Dunkirk. The name is Flemish, not French. It means the Dune-kerk, or church in the dunes. Out of this coign of vantage, in the fighting days of the Dutch Republic, the "enemy," or the "pirates" under the Spanish flag, swooped upon the Amsterdam ships bound to America, bringing the settlers from Old to New Netherland. In the sealed contract with the domine, schoolmaster, or emigrant on his voyage to Manhattan, Long Island, the Raritan, Delaware Bay, or Mohawk Valley, it was stipulated that he

would be ransomed and his salary paid while in prison, if captured by the ferocious Dunkirkers.

Here lived Jean Bart, who first served under de Ruyter and then turned his coat and devastated Dutch fishing-smacks. Did the French Government mean a joke, when, at the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909, they sent their battleship named after Jean Bart to participate in the frolic on the Hudson? Or was their list of naval heroes so scanty? In September, 1911, one of the six great Dreadnaughts of France took the water, and with the bottle of wine broken over her bow was pronounced the name of the Dunkirker, Jean Bart. To-day the French city boasts a bronze statue of the hero.

Here, too, at Dunkirk were the headquarters of the Yankee privateers during our Revolutionary War, when, out of a hundred and fifty marauding vessels that preyed on British commerce and "lifted" five million dollars' worth of the enemy's property on the high seas, at least seventy-eight were under the flag of the Continental Congress, of thirteen stripes. These American privateers made King George's people want peace in 1783. For a long time the Quai des Américains was a bustling place.

Nieupoort comes next, where, in 1600, the Dutch Republican army under young Maurice, son of William the Silent, and the political father of New Netherland, for the first time in Dutch his-

tory overcame a Spanish army in the open field. Maurice won a victory which, when celebrated by illuminations in Amsterdam, was the occasion of the van Rensselaer motto, which the young general himself bestowed, "I excel all." This victory made possible the safe residence of the Walloons and the Pilgrim Fathers in Leyden, and because of it they were able to get to America to settle the Middle States and New England.

Ostend, with its gay summer throngs, recalls how, in 1854, President Pierce directed our pro-slavery envoys in Europe — Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé — to discuss the Cuban question; how their ultimatum to Spain was to "sell out"; and how such a contention in the "Ostend Manifesto" was denounced by the opposite party platform as "the highwayman's plea that 'might makes right.'"

But let us forget politics, even those old and cold, for in Belgium they are lively and hot enough, between Liberal and Conservative, because religion is mixed with state policy. We shall return to ancient American history, as we enter the broad Scheldt.

From the deck of a Red Star steamer, on our left as we take on our pilot, we gaze at Flushing. Here lived in the seventh century, Willibrord, the first Christian missionary; and hence, in the eighteenth century, came the first English-speaking minister to the Dutch congregations on Manhattan Island, serving from 1763 to 1779. Here on

that June morning in 1864 lay the Kearsarge, when her commander Winslow received word to fight the Alabama.

On our right is Breskins, one of the places which suggest the three golden balls of the pawnbroker, for, with Flushing and Rammekins, thrifty Queen Elizabeth held this place as "collateral," before she would let the London merchants advance money or send soldiers to the Dutch in their war of independence against Spain. As we pass farther up "the grayest of gray rivers," we find it hard to discover the country, so low does it lie behind the dikes. Only here and there do we catch a glimpse of even a lofty church spire. Everything seems down in the cellar.

Until we cross the Belgian frontier, near the point at which the stream narrows and turns to the right, the land we see is Zeeland. It lies within the domains of Queen Wilhelmina and belongs to Holland. Motley tells us how, when former queens of commerce, Verona, Venice, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Bruges, had passed the day of their glory and were aging to decay, "Antwerp, with its deep and convenient river, stretched its arm to the ocean and caught the golden prize, as it fell from its sister cities' grasp."

The red-roofed farmhouses, the gardens and the orchards, the herds of cattle and the little low dwellings, the churches, with their graveyards below and their towers above, all come into view.

Everything recalls what we have read about in the southern Netherlands. The arms of the windmills are gyrating on land, and the brown-sailed, thick-prowed, heavy-looking boats bump against the waves. Soon we catch sight of the great cathedral spire, the most "ladylike" of all the glorious creations of man that lift their heads to the sky. Here and there other towers, like winged forms of life, seem to fly into view. The houses, with their serrated lines of gables, or crow steps, wear an air of friendly welcome. At last we come into full view of Antwerp, one of the greatest of the world's seaports. Her proud citizens, once hoping that their city, the richest in Europe, would "on the outstretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever," coined the proverb, "The whole world is a ring, of which Antwerp is the diamond." But that was before Alva and Philip II! Thus they talked before Spanish oppression drove out the best intellect of the country to enrich rival nations. For two hundred and fifteen years the Belgians were a "hermit nation" so far as intrusion from sea-commerce was concerned. She was as truly sealed up from the ocean as was Japan, and for the same length of time.

Our entrance into the land of the Belgæ is at the northern end, and farthest from that at which Cæsar crossed its threshold. We are in the greatest of Flemish cities — the home of Rubens. Making our way to the great square, we behold a

superb fountain surrounded by a small mountain of bronze. It is not so large as that first metallic wonder of the world, the Dai Butsu, or Great Buddha, of Kamakura, in Nippon, but each of these works of art, so far apart, typifies in a sense the long and fascinating story of the country in which it is reared.

At the masthead of our steamer flies a flag with the tricolor, red, yellow, and black, of Brabant, which floats over nearly eight million people. We recall that this, the central province, is the most famous of the nine, while Antwerp is the most renowned of Belgian cities. Yet how did the names Brabant and Antwerp arise? Even the attempt to answer this question shows that when we dip into the local lore, we are in a world outside of science. Despite the ultra-practical nature of the land and the people, rich in cows, coal, machinery, and money, Belgium has a large fairy population. Her people enjoy themselves in the realms of imagination as well as on the solid earth.

According to a legend which the natives dearly love, there was a famous Frankish chief named Sylvius Brabo, and Brabant, the land of Brabo, was his domain. On the banks of the Scheldt, a mighty giant, probably a feudal baron, had his castle. This terrible fellow, named Antigonus, was a robber, who compelled every boat that passed his grim stronghold to pay a heavy toll. Should

any captain refuse the mulct, the giant cut off his hand and threw it into the Scheldt. Thus, out of an etymology of myth made in the nurseries, Antwerp means "hand-werpen," or the hand-throwing." Many sets of five fingers went into the Scheldt.

Young Brabo, the Belgian hero, like his cousin Jack the Giant Killer of England, was as eager to fight this human monster as our dime-novel reading boys once were to shoot Indians. Entering the robber's castle, Brabo killed him and then tossed his big hand into the river. One discerns in the bronze the headless trunk, the huge legs, arms, and feet of Antigonus, and, resting on top of his body, like Mount Ætna above Vulcan's forges, is the castle of Antwerp, on top of which Brabo stands facing the water, with his token of victory. The arms of the city contain on the escutcheon two severed hands.

Yet back of all the legends and guesswork, one finds on mediæval maps, before Antwerp had become a place of trade, the name "Andhunerbo," or "hand-throwing." In Frankish days the cutting-off of hands for theft was as common in Europe as in Islam, where the same punishment was meted out to a defiler or seller of a copy of the Koran to infidels.

On this same river some story-tellers locate the legend of Lohengrin, knight of the silver-white armor, who in a boat of shell, drawn by a swan of

snow-white plumage, rescues a maiden in peril. Like the mikado myths of Japan, this one was spun to glorify the house of Bouillon, — of which Godfrey the Crusader, whose superb equestrian statue stands in Brussels, was a scion.

Other writers, including Mr. Motley, — who always loved a joke, even in writing his serious history, — found a derivation of Antwerp's name in the fact that the Antwerpers built wharves in very early times and had a flourishing commerce. Hence, says Mr. Motley, Antwerp's name means "an t' werf," or "on the wharf."

"The Belgian Lion" was another name for the once united seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, of which Belgium has nine. One steps ashore to be confronted with mediæval emblems, among which he finds that *Leo* is the chief beast in public heraldry. At least six of the nine provinces have a lion on their shields, while Liège has three of the long-maned beasts standing on their hind legs. This creature does not represent the lion that we see in cages in a menagerie, or that is shot in Africa, but, instead, a composite of curls and claws, with tail and limbs in the most rampant and frivolous attitudes, which are rather more fantastic than natural. In the Netherlands, these funny caricatures of the real beast run riot over coats of blazonry, both public and private. For centuries the home of democracy was in the Low Countries, and ordinary people had family coats

of arms as well as the nobles, who could claim no monopoly of the menagerie, real or imaginary.

In a country so rich in "estaminets," or beer saloons, in which tobacco is burned and alcohol is supposed to furnish stamina, — where the tourist who asks for plain water to drink is apt to be stared at as if he were a lunatic, — the name of Antigonus seems strange. Is it not written that the general bearing this name, who served Alexander the Great, "discharged some of his officers because they spent their time in taverns"? However, it shows that the Belgians consider their country to be very old.

Roughly speaking, their history may be divided into ten eras: prehistoric, Roman, Frankish, feudal, Spanish, Reformatory, Austrian, Napoleonic, Dutch, and national. It was not until 1830 that Belgium became a united and independent country, whose perpetual neutrality was guaranteed by the Great Powers in 1839.

CHAPTER II

THE ROMAN DOMINION AND RESULTS

Cæsar is the godfather of Belgium, for he first introduced the brave Belgæ to the world. His deathless "commentaries" contain the initial description of the country.

In 57 B.C. this Roman entered Gaul with eight legions, comprising fifty thousand disciplined soldiers. In the territory now comprised in Belgium, he found that the various tribes had formed leagues for mutual defense. They numbered about a million and a half people and could put on foot an army of three hundred thousand warriors. The Romans marched in from the west, probably in the region of Mons, in Hainault.

The Nervii, or confederated Belgic tribes, had sent into the forests lining the Scheldt all their people except fighting men, had fortified their camp, had gathered a host, which with their allies numbered eighty thousand, and awaited the onset of the Roman invaders. They were led by their chief Boduognat, whose name probably means "Son of Victory."

Cæsar, entirely unaware of the nearness of the enemy, on reaching the river ordered a camp to be laid out. He then sent some horsemen across

to reconnoitre the hill on the opposite side. Like Indian braves, the young Nervii could not be restrained when a prize was so near, and in one wild rush they rose and with shouts overwhelmed the Roman cavalry. Then, dashing across the river, they pressed the Romans so hard that the Twelfth Legion began to waver. Cæsar, who in his tent had heard the noise, took in the situation at once. He rallied his troops, and by his personal courage saved the day. Had the legions broken their ranks and the savages got inside their squares, they would have been overwhelmed. But Cæsar's presence strengthened the wavering lines. As usual, discipline proved superior to valor. The half-naked warriors found confronting them a wall of steel and brass which they vainly attempted to break. For hours the slaughter continued. The Nervii fought to the last man. It was literally true that, towards the end, the chief obstacle between the natives and their foreign foes consisted of a rampart of the dead bodies of their countrymen. Only five hundred survivors were left. The tribes were virtually annihilated. It was the submission only of old men, widows, and orphans which Cæsar received. To them, in admiration, the conqueror granted the protection of Rome, the status of a free people, exemption from taxation, and the name, style, and title of allies, instead of subjects. At Rome, in the temple of the Capitoline Jove, for this victory the sacri-

ficial fires of thanksgiving to the gods burned for fifteen days.

Cæsar's conquest of Belgic land need not here be told in detail. It was as business-like a "proposition" as the steady fulfillment of a contract. Civilization prevailed over savagery. Another great battle, over the Aduatici, virtually decided the final conquest of the lower Belgian land, the area of hills and valleys, or Walloonia. Thirty-three thousand men were sold as slaves. War was a business with the Romans. After victory, began an auction for the labor market of the time.

It now remained to Cæsar to make himself master of the north, where lived the men of the swamps, the Menapii and the Morini. In their impenetrable fastnesses and forests they believed that their dark and spongy land could not be successfully invaded. The legions needed hard ground for their baggage and engines of war, their movements and formations. When Cæsar attempted to cut down the forests and open the marshes to sunlight, he realized the magnitude of his task, and gave it up. However, he "pacified" enough of the land of the Morini to carry out his favorite plan of invading Britain, in which he succeeded. He had already bridged the Scheldt River at Xanten, and with five legions assailing the Menapii on three sides, he reduced the tribe to complete subjection within two years.

The Belgic tribes, however, had plucked up

fresh courage during Cæsar's absence in England, and in the swamps and forests of the Ardennes, they united under Ambiorix to secure independence, and fresh campaigns were necessary. In one instance the Roman soldiers were treacherously ambuscaded in the woods and butchered to the last man. Cæsar first relieved his captain, Sabinus, who was surrounded by the enemy, and then, joined by Titus Labienus, led a host of vengeance, numbering a hundred thousand men, across the country to where are now Liège and Maastricht. He subjugated the Eburones with fire and sword. Ambiorix, uncaptured, escaped into the forests. After massacre and famine, the Eburones disappeared from history.

By the year 50 B.C., the bravest tribes were annihilated, the others humbled, and the Belgic land was conquered. After the soldier, Rome sent her statesman. Cæsar combined the land of the Belgæ, Celtæ, and Aquitani into a single province, but Augustus later divided this part of Gaul into three provinces, one of which, in the north, bordering on the sea, was named Belgica. To Cæsar belongs the credit of conquest; to Augustus, the honor of a civil organization which was to endure for five centuries.

Yet Rome never made the same progress in enforcing her civilization upon the Belgæ as upon the Gauls, and the reason seems to be plain. The conquest was far from complete in the great for-

ests like those in the Ardennes, while in the impassable swamps and marshes near the coast it was hardly felt. Throughout the ages, Belgic land has ever been repopulated by fresh accessions from the eastward, from beyond the Maas, from Germany, and not from France. Thousands of the prisoners taken in the long wars with the Germans along the Rhine fled to or were established as colonists along the Maas and the Sambre; that is, in the region of the Flēmings, or fugitives — flander-land, or "Flanders." Thus, reinforced from the forests, these northerners retained the ruder and more robust habits of Teutonic men. The Romans, having already noted their warlike character and aversion to roof dwellings, declared that the Belgic folk were less conquered than dominated.

The conclusions to be drawn from a study of the Roman conquest of this region are, that although the natives could not resist the legions in battle, yet the Belgæ, caring neither for houses nor for towns, and proud of their forest origins, preserved to a great extent their ancestral customs and traits. Constant reinforcements from beyond the Rhine enabled them to maintain their original characteristics. So it came to pass that when the Huns from Siberia, in the fourth century, were humbling both the Roman Empire and Germany, the new-coming Franks found refuge in Belgic forests, and there were enabled to con-

solidate their forces, breast the storm, and re-emerge with power.

A survey of the first six centuries of known Belgic history enables us to see that the spirit and sentiment, so necessary for the rearing of an independent state and a free people, were increased rather than decreased by the discipline under the Romans. As rightfully as do the English by London Bridge and near their mighty houses of Parliament, proudly rear in imperishable bronze the figures of Cassivellaunus and Queen Boadicea, as defenders of their native soil, and the French on Mont Auxois the figure of Vercingetorix; so the Belgians do honor to the courage and rude patriotism of their primitive chieftains. At Antwerp stands the bronze statue of Boduognat, chief of the Nervii, and at Tongres that of Ambiorix.

In its dualism of races, languages, and physical features, Belgium is much the same to-day as the Romans found it. The national household contains two ethnic stocks, — the Walloons, or Celtic, French-speaking people in the south, and the Flemings, or Dutch-speaking people of Teutonic stock in the north. One half of the country produces metals and the other half grain and food, as if Vulcan and Ceres had divided the domain between them. The Walloons, as a rule, work in the foundry and the Flemings on the farm. In the census by languages, the number of those speaking Flemish is somewhat over one half of the total

population, but most educated Belgians speak both languages, and the laws are issued in bilingual form. Walloon, which is old Gaulish, and not "corrupt French," is heard only in the rural regions, almost all Walloons now using modern French. Nearly all the cities, towns, and rivers have two names; as, Doornick and Tournay; Mechlin and Malines; Mons and Bergen; Maas and Meuse, — the former Flemish, the latter Walloon. In this book, as a rule, the Flemish form is used; as, for example, Maas, instead of Meuse, the name of the country's chief river.

If Belgian humanity is bilingual, soil and geology show the same dualism. The ranges of mountains of central Europe, which reëmerge in the British Islands, have their lower curves and upper strata in Belgium, thus making the hilly country of the Ardennes on the east, the great flat heaths of the Campine moorland in the central portion, and the sandy low country on the north, which is diked in from the sea. The south or Walloon country is a factory. The northern or Flemish part is a garden. Brabant, in which is Brussels, is a link between the two, both in languages and in industries. In the "black country," or Hainault, swarms of miners live and delve. Solid beds of coal, discovered in 1906, underlie the Campine, or vast heath of Limburg.

Although one may draw a line across the country from east to west, separating Walloon and

Fleming humanity, and the soils, the products, the languages, even the aspects of civilization, yet in modern Belgium, north and south, Fleming and Walloon, mechanic and farm laborer, make one nation. Throughout all ages of calm or storm since history began, despite despot and demagogue, social unity has been preserved.

Certain factors have ever worked for Belgian nationality. The Flemings, of German descent, being at the west, close neighbors of France, were tied by many interests to the French; while the Walloons, of much the same blood and speech as the Gauls and French, in the east were set closest to Germany. This curious allocation of the two peoples, despite difference in blood and language, has made the forces of attraction greater than those of repulsion. The long story of the two peoples is like that of Castor and Pollux. Although the words "Flanders," "Fleming," and "Flemish" are the more common in the English language and literature, millions of Americans should not forget their ancestry among the Walloons or French-speaking Belgians.

The note of life, in the Belgium we knew, was industry. By man's toil the wilderness became a garden and the dark wood open to sunlight. Even down to the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, dense forests covered hundreds of square miles where later were rich farms and fine country seats. Within those wooded areas, until the four-

teenth century roamed droves of wild horses. In the leafy coverts a rich fauna on hoof and wing found a joyous home, while the tangled woodland in every age gave shelter to the human exile, outlaw and outcast. To-day the bear, the beaver, the lion, the wolf, the oroc, the hyena, the wild boar, and other carnivorous animals, once common in Belgium, live only with dragons, griffins, and creatures of imagination, in the rich heraldry of the nobles, and on the town arms. By the constant toil of fifty generations of men, — yes, and of women, — by the application of skill and intelligence, by the use of labor-saving inventions, and by the importation of fertilizers from many lands, the larger part of the Low Countries became rich and beautiful, the loved home of happy millions.

Rich are the remains in the Maas Valley of prehistoric man, who has left behind him his tools of chipped flint, his pottery, remains of banquets, and imposing dolmens. Passing by these and piercing the strata of history, as revealed in the modern, mediæval, Roman, and Teutonic names, we can see how our pagan ancestors worshiped when living among the trees. It is cultural to note what inheritances we have received from them. We still keep their names of the days of the week, which tell of the moon; of Tewis or Tues, the war-god; of Woden, or Odin, god of heaven and storms, whose eye is the sun and whose blue

mantle is the sky; of Thor, or Thur, son of Odin, champion of the gods, lord of the thunder and lightning, who rattles through the air in his chariot; of Freya, who rewards industrious maidens and chides the lazy. These were the deities our forefathers worshiped in the forest. There were other gods, such as Mannus, of the morning light; Nerthus, or Hertha, who made fruit and grain grow in summer; and Fro, who rode on his wild boar over the ripened ears of grain. There were many other gods, some of them gentle and even motherly in their character. Hills and pools, streams and valleys were populous with elves and sprites, for all the powers of nature were personified. Our ancestors, whether in fear and awe, or joy and gladness, loved to worship many great and invisible gods. They had not yet reached that idea of law, order, and unity in the universe which is expressed in monotheism, or the doctrine of one God.

Out of the primeval forest of our distant forbears came also the fairy tales which once were sacred legends. In our days the old stories of the gods have become harmless amusements for the nursery. What once struck terror or induced awe now furnishes delight or merriment for us, because the mental world and climate in which our ancestors lived is not ours. Law, science, and Christianity have given us a new heaven and a new earth.

CHAPTER III

THE COMING OF THE FRANKS

Our national colors — the red, white, and blue, united in one standard as the flag of freedom — had their origin in the German forests. When the Franks, who were not a tribe, but a federation, made their first appearance in history, they raised the tricolor and drove out the Roman legions.

The Romans disappeared from Belgic land, and the figure of Clovis (A.D. 465–511) emerged as that of a historical character and founder of the Frankish Empire. The Frankish or French emblem of nationality is the fleur-de-lys, or lily flower, which some say is named from the Flemish river Lys, that joins the Scheldt at Ghent and was crossed by Clovis and his host. Whether it be lance-head, or lily, or bee with outspread wings, this was the emblem of the Bourbons until Napoleon, seeking a symbol of power older even than the traditional fleur-de-lys, set swarms of Frankish bees in gold upon his imperial robe.

Clovis fixed his seat at Paris A.D. 507. Then he overcame the Burgundians, who gave their name to the Burgundy with which the fortunes of the Belgians were later associated, in both splen-

dor and humiliation. Clovis married a Christian princess, Clotilda, and thus the way was opened from barbarism to Christianity.

We may not here tell in detail of the Merovingian dynasty of Frankish kings, which belongs properly to the story of France. History followed much the same lines as in Japan and China, for human nature in Orient and Occident is the same. After the reaction from forest life with its hardships, and the novel enjoyment of the luxury of cities, many of the kings became and were called "do-nothings." The first officer of the royal household took the title of the Mayor of the Palace. He gradually became the real power-holder, even as in Japan the shogun overshadowed the mikado. The most illustrious of the palace-mayors were Pepin, born at Heristall in Belgic land; his son, Charles Martel, the "hammer" of the Saracens; and Pepin the Short, who ended the old and founded the new Carlovingian dynasty, in which the greatest was Charles, or Charlemagne, the restorer of civilization and founder of the Holy Roman Empire.

In the welter of primitive Belgic and Roman paganism, the Christianity planted in Roman times was at first like a flickering flame. Savages much like the North American Indians, the Franks were slower to receive the spirit and habit of Christianity than its verbal creed. The newly converted pagans were quick to imitate the vices

of civilization and to cover them with the cloak of religion. The rivalry of women and men in high places ran on in an even tenor toward iniquity. The worst passions of human nature seemed to take on a more subtle refinement when skin clothing was exchanged for textiles and forest law for the conventionalities of a decadent civilization. It took many centuries to tame these savages and make them Christians in anything but name. For a chief to win power was too often like "giving wings to the tiger" that slumbers in man.

After Clotaire, son of Clovis, died, in A.D. 561, his estate, in accordance with Frankish or Salic law, which excluded females from succession, — because with the descent of property in land went the bond of military service, — was distributed among his four sons. Two of these sons divided Belgic land between them, while the third ruled at Paris and the fourth at Orléans. The enforcement of the Salic law has played a great part in European politics, especially in France, but nature has had her revenges in making the excluded women often more powerful than the men in authority. It is certain that the sons of Clovis stand in shadow compared with the two brilliant women, Fredegonda and Brunhilda, whose rivalry, which was bitter enough to divide kingdoms and separate races, makes one of the notable tragedies of history.

The vast Frankish Empire was divided into eastern and western portions, or Austrasia and Neustria, Belgic land lying partly in the one and partly in the other, the Scheldt River being the dividing line. Sigibert, royal ruler of Austrasia, took for his bride Brunhilda, youngest daughter of the king of the powerful Visigoths. Thereupon his brother Chilperic, driven by jealousy and lusting for power, sought a wife at the same court and wedded Galswinthe, the older sister. But Chilperic had long been under control of his beautiful mistress, Fredegonda, once a kitchen maid, but powerful because of both her beauty and her wiles. It was at her prompting that Chilperic had murdered his first wife. When the new bride came home with her husband, Fredegonda was dismissed from court. Thereupon she resolved on revenge. Galswinthe died suddenly, after a short reign, some say of poison and others of assassination at the hand of her husband, instigated by Fredegonda, who still retained her ascendancy over her lord.

There was as yet no France, no Germany, but there are those who look upon Fredegonda as the personification of Gallic, and upon Brunhilda as the embodiment of Teutonic influence at the Frankish court. The feud of these two women split the empire. It was so intense and venomous, causing a century of war, murder, and domestic strife, that some scholars even trace back to this

cause that age-long bitterness between France and Germany which resulted in the colossal struggle of 1870.

We draw a veil over the details of the long strife, in which Sigibert and Chilperic were assassinated. Then the two women kept up the fight with the tenacity of tigresses. Atrocities were manifold, for both had sons, in whose names they fought. Brunhilda maintained the feud even in the name of her grandchildren. On the very crest of victory, Fredegonda died in A.D. 597, but her rival Brunhilda gained no advantage thereby, for her own vassals turned against her. In A.D. 618, seized by the son of her old enemy, when nearly eighty years old, Brunhilda, charged with the murder of the Frankish kings, was first tortured and then lashed to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to her death. Her executioner, Clotaire II, the son of Fredegonda, completed his work by extirpating the whole brood of Sigibert and Brunhilda.

This chapter of history is Occidental, not Asiatic, or from the page of Iroquois savagery, or of the country that coined the proverb, "The white lotus springs out of the black mud." "In this atmosphere of cunning and deceit, treachery and fratricide, crime and sensuality . . . the beautiful flower of Christianity opened." The Visigoth maiden, Brunhilda, descendant of Alaric, gave up Arianism for the orthodox form of religion after

wedding with Sigibert. Political ambition dominated her mind. She protected the church — sometimes with more insistence than bishops or abbots liked, or agreed to. So great a queen as Brunhilda has left her name and fame in the popular traditions of Belgium and France, and the ruins of old castles built and roads made by her are more numerous in legend than history knows anything about — almost as many as the relics of the true cross.

All these themes and personages have been made the subject of art in sculpture, music, and painting, by artists who, in our own day, have shown what vast treasures of material for fresh interpretation and novel artistic presentation are found in these early ages. In this sixth century those nations whose blood, speech, and ideas we inherit, emerging from the forest, were coming to consciousness of themselves. The old beast instincts were struggling against the call of that Divine Spirit that ever beckons man upward. Under the religion of Jesus, ultimate victory was certain. The higher life rose out of the old brute passions, but it was with struggle and pain, such, for example, as Wagner has attempted to portray in the weird music of the "Parsifal."

Reflections of the early intercourse between Ireland and Belgium, illustrated by the barter of commodities in savage days, are discerned in the fairy tales and saints' legends. In mediæval life,

it was renewed in the exchange of Christian courtesies. When a great-grandson of Fredegonda was to be educated, the Bishop of Poitiers sent the boy for safety to an Irish monastery. On his return, however, the young man was immediately assassinated in the forest of Ardennes. Pepin chose Willibrord, then a priest of the monastery of Colm Hill, in Ireland, to be missionary to the Frisians in the "far North." As bishop of Utrecht, this saintly man labored in the northern Netherlands during forty years. The Saxons, who hated Christianity with all the fanaticism that fetish worship breeds, were transplanted in large colonies out of the central forests and settled upon Belgic soil, proofs of which we can plainly perceive, even to-day, in their descendants' language, customs, physique, habitations, and agriculture. The name on the map of Thorhout, or Groves of Thor, recalls the worship and superstitions of our forest forefathers, when most of Belgic land consisted of woodland and swamp only opened in parts to the sunlight.

There were many blendings and crosses of races, with their varying characteristics. The dominant factor in this confederacy of Teutonic tribes was the Salian Frank. It is his institutions, customs, language, and spirit that have prevailed. Those who find these latent in Gelderland behold them patent in Flanders. Though the ancestral seats of the Salian Franks are not known, their legends

are connected with the salt ocean, and the name of the reputed founder of their social order and the Frankish federation, Merovius, means "sea-born." The idea of freedom, although closely associated with the word Frank, is not original, but derivative, the first meaning coming from the favorite weapon, the spear. They were the "spear-men," as the Saxons were the "knife-men." From the word "Frank," with its later meaning of "free," we get the words "France," "Frank," "franc-mason" or "freemason," "Franklin," etc.

The Salian Franks were pagan to a man. Wherever they came, the Latin language and civilization disappeared. Sent up in fire and smoke, left under an overgrowth of weeds or forest, or sunk deep in the soil were the roads and habitations of the civilized Romans. The Franks used the great highways as guides to the richest booty.

With red or fair hair brought to the front of the head, the Franks left the nape of the neck uncovered, though kings gloried in long hair. They shaved their faces and wore mustaches. They put on tunics and breeches reaching to the knee, and they drew round their waists a leather belt having a broad buckle damascened with silver. From this girdle hung a missile axe (that is, a tomahawk), a short knife, and, in a bag, articles of the toilet, — scissors, comb, etc. Their wooden or wicker shield had a large boss. Their chiefs were buried in panoply, and their graves,

often discovered accidentally, are plentiful in Belgium and furnish enrichment to the museums and vividness to the page of history. Out of the tomb of Childeric, father of Clovis, near Tournay, were taken in 1653 about three hundred little figures in gold, which had probably adorned the royal robe. These Napoleon took in place of the lilies of France, as insignia of imperialism.

One of the most famous Frankish moot-places, or sites for the gathering of thousands assembling for discussion, with its walls of sand, its platforms and entrances still easily discerned, as I have seen, is preserved near Nijkerk, in Gelderland, — whence a thousand years later came Arendt van Curler, founder of Schenectady and of the peace policy with the Iroquois, and also van Rensselaer's tenants, settlers of Albany, Saratoga, and Rensselaer counties in the Empire State. Visiting these links of history on both continents makes the chain of human development very discernible.

Probably no other painter has so successfully interpreted, on canvas and in color, the life of the Franks as has Alma-Tadema, himself a Netherlander, of Friesland. This artist accepted the art of painting not as dealing with mythology, but with facts. Declining to reanimate the ideals and dreams of the poets, he found in true history his congenial themes. Two of his famous canvases deal with Franco-Roman history, when nascent Christianity was beginning to soften the savagery

of the forest. Then, decadent Roman luxury made wicked people still more atrocious in their sensualism and cruelty. In Tadema's first picture, the "Education of the Children of Clovis," painted in 1861, we see that Clotilda, widow of Clovis, has retreated to a monastery; but, keeping up the feud with her late husband's enemies, she trains her sons to war and revenge. A gaunt, muscular Frankish warrior, mustached and with war-lock and front plait of hair, stands near by in tunic and leggings, as their teacher, while the lusty little fellows throw their hatchets at a mark. Very much like Iroquois Indians, in dress, coiffure, physical strength, grade of civilization, passions, and method of using tomahawks as missiles, were these Franks, our forbears. There is applause when the chubby youngsters hit the target and leave their blades in the wood. Their school was that of the warrior. The very words, "Hermann," "German," and "war-man" are one.

The other picture by Tadema (1864) reveals to us the beautiful human animal, Fredegonda, lovely in face, figure, and costume, though stained with a hundred crimes. She comes to visit the holy man, Bishop Prætextus, hoping for his benison; instead, he rises on his dying bed to charge her with the sins of which she is guilty. This powerful painting opens a window into ancient history, through which we see the costumes, surroundings, and life of our ancestors.

CHAPTER IV

THE CENTURY OF THE SAINTS

BELGIUM is the land of saints. In this country the tourist could once see churches almost everywhere. Monks and nuns were numerous. Most of the holy edifices are named after saints familiar to all Christendom, but many others have only local renown. Yet the memories of Saints Amand, Remacle, Eloi, Gudule, Rombaud, Begge, and others are very dear to the Belgians; nor, after the lapse of centuries, is their fame dim. These names recall the devoted men and women who toiled to Christianize the early barbarians, often laying down their lives as martyrs. Of all the centuries, the seventh saw the greatest number of missionaries and triumphs of the gospel on Belgic soil. Hence this is often called the century of the saints. As there were various generations of peoples, in succession, such as the Nervii, the Roman Belgæ, the Franks, the Teutons, etc., so was there a succession of missionaries.

Work among our savage ancestors was no more inviting or any less dangerous than among cruel pagans in any age or in any land. Taking their lives in their hands, these holy men from the south made their way into the forests, heaths, and

swamps. They ran the risk of being spitted upon spears by the infuriated human butchers, whenever they interfered with heathenism's bloody rites. Yet they bravely stopped the human sacrifices, prohibited the sale of children as slaves, modified the brutal treatment of women, and abolished other practices which to the men of the forest seemed right. To torture, behead, or enslave their captives in war, to build colossal images, in wickerwork or tree boughs, of their gods, to stuff them with live creatures, men, women, and children, and then set them on fire as an offering to the gods, were among the pastimes indulged in. Besides plaiting their locks and hurling their missile axes like tomahawks, painting their bodies and dressing in skins of animals, our ancestors resembled Indian savages in many other ways.

To overthrow the hideous idols, to chop down the trees considered sacred, and to defy superstition required in a missionary a finer strain of valor than the animal courage of the warrior, just as moral bravery is superior to physical. Millions possess the latter, few the former. Nevertheless, although some had their heads cloven by the battle-axe, or were transfixed by the arrows of the pagans, most of the missionaries were long-lived victors.

Then began the slow and tedious task of winning our fathers from their bloodthirstiness, love of revenge, ignorance, debauchery, lust, and sens-

uality, to the daily practice of the Christian virtues. It was as hard for a Teutonic as for an Iroquois brave to understand that the Deity does not love the pouring-out of human blood, and that men ought to be chaste, kind, gentle, forgiving, and pitiful. Patiently the Christian teachers, by threats and appeals, persevered. Even after progress had been made in sweetening tempers, improving manners, and elevating ideas, there were many lapses. Men who quickly adopted the creed, and swore to obey the holy law of Jesus, found it hard to subdue their passions and appetites. Self-conquest was more difficult than bloody wars.

Excellently fitted for the work required of the age were the monasteries. Those built at Ghent, Malmedy, Saint Mond, Nivelles, Mons, and in the forests of Ardennes and Luxembourg are among the most famous, but there were hundreds of others. The rules of the abbey required that the day should be spent in prayer, manual labor, and study. Churches grew up with the cloisters and became the centres of blessing and civilization to the regions around. To their everlasting credit, the monks made labor honorable, and thus persuaded men to give up the trade of destroying for that of enriching life. They cut down the gloomy forests, drained the swamps, turned the wilderness into a garden, introduced new articles of food, dress, and household comforts, and thus stood in

the vanguard of civilization. Each monastery was a model and object lesson to the people.

No less courageous in obeying their Master and in ministering to their fellows were the Christian women. The nunneries became schools of self-denial and gentle manners. In the healing art, in the practice of medicine, in education, the monks and nuns led their age. They collected things strange, curious, and useful, copied ancient and new books, put into writing the legends, local traditions, news, and tidings of travel from pilgrims and travelers, composed miracle plays, set in order holy pageants, and wrote chronicles of the times. Thus the monasteries became the cradles in which were nourished the beginnings of the museums and universities.

Such a powerful engine of progress struck the imagination of people rising out of savagery and barbarism, exciting their wonder, compelling their thought, and stimulating reflection. Added to these were the brilliant church processions, pageants, and forms of worship, which, appealing to all the senses, dazzled a people in the infancy of their intellect. In the clash between old notions and the new faith, rivalry soon began for possession of the holy relics and patronage of things and places of good omen. The varied flowers of fancy, like the arbutus of spring, pushed their way up out of a soil enriched with the leaves of a fallen civilization, and then bloomed with rare beauty. Exceed-

ingly quaint and alluring are the legends of the saints, the Holy Virgin, and the men of vows. No country more than Belgium possesses an album of such pretty verbal legends and pictures on canvas, which illustrate, in rich colors, rather the emotions of the heart than the realities of history. Rubens's famous painting of St. Bavon is notably so.

When it became the fashion to add monastic writing to folklore, the folios and chronicles, even in the learned monks' libraries, grew to be a veritable storehouse of things lovely to read and hear, but belonging rather to the realm of local pride and flattery than to provable truth. Some Belgian knights of the reed pen and inkhorn insist that it was on their native soil that the Emperor Constantine had his vision of the conquering cross. "A rare and heavenly laurel" for the Belgic church, indeed! Even cathedrals, like mountains of blossoming stone, were built more easily in popular legend than by generations of toil with windlass and chisel, for in one story, St. Martin rested on a rock, which forthwith transformed itself into a stately minster!

Folklore etymology also furnishes some startling dramas, in which, of course, the Devil is the heavy villain of the play. Thus, when St. Remacle was building the abbey of Stavelot, he had a donkey that hauled the stone. The devil, furious at having a holy building in his domain, changed himself into a wolf and ate up the poor beast with

long ears. To punish the evil spirit, the saint harnessed the wolf to the wagon and made him work in place of the donkey. When the wolf arrived with his load at the foot of the monastery, St. Remacle said to him, in Walloon, "Stave leu (Stop, wolf!)." Hence the name "Stavelot." Was it in memory of the martyr beast that, in the first brilliant era of art, the Flemings invented the easel, which means "little donkey"?

Trèves, once in Belgium, became a centre of monastic life, and was visited by such fathers of the church as St. Athanasius and St. Jerome. Here was born St. Ambrose, afterwards of Milan, city of the glorious cathedral, who later excommunicated emperors, possibly wrote the *Te Deum*, and enriched the music of the church. Hence the appropriateness of the legend, that once when he was a baby, asleep, a swarm of honey bees settled on his lips.

In the fourth century one missionary wrote of successful work among the Morini savages, who inhabited "the extreme borders of the world beaten by the waves of a barbaric ocean." Another pioneer herald of the cross slept in a hollow tree. The aisles and depths of the woods reëchoed with the sound of psalms, for choirs of angelic men, in place of marauding savages, now thronged the churches and monasteries. In time the forest itself was transmuted and idealized in the Gothic cathedral, with its vaulted nave, transept and

choir, with its "high embowed roof," and with the stained glass that recalls the splendors of sunset, seen through boughs against a sky of ravishing colors.

Amid alternate cheer and gloom, and like the ebb and flow of tides, the gospel made its way and Belgic land seemed a promising garden of the faith. Then came the storms that uprooted and destroyed. In the fifth century the Huns and Vandals invaded with fire and sword. Horrible was the slaughter and massacre, yet out of the mire of black despair sprang, like a white flower, the legend of St. Ursula. The British princess and her eleven thousand virgins, while on their pilgrimage to Rome, were set upon by the Huns. They all chose chaste death to dishonor, and today one sees in Belgium many churches dedicated to God in honor of St. Ursula and her white-robed band.

So terrible was the devastation by the pagans of the fifth century that the work of Christianizing the Franks, the peoples inhabiting the Low Countries, had to be begun over again. Hard was the task. New languages had to be learned, the wild country penetrated, and pagan gods of renown overthrown, while more tribes and fresh waves of Teutonic barbarism rolled out of the forest over the land. Nevertheless, with heroic constancy and in unquailing faith, the new generation of missionaries toiled on.

No different was the work of the gospel then than now, or in ages before, nor were the obstacles really different; for the problems of Christian civilization are not geographical, but human. In spite of their savagery, the war-loving Franks possessed noble traits of manhood, and in their social system lay the germs of a life which, in its flower, was to be nobler than that of Rome or Greece. St. Eloi, St. Amand, St. Bavon, St. Florbert, St. Humbert, and others won steady success. Despite the cruelty of the heathen men and the jeers of their women, the gospel bearers toiled on. Gradually steady industry took the place of nomadism and war.

Of course many of the wonders accomplished were called "miracles." In the telling of stories about the powers exerted and triumphs wrought, the avalanche, and not the melting snow, was the symbol. In time, the proverb "Good doctrine needs no miracle" was more to the front. By the eighth century all Belgic land was at least nominally Christian. Usually the monastery was the seed of a large city. Around its walls gathered industry and population. In the once trackless forests and wild wildernesses, there came to be towns and villages where, instead of the cries of wild beasts, rose songs of praise and chants of joy.

Having thus received from Italy the rudiments of the Christian religion, the Belgic peoples grew up in the fold of the one church, whose chief ruler

dwelt in the ancient capital of the Roman emperors. Until the sixteenth century they never knew of any other form of religion except that which, in its frame of government, contains the spirit of the ancient empire, whose principles were order, subordination, and discipline. Its dogmatic teachings were enforced by civil authority. Of the bishoprics, one of the oldest, founded at Liège, became a state, which existed for a thousand years, outside of the main current of Belgic history, remaining independent both of the Burgundian unity and of the religious wars of the sixteenth century. We shall glance at the history of Liège in the course of our narrative.

In the story of Christianity in the Low Countries four periods are noted: from 30 to 313 A.D., or to Constantine's edict of toleration; to 867, when the Greek and Latin churches were separated; to 1517, when the church was divided into the Reformed and the Roman; and from 1517 to the present day, during which last period the Belgian people have overwhelmingly followed the Roman order of ritual, doctrine, and worship.

CHAPTER V

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

MANY forces, like hammers striking the heated bar upon an anvil, have beaten the Belgian nation into shape. After the first-coming Franks looms the great personality of Charlemagne (A.D. 742–814), who stands as the link between the Roman Empire and feudalism. It was his work to guide Anglo-Saxon savagery, when it issued as in a flood eastward from the forest beyond the Rhine, and to lead our ancestors into a new world of order and beauty. He reclaimed the regions between Russia and the Atlantic Ocean to civilization. To this end he utilized in full measure the church, the school, the Roman jurisprudence, and the native forms of law and justice, while never neglecting the sword. His dream was of a world-realm and a world-religion, of a universal church and a universal empire.

Although we associate the name of Charlemagne most closely with France and Germany, yet it is one to conjure with among the Netherlanders, in both north and south. While the place of his birth is not certainly known, Belgium claims him as her son, asserting that he was born in Liège, where an equestrian statue of him stands in the Place d'Avroy.

The great Frankish emperor ruled from A.D. 768 to 814. On the north and east he subdued the Frisians and Saxons. In the south he made the Lombards, the Saracens, the Hunnish Avars, and the Slavic Wends acknowledge his authority.

Charlemagne lived in an age of constant warfare. The new Europe was rising on the ruins of the old Roman Empire. The Franks had to hold their own along three menaced frontiers. Westward, on the side of Germany, the Saxons and Angles were among the fiercest and most brutal of forest warriors. Against the fleets of marauders, who, from Denmark, Scandinavia, and the frozen North, ploughed the waves, there was plenty to do. On the south the Saracens were hostile and aflame with newborn zeal. Infant Christianity and civilization might have been trampled in the mire under the feet of savage Teutons, devastating Norsemen, or fanatical Mussulmans, except for the energy of the great Charles, who in person conducted fifty-three military expeditions on a large scale. He fought the Saxons, as much to abolish their fetishism and devil-worship — as cruel and odious as anything known in Central Africa — as for anything else, and we are thankful that he did. Charlemagne was so successful that Christianized Germany and her warlike races became in time an impregnable bulwark against the invasion of the Asiatic hordes. To-day at Aix-la-Chapelle the fane that holds the great man's dust

is daily crowded with grateful worshipers of the God whom he commended to their ancestors.

Yet while defending his empire against dangers from the south and east, the great Charles was never fully able to roll back the tide of northern desolation that came upon his empire through the Vikings. He built many boats at Boulogne and Ghent, but neither his shipwrights nor his sailors were at first able to compete with the fast-darting, dragon-prowed vessels of the Norse warriors, piloted by the raven, that had keels as well as sails, oars, and winged guides.

Pagan Rome being dead, Church and State were united in the mighty man, when the Pope, on Christmas Day, 800, in the Eternal City, placed a golden crown upon his head. Then the Holy Roman Empire was formed, which was to endure for a thousand years, and under which, the Church and the Empire, Europe was to develop.

Charles would have willingly made Frankish, or German, the language of the government, and the new empire and German institutions the basis of society, but the obstacles were too great. The languages, except Latin, were as yet too rude. So this tongue of ancient Italy, which gave the hierarchy at Rome such tremendous reinforcement, was made by Carolus Magnus the language of the church, of education, and of civilization. Hitherto, or at least for five centuries, from Ireland to Alexandria, Greek had been the church

language. The Roman tongue became the basis of culture, and most of the educated men in Christendom made use of it. All learning, the Bible, and public worship were in Latin, around which gathered tender, holy, and precious associations of life, from the cradle to the tomb.

So true was this that when, in the sixteenth century, the Greek New Testament, Greek theology, and early Christian history were recovered, the men of Latin mind and culture looked askance at what they called the "new" doctrine and "heresy," when what confronted Europe was primitive, rather than mediæval or Roman. The "new" learning and forms of religion were really so old as to seem novel and dangerous.

It is interesting to notice the cities in the Netherlands (Nymegen) and Belgium (Mons) which are most closely associated with the name of Charlemagne, Carl der Grosse, or Karel de Groot, as he is called in French, German, and Dutch, respectively. The city of his sepulture, A.D. 814, is Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany.

The Belgians award vast honors to the great Charles, more especially because, over a thousand years before the unity and independence of 1830, he took measures which led ultimately to Belgium's sovereignty and her place in the modern world. He made his Belgic realm an independent circuit of the Holy Roman Empire, virtually mapping out the provinces. In his time Belgium's

great cities took their beginnings, Tournay probably being the first. Of the origin of the name of Antwerp we have already heard.

At Brugge, or the bridge, over the little river Reye, a stockade, or castle, was built, in which Charlemagne's lieutenant, Baldwin of the Iron Arm, watched for the Norsemen and from which he sallied out to fight them. Gradually from the "bridge-money," or tolls, the castle-lord grew rich, while around its walls, where traders could get protection, grew up the famous City of the Bridge, or Bruges. Being built on twenty-six islets, it was long called the Venice of the North.

Baldwin was also the imperial forester, charged with the care and breeding of the hawks and falcons used in the hunting of birds in the air. Like so many other pleasant things introduced from the Orient, falconry, which excited as much popular interest as aviation does in our day, was much liked by the ladies of mediæval days. From the occupation of the woodman came the family name de Forest, — so well known in the Netherlands and America.

From the stockade, or castle, near the great marsh, that is, the *broek*, or morass (the same word as in Brooklyn), and *sole*, or edge, came the name of Belgium's capital and most beautiful city, Brussels. Ghent, or Gant, meaning "glove," was also one of Baldwin's naval stations, formed to resist the Norsemen. The grim mediæval struc-

ture called the "castle of the Counts of Flanders," still one of the sights in Ghent, was first begun by him, its space and massive walls being enlarged later. Courtrai, Ypres, Liège, Mons, and other nuclei of great cities, about this time becoming visible as dots on the landscape, began to have names and a recognized place on the map. In time, following fortification, which was the first necessity of safety and prosperity, came industry, art, and architecture. Then — what was deemed indispensable to popular religion in the Middle Ages — arose the fane containing the bones, or other saints' relics, which were as magnets to draw myriads of pilgrims, who brought money within the gates. With such "attractions," or to obtain the possession of fresh incentives to piety of this sort, the young municipalities soon grew hot with rivalry.

The long records of Charlemagne's battles and his transplanting of tribes as colonies to Belgic soil compels thought. When one thinks of Belgium, from the time of Cæsar so richly fertilized with human blood that in the multitudinous mediæval combats the sluices were choked with dead bodies and the morasses shone red in the morning sun, and remembers that in modern days the land was so often fought over that it has been called "the cockpit of Europe," one wonders whether, in the view of scientific agriculture, this enrichment of the land by human corpses has not

been a possible factor in the preservation of its astonishing fertility. Lowell tells of what may "deepen pansies for a year or two," but Belgium is green, in spots, at least, because the men of to-day "are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." Most of the bloodiest of these battles were fought by aliens, contending one against another, — battles in which the sons of the soil had themselves little or no interest. Yet it is also true that many a victory and disaster, that left the ground strewn with the slain, arose from civil strife which indicated and illustrated local pride, prejudice, and selfishness, rather than national patriotism.

Still the Belgians in every age — whether savages, with those strange Romanized names which we find in Cæsar's pages, Franks, mediæval Brabanters, Limburgers, or the modern Flemings or Walloons — have grappled with the invader, have revolted against the oppressor, have driven off the alien, or have suffered under him. History explains the tenacity with which the man of the Low Countries clings to his nationality and native soil, for in his veins runs the blood of many lines and varieties of men, from the days of the Nervii. In our own century, when powerful empires are swallowing up little countries, when ancient states are reduced to mere geographical expressions, and old nations are absorbed in militant imperialism, we are apt to think there can be no real patriot-

ism in a "buffer" and bilingual country like Belgium. Yet that is because we ignore the roots of history. The story of the Walloons and Flemings in Belgium explains this unique picture in the life of Europe. Since the great war of 1914, we salute "Brave Little Belgium."

Let us now look at the origin of the English form of the names for the men of southern and of northern Belgium, — "Walloons" and "Flemings." Changes of sound and of letters in different languages, according to place or climate, follow a law of phonetics. The *g* of Latin countries becomes *w* in the North, and Gaul and Wales are virtually the same word. The people who became the modern Germans and English spoke of the Gauls and Romans as *Wealas*, or "strangers," and their term *oon* meant "one." A Walloon meant, then, a "strange one," or a "foreign man." We have the same form in "Wallachia," "Waal," "Welsh," and "walnut," possibly in "Wallabout," and some other American names.

Flanders, the home of the Flemish, or Flemings, is found mentioned first in a life of St. Eloi, written in 678. It was long the English name for the whole of Belgium. It means the "Land of the Refugees," that is, of the fugitives from the German forests further east, and had been developed from the root word meaning "to flee." Fleming was formerly pronounced with the *e* long, Flēming. In old English law, *flēmen* meant a man

who had fled from justice, and *flēmens-firth*, the harboring of a fugitive. In Scott's poem "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," the noble dame sheltering William of Deloraine is accused of making her "towers a flemens-firth." Firth, of old, meant the woods, in which men hid. The law concerning flemens-firth was one that grew up among forest men, as our Teutonic ancestors were.

Sir Walter's pen was more in accord with facts when depicting Scottish life than in imagining, or transferring from Commines, the Belgian chronicler, pictures of Walloon life at Liège; for he makes his hero, Quentin Durward, and even the people of southern Belgic land, talk Flemish, when that archer of the Scottish guard in the service of Louis XI and these people at Liège knew only French, or Walloon. Taine is almost as amusing when he designates as "corrupt French" what is virtually the ancient speech of Gaul. It is true that the Walloon *patois* is still current among the country folk of the southern provinces of Belgium, and in those adjacent parts of France and Germany which were once Belgian; but since the fifteenth century most Walloons have spoken French, as do the vast majority of the living three or four millions. A few thousand Walloons in Germany speak German.

The Flemings, however, still stoutly maintain their hereditary tongue, not only using it in daily

speech, but fixing it in a noble literature. Shall we say that the Flemings form, and have ever formed, the dominant element in the history and life of the land now called Belgium?

CHAPTER VI

THE VERDUN COMPACT

THE death of Charlemagne was the point at which formal feudalism began. The magnitude of the frontier successes of the three great Carlovingians, Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne, helped to precipitate a crisis, causing the dissolution of the imperial unity and separation of the nationalities; or, as seen in long perspective, the beginning of the evolution of the modern men now called Germans, Dutch, French, Italians, Spanish, English, etc. The physics of history as well as of astronomy show the working of the centripetal and the centrifugal. Charlemagne represented the former, his descendants the latter principle.

One common fear, of outward enemies, — Arabs, forest savages, northern pirates, and Asiatic hordes, — had compelled the various sorts of men in Charlemagne's empire to stand together and fight as one host. Now, this general feeling had passed away. The frontiers were safe. Instead of expending their energies on foreign campaigns, the returned chiefs of the long expeditions, enriched by their plunder and weary of far distant wars, began to think more of work at home. The

new tasks were to strengthen their own districts, to tighten the bonds of union and dependence, and to define the relations between themselves and the people over whom they ruled. In a word, local authority gradually superseded the centralized administration of the emperor. Our nomad ancestors ceased their migrations, gave up their old habits of life in tents and wagons, and settled down to till the soil and create industry.

Land, instead of being for the most part unmeasured and unknown as private property, or owned only in common within the mark, began to be measured, valued, and held in private ownership. In theory, the king was the land's lord. In practice, and increasingly, the local ruler, duke, marquis, baron, who knew his acres and jealously guarded them, became the master in a graded series of reality. The tendency was to make the title of the local magistrate hereditary, while the tillers of the soil gradually came under the control of the castle lord, until their status was but little higher than that of serfs, though not a few of them remained franklins, or freeholders.

As castle-building became a fine art, and the powers of defense prevailed over the powers of attack, the castle, not the camp, became the index of the new civilization. Nowhere, except possibly in France, did feudalism strike its roots more firmly and display more vigor, complexity, and variety than among the Flemings and Walloons.

Nevertheless, it was first on Belgic soil that large bodies of men in northern Europe turned from agriculture to manufactures, so that industrialism came here sooner than elsewhere in Europe. This new economic force tempered the power of the feudal masters, so that, instead of individual vassals, the counts or lords of the land had to be content with collective vassalage, or the nominal subordination of men organized in mass and able to make their voice heard and their will known. Nowhere else in Europe was there such a significant parallel development of industrialism and commerce.

One outstanding event in the story of the evolution of modern men and nations was the Treaty of Verdun (on the Maas River and now in France) in A.D. 843. Then the three grandsons of Charlemagne, Charles, Lothair, and Louis, ceasing their strife, divided the ancestral estate, one taking Gaul, which became France; another Germany; and the third, Lothairia, afterwards Lorraine. This intermediate state, the longest and narrowest strip and the only one that included the Alps, extended from the Tiber to the North Sea. Almost as a geographical matter of course this central strip, the portion belonging to Lothair, passed through more permutations and combinations, resulting in a greater variety of men, languages, and nationalities, than either or both of the other two divisions.

The land of the Belgæ, by the Verdun compact, was divided into two unequal parts, the larger, which touched the frontiers of Germany, being in the kingdom of Lothair, the smaller in that of France, the domain of Charles. In spite of this division the Belgic peoples kept up a certain unity, largely arising from local customs and less from rulers and dynasties. It was on this rock of the people — this persistence of Belgic spirit and tradition — that many an emperor, king, duke, count, and republican, from Lothair to Bonaparte, and from Verdun to Waterloo, fell, often to his complete undoing. Yet after all these warning examples, King William of Holland stumbled on the same stone.

This act of dismemberment of Charlemagne's great empire, in 843, worked to keep France and Germany apart, and created the central state which finally became Belgium. Charlemagne, the Duke of Burgundy, van Artevelde, Charles V, William of Orange, all wrought for what the unionists of 1830 ultimately achieved. Those who understood the people, coöperating in their interest, succeeded best, making themselves factors in the final and glorious result.

No view of historical evolution in western Europe can ignore the date and the doings at Verdun in 843 A.D., for then and there began the evolution of the modern men and of the languages and nations that to-day we associate with

the names of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Netherlands, England, and Belgium. There would have been no such England, mother of parliaments, of ever glorious name, as we know to-day, nor the Flemish communes, which tamed despots, had there been no division by Charlemagne's descendants.

That intermediate state, created at Verdun, changing its name and that of its parts often and variously, became for ten centuries the cause of endless contention and covetous strife between the other two inheritors of Charlemagne's once vast empire, that fell to pieces within the space of a century. For "*Taisho ni tané ga nashi*," asserts the Japanese proverb, — "There is no seed to a great man." Charlemagne had no successors that measured up to him in abilities. One writer says, "The newly revived empire was too large for one hand and not large enough for three." The central kingdom was ever the perpetual object of covetousness to the two others. Invasion from France and Germany became chronic. The fortunes of war diminished its extent. It was divided and re-divided, and its fragments were cast from one side to the other. In our own generation we have seen the lowered flags of Alsace and Lorraine and their monuments in Paris loaded with funeral immortelles and decked with emblems of woe. "Annexed" is the word that in Europe has broken innumerable hearts of patriots

during many centuries. Nevertheless, despite such bitter experiences often repeated, the Belgæ and their land perdured even to the shock of 1914.

One historian has traced to this oath at Verdun the sufficing explanation of the bilingualism of Belgium, for the wording of the oaths constitutes the most ancient known monument of the Walloon or Romance tongue, which was to serve as the transition between the dying Latin and the French about to be born. This Walloon speech is not "corrupted French." It is a branch of the primitive Gallic, or *langue d'oïl*. In its mediæval form, it was born directly from the Latin, the German and Celtic elements now found in it having only a very secondary part.

In the northern Belgic provinces, Flemish, a Tudesque or Teutonic idiom, has remained in use. The Latin tongue became the common language in Gaul and passed into French, but in Belgic land the more northern people, being far less under the influence of Roman ideas and continually reinforced by Germans, kept this Flemish or Tudesque language persistently. The greater part of the veterans of Clovis, who were Franks or Germans, settled along the banks of the Rhine and the Maas. Later, the colonies transplanted by Charlemagne into Flanders and Brabant kept up the use of the Flemish tongue, making it persistent to this day, when it has, what the Walloon does not possess, a comparatively voluminous litera-

ture. From Henri Conscience to Maeterlinck, the Flemish authors have been a force in modern literary history.

Feudalism, in the view of some writers, made its definite commencement June 14, 877 A.D., through what has been called its great charter, the edict of Quierzy-sur-Oise, promulgated before a great concourse of lords. By this document, however, governors and representatives of the king (*ruward* and *stadholder*) were guaranteed, rather than established in their stations as a personal right. The writing did not definitely declare that fiefs could be transmitted to their posterity by vassals. That custom grew up gradually. The principle of heredity, by which the sons of counts could also be counts, was essential to the prolonged continuance of feudalism, giving strength and stability to the system, but it was not fixed by any one legislative text. As in Japan, feudalism developed out of necessities as they arose.

At the same time the church magnates asserted themselves in the domain of politics, adding secular privileges to religious, and holding ignorant laymen in terror by the awful penalties of interdict and excommunication. A transfer of power was effected from the field of battle to the council chamber, and the pen became mightier than the sword. The monk, who knew how to write, had a vast advantage over his illiterate brother in armor. Feudalism in Japan, even to details, in-

cluding the wielding of the sword of the bishop in armor, followed almost exactly the same evolution as in Europe.

The first great families of the feudal period are called Belgian "princes" in the "chronicles," the books and the men being nearly contemporaneous. One of the first was that of Regnier (A.D. 915), the Count of Hainault, Charlemagne having already made Mons its capital. After a line of five Regniers, six Baldwins, four Williams, and three countesses, including Jacqueline of Bavaria, the house of Hainault was merged in that of Burgundy in 1433.

Another feudal family took root in Flanders, where lay the more vigorous germ of national feeling and life, because these Flemish counts, more strictly Belgian in feeling, were not under the shadow of that higher imperial supremacy which from Germany controlled and checked national development in Lorraine, Burgundy, Spain, and Austria during ten centuries. The valley of the lower Scheldt and its marshy neighborhood in the north were put by Charlemagne and his successors under royal officers, called Foresters, Baldwin of the Iron Arm being perhaps the most famous.

In one sense this Baldwin may be called the creator of Normandy, whence the Normans invaded England. He defended the Flemish coast so vigorously that the Northmen were compelled to go farther west and south, away from the Belgic

coasts, and to settle in France. The Count of Flanders, first nominated marquis, that is, mark-grave, or Count of the Frontier, had his title made hereditary in 877, and this first countship is probably the oldest in Europe. After a line of twenty-six rulers who bore the title, the house was merged in that of Burgundy in 1419.

The second Count of Flanders, son of Iron Arm, married Elstred, daughter of the English King, Alfred the Great. This marriage inaugurated that close connection between Belgium and Great Britain which has so profoundly influenced both countries, making them often allies in the same cause, during both mediæval and modern times, and has aided in the domination of Anglo-continental politics, even down to this year of grace.

That new system of society, called Feudalism, which was based on the tenure of land, in which there was no primitive democracy as in the forest, but in which there were, roughly speaking, only two classes of society, the landed and the landless, proceeded even to the development of chivalry and the crusades. Those bound to the landowners by loyalty and personal service were knights or squires, and these, with the monks and priests, had social position. The mass of the people were held to the soil as tillers, laborers, or serfs, with few or no privileges and no rights which armed men were bound to respect. These *adscripti glebæ*, or persons written down as belonging to the soil,

to be transferred with the sale or ownership of the land to new lords, who dictated their duties, religion, and forms of obedience, had no family names until the fourteenth and later centuries.

On its outward and spectacular side, and as it is set forth in poetry, romance, and the drama, which are full of haloed saints and valorous heroes, lovely princesses, stately ladies, and tender swains, and as seen on the stage in the splendors of chivalry and the decorations of heraldry, feudalism "wins a glory from its being far," but it was a terrible thing for common humanity. No Froissart, Commines, or Walter Scott, soaring poet or brilliant stage-actor, has presented fully its dark side, or depicted the horrors of the feudal era. Notwithstanding that this social system taught universally both the value of land and labor and the law of contract, and was thus, in so far, a stage of progress in the evolution of the race in the interval between the primitive forest and the rich city, and between unbridled individualism and constitutional law, feudalism meant misery for the multitude and privilege for the few. Its most ancient parable is read in the story of the Golden Fleece, in which the processes from savage nature to civilization are taught in thrilling story and lovely symbol. In our brief space we shall see outflowering from it not only chivalrous knighthood and the campaigns of the cross, but also the Order of the Golden Fleece, which created fresh privi-

leges for a few landlords, while it tended to defiance of the law for the commoner by his unscrupulous superiors.

Feudalism in Europe, as in China and Japan, was once the organizer of society and the nurse of enterprise and heroism. When, however, it set itself against the aspirations of humanity, it was doomed. Like other forms of life in both Church and State, it was bound to wither and die when it ceased to bring forth fruits meet for the age and the ages; for the good is ever the enemy of the best.

CHAPTER VII

FEUDALISM AND INDUSTRY

At an early era in the Low Countries the loom and the shuttle were, in potency, greater than the steel blade and battle-axe, for it was industry that steadily won the battle of civic freedom. Wealth, gained through diligence and skill, purchased or compelled chartered privileges which in time became popular rights. The municipalities of Flanders led the van in Europe for self-government.

In their rivalry the Flemings were far in advance of the Walloons, and, in the ordered freedom of their citizens, kept ahead in noble emulation. As early as 960 A.D., there were cloth markets established. The charter of Grammont, in 1068, made settled business and commerce possible. Other cloth towns sprang up rapidly, and after the year 1000 these strongholds of citizenship multiplied. Privileged men in armor might destroy the democratic guilds, and occasionally burn and raze a city and kill its people by thousands, but they could not root out the ideas underlying the people's hopes. From the first, the burg, or city, was the hope of democracy. In Belgium, that hope has borne noble fruit.

The credit for this gain of humanity belongs

not merely to the burghers, with their natural qualities of steadiness and sturdiness, but is in part due to the character of the men and women of the ruling family in Flanders, which, from the first Baldwin (864–879) of the ninth century, placed itself in the forefront of progress. The story of the Baldwins at home, on the battlefields of the Empire, and in the crusades, is one which in its main outlines touches the imagination of painter, poet, and sculptor. The Belgian of to-day looks back upon the achievements of these men, who were born on the soil, with a sense of exultation. Within the measure of their light and knowledge, these lords of the land led the progress of mankind. They defended their coasts against the Norse pirates, understood the needs of their people, encouraged the wool trade with England, and traced out a broad line of policy that meant general prosperity for all classes. The dynasty of the Counts of Flanders, lasting from 864 until the time of Philip the Good, 1420, is one ever to be remembered with honor and pride in Belgium.

Notwithstanding their unfortunate geographical situation, between two rival great nations, on a flat plain which was not militarily defensible, and in the face of the highest powers of feudalism both warlike and ecclesiastical, the Belgians won liberty and prosperity. Having no mountains, — one of the "voices of freedom," as Wordsworth says, — they turned to the beckoning sea. In re-

pelling the Norsemen, they became trained sailors and in time adventurous sea-traders. The Flemish flotillas were seen in many seas, and later even surprised Venice. At the call of need, in 1066, they transported the army of William the Conqueror across the Channel. In 1127 the first large mercantile fleet fitted out north of the Mediterranean, and numbering two hundred ships, set sail from Flanders for the Italian cities. Therefrom began mutually quickening influences, and Italy paid back in art inspiration what she gained from Belgic land in textiles and local products. The Belgians have, more than once, celebrated in pageant and allegory their debt to Italy. The Flemings have furnished us, also, with much of our own naval vocabulary.

Within two hundred years after the oath at Verdun — a notable point of time in the evolution of Europe — we can see that the Belgic wedge, between France and Germany, was in its main features that of modern Belgium. There were two races, with two languages, but the characteristics of each were much what they are to-day. The Fleming, but slightly moulded by Roman civilization, solid in physical strength, alert and intelligent, was forward in the enterprises of industry and commerce. In material prosperity, having the richer soil and the inexhaustible sea, and in material civilization, he was ahead of the Walloon, and in food, drink, dress and habits, love of pomp

and display, more liberal, even to ostentation. All this is seen in Flemish art, which is the true mirror of his life.

The Walloon, of Celtic stock, was more susceptible to Roman civilization and less inclined to shape events than to let them shape him, withal holding a closer sentiment of union and loyalty to the Church. If he was more abstemious and less given to ostentation, it was from no lack of desire for material enjoyment, but because of his more slender resources. The metallic wealth of modern days was still undreamed of, yet industry was the law of the Walloon's life as of the Fleming's.

To epitomize, the Roman dominion having passed away, society in Christendom had first to defend itself against its external enemies, — man as invader, and nature in the wave, the forest, and the desert. When these dangers vanished, the reaction began inwardly. Private ownership of land, in place of communal possession of the soil, became the rule. Whether obtained through the forms of law or by the exertion of personality, more or less scrupulous or violent, by craft of pen or might of sword, the possession of land was the chief factor in feudalism.

That form of society which is based on ownership of the soil, and called the feudal system, grew up gradually. There were many factors compelling its evolution : the attack of the Norsemen, the weakness of kings at the centre of power and

the ambition of nobles at a distance, the change in economic systems and the increase of the powers of local defense over those of assault, when thick walls defied engines of war. It was a social system in which all who had the least pretensions to gentle birth assumed position and privilege as knights or owners of the soil, while the commoners who were strongest physically became liegemen, or men-at-arms. The males ablest in body were chosen for war, but beneath these were the serfs and slaves, who, unarmed, untrained, ill-fed, and meanly housed, remained passive. The knights repelled invaders, punished robbers, kept order, and enjoyed honors and privileges, while the mass of the inhabitants had no rights which armed men respected. The church and the monastery, usually, in both theory and fact, were the protectors of the people, but there were often sad exceptions, for monks and priests coveted land, wealth, luxury, and power like the laymen in armor. Nowhere was government severer than in the bishopric of Liège.

In a word, there was one active division of society, including those given to arms and to war and the men of the cloister, with such rude culture as the times permitted, while the other division, consisting of toilers, was simply laboring and passive. Fighting was neither the duty nor the privilege of the lower classes, who were kept slavishly obedient to the rule of force. In the cas-

tle the woman of the forest became a gentler creature, even while she gained a finer social strength. Sedentary occupation made her accomplished. The lord of the stronghold was the loaf-provider and his wife the loaf-divider. In time these terms were shortened into "lord" and "lady."

As in English history, Runnymede is a name and a place that stand as landmarks on the way to modern freedom, so in the story of Belgian liberty the names Grammont, for the triumph of civil rights, and Cassel, for victory in arms, loom aloft like the belfry of Bruges. The Flemish name of Grammont (which is Walloon in its form, as usually written) is Gheeraards-bergen. This reveals its etymology of Gherardi Mons, or Girard's Mont, or Hill. It is in East Flanders on the river Dender.

Count Baldwin VI, in the year 1068, purchased, for the Flemings, the estate of Baron Gerard, and, laying it out as a town, granted the townsmen a charter of civil rights. This, so far as known, is the oldest document of the kind in Europe. It was written 137 years before the Latin document Magna Charta, and 185 years before the Middelburg charter, which is in plain Dutch. It substituted law for force, and arbitration for legalized murder in battle. It marks the beginning of guaranteed order and protection to the industrial classes in Belgic land. Grammont is a spot to which the pilgrim-student, and especially the

American lover of human progress, should wend his way for thought and thankfulness. As we shall see, the Flemings were able to defend their chartered rights when trampled upon.

In Belgic land, as elsewhere, whether in ancient China, mediæval Japan, or Europe, feudalism, or minutely divided authority, as against a weak central power, caused striking changes in the landscape, making it an affair of hundreds of strongholds, castles, towers, and fortified monasteries, but also of tens of thousands of huts and hovels filled with poor toilers. Yet it was in the southern or Belgic Netherlands, first in Europe, that these tenants emerged as an industrial class able to modify the will and power of the land's lord. The skilled workmen and traders made themselves, more in form than in fact, the vassals of their counts, who were compelled to recognize unions in this true "labor war." Within two centuries and a half after the Verdun compact, organized industry had become a power with which knights had to reckon at Cassel, in 1071. The French force consisted of men-at-arms and other retainers of the baronial chiefs of France, but in Belgic territory common wage-earners faced these favorites of fortune and the men of privilege.

In its origin this uprising was a revolt against a harsh and cruel woman ruler, Richildis, the Countess of Hainault and widow of Baldwin VI. Civil war broke out, during which she, defying

the civil law, to which her late husband and other nobles had sworn, having the aid of the King of France, imagined herself immune against Flemings of every sort. When the townsmen petitioned for their chartered rights, she ordered the delegation to instant execution. The Flemings took up arms. Count Robert of Flanders, who took the part of the Grammont people, was compelled to fly, for the Bishop of Utrecht — incensed at a popular charter that limited the rights of the Church — and the Duke of Brabant were with Richildis and against the commoners. The armed forces confronted each other in February, 1071, at Cassel, or Castle, a town on a hill over five hundred feet high, formerly the stronghold of the Menapii, and the site of many ancient, mediæval, and modern battles. It formerly belonged to Flanders, but is now in Normandy, France.

This struggle, in which plain townsmen were to prove their ability, thus early, to maintain their rights by personal courage on the field of blood, lasted two days, February 22 and 23. In their fortified camp, the Count and his Flemings were attacked by the allies, clerical and lay. The fortunes of war on the first day were about equal. On the second, the French retreated, and the Flemings were left masters of the hill and victors on the field. "Street men" had held their own against mounted knights and men-at-arms. The men who lived in a town under law, guaranteed by

charter, were no longer serfs, peasants, liegemen, or retainers, but burghers or citizens. In arms they had shown themselves worthy of their freedom.

Richildis, beaten at Cassel, as we have seen, bargained with the Bishop of Liège and gained his support by pledging to him her whole province, thus making the castle of Mons his fief. But before the allies could gather together, Robert made a descent on Mons and crushed the army of Richildis. The slaughter was so great that this second battle was named the "Hedge of the Dead." It was characteristic of the age, in the afterthought of both rivals, that Richildis, after one more defeat, should retire into a convent, to die ten years later, and that Robert of Flanders should make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Shortly after this the Tribunal of Peace was formed, and the Truce of God was proclaimed from Liège. The right to carry arms in public was limited, and the use of all weapons from Friday until Tuesday, in Lent, and during the intervals between certain church days, was forbidden. The necessity of such a law for all classes, enforced by all the penalties of the church, may be imagined from the fact that in Ghent alone there were twelve hundred murders in one year. "'Kill,' 'Kill,' lay ever on the mediæval Fleming's lips," says Busken Huet, who speaks of this "nation of butchers rejoicing in the carrying-out of butcheries."

This was the age also of the ordeal and the judicial duel. Those who would not respond to the summons of the Tribunal of Peace were declared, to the accompaniment of the bell of the church of Notre Dame at Liège, to be "infamous, excommunicated, and banished." If, however, the defendant demanded "the judgment of God," — that is, the duel, — and if he succeeded in unhorsing his opponent in the lists, he was considered a good man with a spotless character. Might made right. John of Brabant, of whom we shall hear at Woeringen, was famous for thus killing his man at Paris.

With the growth of the gentler feelings nourished by Christianity, chivalry arose. Its unwritten code compelled men in the higher grades of society to conform to certain rules of conduct, harmonious with what was best in human intercourse. There was no universal standard, charter, or organization. History has to be made before it can be written. Yet the code of honor was international. The contemporaneous *Bushido* ("Knightly Rule," the "Warrior's Path," or "Way"), in Europe was for centuries as undefined by the pen as was that of Japan, until later writers analyzed, reviewed, formulated, glorified, and idealized it in literature and art, at both ends of the earth.

The story of knighthood in Belgium is like an illuminated manuscript, bejeweled with a thousand shining examples of romantic valor and self-sacri-

fice. From the soil of chivalry sprang the passion-flower of the crusades, for these were a direct outgrowth of feudal manners, softened, refined, and matured. Probably with no people in Europe were the campaigns of the cross — from the very first of them, attempted by poor pilgrims to the Holy Land, to those which enthroned kings in the Oriental seats of the mighty — more closely associated than with the men of the Low Countries. In that reaction of the Occident upon the Orient, which we call the crusades, the knights of Belgic land were among the noblest leaders.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BELGIAN CRUSADERS

THE Moslems had ended their holy wars, which propagated the faith of Islam, when the Christians began theirs, and the armies of Jehovah marched against the people of Allah. The crusades were initiated by Pope Urban II in an eloquent sermon before many dignitaries, at Bari, Italy, in 1095 A.D., when he was answered by the shout of his auditors, "God wills it!"

After this, Peter the Hermit, who had followed Count Robert as a pilgrim to the Holy Land, became a popular revivalist in exciting the poor people to march to the East. Making a pulpit of his saddle upon an ass, and holding aloft the crucifix, he rode through the countries of middle Europe. Recounting the story of the oppression of Christian pilgrims by the Saracens, he roused his auditors to a pitch of frenzy. Princes and potentates, knights and local rulers were compelled, perforce, to lay aside their own selfish or local schemes, and join in this movement of the people. The Pope called upon warriors "armed with the sword of the Maccabees to go and defend the House of Israel."

Like magic the sign of the red cross appeared

on tens of thousands of human breasts. The contrasted emblems of Saracen and Christian faith, the crescent and the cross, the one borrowed from the skies, the other from the earth, were now reproduced in steel. The Orientals wielded a blade curved like the young moon. The hilt and guard of the Occidentals, so ostentatiously wrought into the figure of the cross, represented the Roman gibbet reared on Calvary. The warriors of both armies considered that they were doing God service when the crescent-shaped scimetar and cross-hilted sword clashed in combat.

The first crusade was led by the man on the ass, with his lieutenant, Walter the Landless. The march of this horde across Europe resembled the track of devastating invaders, and in the Greek Empire it was received and treated as a hostile army. Gibbon in history and Scott in fiction have presented this view of the crusaders, as held by the Orientals. Few survived the hardships of the first movement, which left pyramids of bones in the mountain passes; but Peter, the fiery preacher, was one of the few. Returning home, aflame with zeal and with apparently inexhaustible energy, he began the construction of the abbey at Huy, on the Maas River, — to-day a central point of fortification and convenient for delightful excursions, — where Peter died in 1115. In popular legend he will never be forgotten as the originator of the crusades attempted by

the rabble, though critical scholars award to the papacy the credit or discredit of the organized expeditions. Whatever opinions one may hold concerning these campaigns of the cross, either as to their causes, methods, or results, the name of Peter the Hermit will, for the common people, always outshine every other, as the one whose puny hands first moved that Occidental avalanche upon the Orient, which to Asiatic peoples seems as does that of Attila, or Genghis Khan, to Europeans.

Local legend declares that fifteen hundred pounds of silver were raised for Godfrey de Bouillon (1060–1100), by making a levy upon the rich abbeys of the diocese. Almost literally, he sold all that he had "to follow Christ" and equip his knights. It is said that the army — though these were not the days of accurate official reports — went out from the Rhine Valley in 1096, numbering eighty thousand footmen and ten thousand horsemen. Behaving like knights and gentlemen, they reached Constantinople with their numbers nearly intact. They were soon followed by the French and the Flemings, the latter led by their Count, Robert II of Flanders, under whom also was the Anglo-Saxon contingent.

Since both heroes, Robert and Godfrey, "without fear and without reproach," were victors over the Saracens, this first crusade made for Flanders and Brabant a glorious epoch in time and a subject for national pride during the succeeding cen-

turies, though popular enthusiasm has greatly exaggerated the merits and character of the Belgian crusaders. It is certain, however, that Godfrey's castle, perched high upon a ridge of isolated rocks that in themselves formed a natural fortress, was one of the strongest built in the Middle Ages, and that Godfrey's statue in Brussels, with its pedestal and bas-reliefs, is one of the noblest works of art in modern Belgium.

The total combined force of Christian Europe numbered, according to the reports, one hundred thousand horsemen and six hundred thousand footmen — including also women and children. They were to travel thousands of miles, amid dangers of every sort, to capture a city in which Jesus is not known to have spent a single night, except the one before his crucifixion, and to recover and guard his tomb, of which the site was then, as now, conjectural.

Leaving home in the early spring and following Charlemagne's Road, they captured Nicæa from the Turks on the 24th of June, and on July 4 won the battle of Dorylæum in Phrygia. By this time the antipathies of race and country among the crusaders themselves had asserted themselves, despite the bonds of a common religion, and in the distribution of spoil, quarrels were frequent. After the capture of Tarsus, the Walloons, under Baldwin, brother of Godfrey, and the Italians, under Tancred, came to blows on the question of which deserved

the credit of the city's capture. Tancred, so celebrated in Tasso's poem of "Jerusalem Delivered," was reasonable, but Baldwin drew off his force, marched into Mesopotamia, and established the kingdom of Edessa.

Again the steel crescent and the steel cross clashed, to be bathed in the red stream of life, and Antioch was captured. It was toward the end of the year, and the crusaders suffered frightfully during the following winter. When, however, beleaguered by a mighty army of Saracens, they had made a sortie and routed their foes with an alleged loss of a hundred thousand men, the way was made clear to Jerusalem. In the summer of 1099, they first beheld from the heights of Emmaus, the object of their long pilgrimage. Only fifty thousand of the half million or more, who at various times had left their homes, were able to lift up their voices to sing the hymn that promised deliverance to the holy city.

After the crusaders had moved in solemn procession around the walls, the Occidental and Oriental fanatics again met in battle at the assault on July 14. Three war-towers, on which stood Godfrey, Tancred, and Raymond, were pushed toward the ramparts, while the rank and file of the Christian army fought in the spaces between them. The first day was indecisive, but at daybreak on July 15, 1099, the drop bridges were let down, and an irresistible stream of Christian warriors rolled

in. After a week of fighting and the slaughter of seventy thousand Saracens, the Christians doffed their armor, donned the pilgrim's guise, and knelt at the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey of Bouillon, the Walloon, was made "Advocate" of Jerusalem, though later legend made him a "king." Short was his rule and brief was his glory on earth, for within a year he died. In later crusades Belgians took part, and Baldwin's descendants ruled in Jerusalem.

One expedition of Flemish crusaders sailed from Antwerp in 1145, in a hundred ships, and at Lisbon joined with the English knights in expelling the Moors from Portugal. Many of these men remained in Portugal and began a commerce which later developed into vast proportions, so that when the Azores Islands were discovered by Belgic Netherlanders, in the early fifteenth century, they were settled by a colony of two thousand Flemings and were often called the Flemish Islands.

But man and his language change, while nature and the birds remain. Ultimately the azores, or hawks, so numerous on the islands, furnished the group its name, though for generations Flemish was the language spoken. For a century or two, after 1492, the Azores were considered as part of America, and most of the trading and colonizing ships sailed hence directly westward to the New World.

From this incident of the Azores, though re-

motely, even as the pond lily opens its white and gold to the sun only after a long anchorage of its stem in the ooze beneath, rose Usselincx and the West India Company, under which New Netherland began its civil life, and the future area of the four Middle States of America was outlined. "I lived for a time in the Azores, which are reckoned a part of America," wrote the founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies, who was born in Antwerp in 1567, the year that the Duke of Alva and his Spanish army of "Black Beards" marched in to devastate the land. Usselincx was one in the first flight of over a hundred thousand Walloon and Flemish refugees, who helped to make Holland great.

In the Canary Islands, the Flemings, pleased to see in the bird the same color as on their Brabant flag and crosses, founded Villaverde. In the mean time, the main expedition, though under the command of an emperor and a king, failed ignominiously before Damascus. Thierry, the Count of Flanders, redeemed in part the situation by going to Palestine and helping his brother-in-law, Baldwin III, to hold Jerusalem against the Saracens. Like a living pendulum, moved by unseen forces, Thierry vibrated often between Flanders and Syria. After being four times in the Orient, he returned, twenty years after his last visit, bringing back some drops of what he believed to be the blood of the Crucified. To enshrine these, the famous

chapel of Saint-Sang, or the Holy Blood, was built at Bruges. It still contains the relic, which is statedly exhibited. This was the age of the legend of the Holy Grail, one of the prettiest of the fairy tales of Christianism, and which, like all noble works of the imagination that contain truth though not fact, inspired many brave and pure men to deeds of high achievement.

The numerous episodes of Belgic valor in the Orient are recalled to-day by monuments or are glorified in forms of art. Count Philip of Flanders (1168–1191) went with a small body of Flemish knights and soldiers to the Christ-land. In this case, as in others, the sight of armed men about to leave home for war, kneeling on the stone floor of the church, or cathedral, and receiving the Eucharist, must have been impressive. On the ground of Gideon, Samson, and David, Count Philip sought and obtained from a Saracen chief noted for his great strength, a challenge to a single-handed encounter. Philip vanquished his enemy and bore off his shield, which had for its device a black lion on a golden field. He carried this trophy home, and it became the seal and crest of Flanders, and was everywhere, thereafter, visible on vanes, pennants, and in many a decoration of architecture. Indeed, in the heraldry of the "Nobilaire des Pays-Bas," scallop shells, Saracens' heads, the palmer's cross-staff, and other emblems associated with the crusades or the Holy

Land, are notable and numerous. Belgian heraldry began in Palestine.

During the Third Crusade, the Flemish soldiers remained with Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, even after their count had returned home. Not, however, till the Fifth Crusade did the Belgians win the glory and fame that are associated with the First. Hainault and Flanders having been united in the person of the eighth count of the name of Baldwin, and the ninth of that name to rule over Flanders, and the sixth over Hainault, the leadership of the Fifth Crusade was given to him. The prospect was promising, for the great Saladin had passed away. The Pope gladly approved, in order to turn attention from the political troubles of Europe. So on Ash Wednesday, A.D. 1200, in the cathedral church of St. Donat, at Bruges, with his brothers and fellow knights, Baldwin "took the cross." Marching to Venice, they were expected to pay eighty-five thousand silver marks for their transportation to Palestine, but they found themselves unable to raise the money. The Doge of that day, Henry Dandolo, of whom Browning sings in "Sordello," though ninety years of age, was active in promoting the expedition and smoothing over difficulties. The crusaders fought in behalf of the Venetians to capture the adjoining territory and thus the debt was canceled. They then proceeded eastward, but were lured to Constantinople by the bribes of the

Greek prince, Alexius Commenus, whom Walter Scott pictures in his novel of "Count Robert of Paris."

After capturing the City of the Golden Horn, in June, 1203, a quarrel broke out between the men holding the Greek and the Roman traditions. The crusaders undertook a fresh siege of Constantinople, which they captured and gave up to pillage and destruction in a manner that showed how easily Christians can revert to primitive savagery. Rich and poor suffered, hovels and churches, public works and monuments of antiquity were destroyed, and the church edifices were stripped of their ornaments. The Venetians carried off the four bronze horses of Lysippus to decorate their city on the Adriatic lagoon, and the traveler sees them to-day on the porch of St. Mark's. The Flemings brought away the great golden dragon from the palace of Buccoleon and at home placed it over the belfry of the Cathedral of Ghent. Without a rival nominee, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, was chosen Emperor of Constantinople. After being consecrated by the Bishop of Soissons, he was raised by his followers on their shields, according to the primitive custom of the people of the Germanic forests, and then solemnly crowned in St. Sophia, his comrades crying out, "He is worthy to reign, he is worthy!"

During the fifty years of the Baldwin dynasty

in Constantinople, notwithstanding that the Greek Empire was divided with the Italians, Flemish commerce entered upon a vast expansion, which greatly enriched Europe with seeds for the soil and seeds for the mind. The fleets of Flemish ships, as often as they arrived from the Bosphorus or Levant, were as fructifying showers upon half-civilized Europe.

Even if considered quixotic, or predatory in their execution, the crusades were certainly noble in their origin and aim. They formed not only an epoch in European history, but they exercised a distinct influence upon the development of Belgian nationality, industry, and art. From first to last no people in Europe took a more prominent or glorious part, in their inception and realization, than the Belgians, who were preëminent among the crusading nations. The first Occidental ruler of Jerusalem was a Walloon, and the initial Western Emperor of Constantinople was a Fleming. The fact that to-day the Belgians, being overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, maintain strenuously the traditions and preserve the inheritances of the mother church, makes the memory of the crusades all the more vivid.

A survey of that period of history in which Europe came again into vitalizing contact with Asia, the old mother continent, shows the vastness of the debt we owe to the various Eastern peoples. Christendom rose out of barbarism and came in

contact with the Arabs, just when these latter had gathered up and assimilated most of the science and art of the Orient. The work of the mailed warrior in forwarding the civilization of Europe has been exaggerated, while that of the peaceful merchant has hardly been noticed. Fighting did far less than commerce to help the Europeans to see the deficiences of their culture as compared with that of the Asiatics. War wasted, and its results were temporary. Commerce brought prosperity, and its issues of peace enrich civilization to-day. The carpets of Aleppo and Damascus were imitated in Brussels and Ghent, until Belgic land supplied most of Europe. From their brilliant colors, artists learned new secrets which made the canvas bloom. Along the quays of Bruges' seaport, poet and painter found themes for delight and suggestion. In various ways and times, there came into Europe from the Orient, for the farm and table, spices, rice, tea, coffee, silk, cotton, asparagus, hemp, saffron, mulberries, peaches, palms, lemons, oranges, sugar cane, and scores of vegetable products for food, healing, raiment, and household comforts.

In the realm of manufactures paper, gunpowder, printing by means of "living" or movable types, the compass, water clocks, linen, damask, morocco, brocade, embossed silk stuffs, velvet, crystal, plate glass, sugar, confectionery, and articles of dessert were among the Asiatic novelties which enriched Europe.

In the realm of science, our debt seems to be greater yet. The Orient invented and gave us what we have developed, such as the Arabic numerals, algebra, trigonometry, chemistry, and various systems of speculation and philosophy which stimulated intellect in Europe and promoted research and scientific progress. In a word, the Occident would never have reached the stage of advance visible in this twentieth century, except for its many and fertilizing contacts with the Orient.

CHAPTER IX

WOMAN'S INDUSTRIES IN THE CASTLE

FEUDALISM furnished the transition era of European womanhood from barbarism to ladyship. The era of the crusades marked a notable point in the development of the modern woman. The turreted stronghold of the baron allowed her opportunies of every sort to develop her innate capacities. As, in a favored environment, the crystal becomes the purer and larger gem, so, behind the portcullis, the consummate white flower of pure womanhood, protected from violence, bloomed into fullness of beauty.

Next to the monastery the castle was the place into which the traveler, pilgrim, man of intellect, or person of social importance came. Within its walls the outsider with news or a message, the troubadour with a song, the wandering minstrel able to tell the gospel story in verse and with music, the neighbors, — ladies and gentlemen of the hawking-parties, or competitors with arrow or crossbow at the target, and the rivals at the tournament, — were welcomed as guests. Such facilities ≈ social life in the Middle Ages furnished, or hospitality suggested, found their focus within

and beyond the drawbridge and between turret and foundation stone.

When by the crusades the land was drained of its best men, and great numbers of women, wives, daughters, and relatives of the absent knights were left lonely, few gave themselves to idleness or empty repining. Woman found her unexpected opportunity and responded nobly. The needs of the age called for a special order of deaconesses, or nuns, and to those needs thousands dedicated themselves. The land teemed with desolate women who furnished the raw material for neophytes. These did not become hermits or live in the forest, as did many men for religion's sake. They first dwelt homeless at the edge of the towns, serving Christ and the poor. About 1200 A. D. they joined their cabins together for safety and mutual assistance. Thus the order of the Beguins was formed. Ladies in the upper walks of life, mostly orphans, daughters, widows or wives of crusaders, besides unmarried women of rank and wealth, associated themselves in households for purposes of charity, industry, and devotion. There was no head, — all were free and everything was voluntary. They took no life vows, like the nuns, and instead of the open country the towns were the chief seats of their humane labors. They ministered to the sick and poor, the troubled and the starving, and gave generously of their private fortune, for many of the Beguins were ladies with

means. The communities, or Beguinages, still survive both in Belgium and Holland, forming a notable feature of Netherlands Christianity. Here thousands of women not mated, or suited in love, can follow their personal preferences and find a refuge for their pride, energy, and love of well-doing.

Thousands of Americans annually visit the Beguin Hof, in Amsterdam, which is easily reached from the Kalvar Straat, — the Broadway of the city on the Y, where to-day stands the Scotch Church, in which is a tablet to the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, and opposite to it the Catholic house of worship. Within this area, vocal with birds and beautiful with bright flowers, are the houses of the sisters.

In Ghent the settlement of the two thousand or more Beguins is a delightful bit of secluded mediævalism within the bounds of a bustling modern city — "a Christian Pompeii." The nuns, or ladies, now devote themselves chiefly to Belgium's characteristic feminine industry, which is lace-making. Under their deft fingers the loveliest patterns of this fairy-like fabric are made, some of them seeming as delicate as if woven from strands of air and sunshine.

It is believed that the Beguins take their name, not from the word meaning to "beg," but from their patron saint, named Begga, or in English St. Bees. In tradition this person was an Irish

princess, who, rather than wed a pagan chief, ran away on the eve of her marriage, crossed the sea on a sod of grass, and found refuge on Belgic soil. Another account makes her the daughter of Count Pepin of Landen, and sister of St. Gertrude. After the death of her husband, who was killed while out hunting, she made a pilgrimage to Rome. Statues of her are seen in many Belgian churches. She is always represented with seven chickens at her feet, or seven ducks in a pond near by. These fowls represent the seven churches, or monasteries, built by her at Audenne-on-the-Maas, in memory of the seven basilicas or churches seen by her in the Eternal City. These "Seven Churches of Rome" furnish a name for many hotels in the Netherlands.

The more highly decorated legend asserts that the saint, while on her missionary work in ancient Belgia, was guided by a motherly hen, with her seven chicks, to places favorable for the building of churches. An old medal, formerly worn on the neck of the canoness of Audenne, has on one side a bear representing the wild forest in which her work began; and, on the other, seven chickens. On the right of the abbey is a spring, called "the fountain of the pullets." A crown suggests the lady's noble lineage, and an ornate building is held in her hand, as the founder of the beguinages, now so numerous.

One can easily detect the process in the growth

of these myths, and see how and why they are so parasitic to religion in every form and all over the world. There are, first, the mystery of creation and the forces of nature. These were explained by stories of "the gods," who made earth and the stars, caused rain, lightning, thunder, ordered the four seasons, and out of the earth brought forth food for man. When Christianity came in, pagan deities were changed into harmless fairies, but the insatiable appetite for wonder lore caused legends to grow around the saints. Stories of holy men and women, talking wild beasts, eloquent flowers, malignant imps, demons and devils, of witchcraft on the one side and the power of the crucifix on the other, or signum crucis (sign of the cross), were narrated in castle hall and peasant's hut. These were not the days of science, of the electric light and of instruments of test and scrutiny; but of superstition, of the flickering candle, the pine torch, the hearth fire; and, besides all this, the winter evenings were long.

Then also the priests must make the people, only recently converted from heathenism, forget the old gods and heroes, who were replaced by the characters in holy scripture and the classics. In time came the moralities, Old Testament dramas, and the passion plays, out of which grew the theatre. By this time the sooty demon of mediæval Christian mythology had been transformed into Mephistopheles, the elegant fellow in red velvet, with

rapier, cap, and feather. Not only Goethe, but even the Puritan Milton made Satan a splendid fellow, admirable at many points, despite his craft and malignity. In a word, the idea of the Devil and his power, along with and in contrast to that of things holy, developed with the advance of civilization and the power of the church.

More directly useful than legends of idealized female saints were the energies of the average woman of skill. The distaff and the needle in her hands were powerful factors in the development of the sex, for in their exercise of skill new fields opened to woman's finer strength. Needlecraft became one of the first of feminine arts. While the men outside were building cathedrals, embroidering stone with the chisel, and making marble blossom in the upper air, flowers of art in lace bloomed within walls under woman's dainty fingers. In the wonder and variety of its products, the needle matched those of the chisel. In delicacy and beauty the strands of flax, thus skillfully wrought, rivaled the spider's web.

Belgic craftsmanship became famous on many continents, because of its textiles — cloth, lace, tapestry, and embroidery. The last was treated as a fine art and as a serious branch of painting. If in manipulation, it required less strenuous care in the selection and setting of its fibres than did lace, yet, on the other hand, it added the element of color and gave equal opportunity for the display of taste,

Nothing as yet made by machinery is like flax in its tensile strength. The finest fibres, imperceptible to the eye and manipulated only by touch, have cost as high as a thousand dollars a pound. Like a spider's, in filminess, is this fairy thread, and yet it is so durable that for centuries it retains its form and beauty. Tournay was looked upon as the centre of the flax industry in Belgium, most Irish linen being finished from the Tournay fibre. Rotterdam gets its name from the Rotte River, in which the flax stalks were rotted.

For the selection and working of the raw material of the flax brought from Egypt, the damp, dark cellar, or room underground, was the ideal place; but for the deft arrangements of tints in embroidery, good light was needed, and the sunniest, cheeriest rooms in the castle were chosen. Tapestry, which required heavier material and more muscular strength, passed out from beyond the baron's fortified quarters to special workshops in the towns, and became a craft for men; but the finer work with the needle, bobbin, and pillow, remained behind the portcullis and convent gate, in women's hands.

In the castle a great lady prided herself on the number of her female attendants, very much as the lord looked with exultation upon the array of knights that followed his banner. All the female members of the inner household were expected to be busy with the needle or distaff. It was the cus-

tom for the nobles to send their daughters to the castle of their suzerains or chiefs, to be taught to weave, spin, embroider, make lace or the finer sorts of tapestry. Not a few of the old French romances speak of these "chambrières," or industrious maidens, and many inventories detail the amount and cost of the ladies' working materials. During the Wars of the Roses in England (1455–1485) hundreds of refugees, noblemen and high-bred ladies, found themselves paupers in a foreign land. Some begged their bread on the streets of Ghent and Bruges, but not a few found refuge in the castles and nunneries and earned a living with the needle.

The art of lace-making had its rise most probably in Belgic land. Besides supplying the women with a livelihood gained in an easy, artistic, and delightful way, it altered and even revolutionized dress, adding new graces to life and beauty to costume. It was an art so well suited to develop feminine abilities that, very naturally, the fashion of both working and wearing lace spread with phenomenal rapidity into other countries. Tides of fashion, in ebb and flow, spread to and flowed in from Paris, Vienna, Mechlin, Brussels, and London. Convents formed a vast storehouse of feminine skill, and the output of these added enormously to the wealth of Europe.

Even after castle days and far into the time of gunpowder and firearms, when the powers of attack

had at last prevailed over those of defense, and down to the French Revolution, women of rank and power kept up these pretty industries. One of the delightful touches of human nature in history is that related of Margaret of Parma, at Brussels, in 1566, listening, with William of Orange and the nobles, to the letter of Philip II from Madrid, when "The Duchess laid aside her embroidery, rested her head on her hand, and gave all attention to the discussion." Instances are known of other women in high political life retaining these pleasing feminine habits.

The climate and environment of the Low Countries tended to enrichment of life indoors and aided in the evolution of woman. There were few outdoor attractions in summer and almost none in winter. Travel was nearly impossible in a swampy country with only poor roads. Falconry and the chase were enjoyed in the summer season, but, despite sleighs and skates, the winters seemed long and the slow passing time was heavy with tedium, unless the hours could be made to fly swiftly on the wings of industry. In hope of spring's blossoms and summer's glories, women plied gladly the needle and waited patiently for the petals. Until well into the nineteenth century, when the old household industries had been, for the most part, transferred to factories, French women were virtually kept prisoners at home.

How great the demand for lace became is made

plain in the paintings that fill the space of many acres in European galleries. Men's fashions as well as women's demanded the snow-white film. Before the era of cloth and silk, men wore lace even on armor. Then, when steel and leather clothes were left off, they bought lace by the yard, for sashes, ruffs, cuffs, and collars. In later times ladies had dresses made wholly of lace. Most of the vocabulary which describes the hundred or more varieties of the fabric, such as "point" "pillow," "baby," "torchon," "knotted," etc., or those named after places, was developed on Belgic soil. For centuries in Belgium one of the most characteristic sights on the streets and in the doorways in summer was that of the groups of lace-makers, busy, talkative, and happy. Even during the awful scourge of the war of 1914, the fruits of woman's toil, in the form of Belgian lace, sold in America, helped to furnish food for the needy millions in this afflicted land.

CHAPTER X

THE DECLINE OF FEUDALISM

ALTHOUGH the crusades were the highest expression of chivalry and represented the most strenuous expression of feudalism, they contributed largely to the fall of both these institutions. The crusaders' campaigns helped to exterminate, diminish, or impoverish the nobles. Their leaders were not shrewd statesmen, for they chased phantoms in the Orient, and failed to safeguard their own interests and those of their people.

The Belgic traders and artisans, for the most part immune from the mania of crusading enthusiasm, found their opportunity and improved it. After the first outbreak of zeal, they held aloof from the whole enterprise. Furthermore, by getting too near the centre of things, their eyes were opened and they saw in a new light both infidels and churchmen.

Left free to pursue business, the traders grew rich and were able to lend money to their social superiors. Barter gave way to the use of coin. The coming of the Lombards to northern Europe greatly facilitated trade. By the power of money, united to industry and intelligence, the commoner became independent of the man in armor, the

mechanic could stand against kings, while the scholar, able to buy books, could challenge the pretenses of priest, dogma, and legend.

In earlier feudal days there were no standing armies. A vassal was not obliged to serve his superior, except for the term of forty days, though the liege-men, when called out, had to bear arms for the full period of the war. Philip Augustus (1125–1263), who consolidated France, changed this system by converting his vassals into the same grade as that of his liege-men.

Under French influence it was attempted to reduce the Flemish burghers to the level of French peasants. The enterprise proceeded all the more merrily on the French side, because it was hoped that the wealth of these industrious men could be transferred to the coffers of the French suzerain and into the pockets of his minions. War in those days was as much a money-making affair, for the enrichment of a few at the cost of the many, as in our days of dollar diplomacy, when bankers hold the balance of power in dictating war and peace. The enforcement of this policy of the French was the cause of more or less revolt and disturbance. It stimulated the townsmen of Flanders to organize train bands and develop their infantry. Parties were formed and named according as the partisans were in favor of or against France, or of real or only nominal French suzerainty over Flanders.

This was the era of the parties, named the "Lil-

ies" and the "Lion's Claws," their names and politics now seeming as grotesque, while yet as vital, in their time, as those of the Hooks and Cods of Holland. The Liliaerts, or Lilies, wore the emblem of royal France and were pro-French in sympathies and activities. The Clawaerts, Claws, or in French, *gens de griffe*, — that is, men of the talons, — were Flemings, who believed that the lion of Flanders could tear the French lilies to pieces.

In 1301, Philip of France, with his queen, Joan of Navarre, came to Bruges, where the Liliaerts gave them a boisterous and spectacular welcome. The fêtes held here and in Ghent, to celebrate the French visit, gave abundant opportunity for the display of that wealth and magnificence which was already proverbial in Europe as belonging to Flanders. Queen Joan was mightily impressed with the dresses of the Flemish ladies, saying, "I thought I was the only queen here, but I see a thousand around me." Later on, Charles V jested with the King of France, declaring that he could "put Paris in his glove"; Gand, or Ghent, being so much larger then than the city on the Seine.

Yet all this while the "Claws" were ready to tear both the velvet and the flowers. Peter de Coninck, a weaver, headed a revolt against the tyrannical measures of the French king's agent in Bruges. This first uprising was put down, but soon seven thousand Clawaerts entered the town

and compelled every one to say the passwords, "Schilt ende vriendt" (shield and friend). All who could not pronounce them properly, or gave the words a French accent, were to be put to the sword. This reminds one of the later rising of the London apprentices against the Flemings, when those suspected of being strangers were shown a piece of bread and of cheese and made to pronounce their names, death following upon heterodox sounds.

The French garrison in Bruges was massacred on the 19th of May, 1302. On the bloody page of Flemish history, this event is marked the "Bruges Matins," no doubt in contrast, yet with a likeness, to the Sicilian Vespers in 1282, when the islanders rose and massacred their French masters. The sequel of this uprising of the common people against their feudal superiors was an invasion in force from France, followed by the ever famous Battle of the Golden Spurs, at Courtrai.

The army of vengeance, burning and destroying as it advanced, crossed the Belgian frontier in July. Seventy-five great nobles, having names among the proudest in France, a thousand knights, three thousand squires of gentle birth, and over thirty thousand soldiers under the Count of Artois, made, with its allies from Hainault and Brabant, a host numbering fifty thousand men. No more brilliant array had ever been gathered under the banner of the fleur-de-lys. Horsemen dressed

in steel constituted the pride of armies in that day as truly as do the battleships of to-day make nations pride-swollen.

On the other side the forces of the Flemings, mostly mechanics, without knights, and with but a few hundred horsemen, consisted of twenty-five thousand men. These footmen had long swords, but they depended, both for defense and offense, chiefly upon their strong iron boar-spears, or plough-coulters firmly fixed in stout poles. With these they struck with deadly effect the armed frontlet of the enemy's horse, or the neck and shoulders of the rider himself. With grim humor these ugly weapons were dubbed "Good-Days." Many a knight, pulled off his horse, who opened his visor to make surrender, received "Good-Day" full in his face. Sure death followed ugly wounds, for the Flemings were ordered to make no prisoners and to take no booty from the invaders, but to slay all. Compared with the butcheries of ancient and mediæval warfare, death and wounds from gunshots meant progress in civilization. With gunpowder came surgery and the care of the wounded.

These working men went forth to meet the men who would make them starve. If France hindered the exportation of wool from England, the money and food of the Flemish weavers ceased. Hence their determination to kill the Frenchmen and keep friendship with England.

Near Courtrai, now the centre of the flax industry, the forces from Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres, mostly weavers, under command of Count John of Namur and Duke William of Juliers, were drawn up upon a plain sloping toward the foe, with a ditch or stream where the incline met the plain. A river was behind them and their position was strengthened with ramparts and fences.

Some of the mediæval war customs were very impressive. The springtime fields of modern Courtrai are blue with flowers of the flax. Then they were white with myriads of Marguerite daisies — the same flower which the Walloons first brought to America, in the upper Hudson River valley, where they still make the meadows snowy with their white petals in June of every year. A priest from a raised altar blessed the army as it kneeled. At the words of the blessing each soldier raised a morsel of earth to his lips and swore to die for his fatherland. This habit of kissing the earth before battle was very ancient. The chiefs, dismounting, took their places on foot at the head of their divisions, the flag of St. George, the patron saint of Flanders, was unfurled, and at seven o'clock, on the morning of the 11th of July, 1302, the battle began.

The French cavalry charged, with the war cry, "Saint Denis! Montjoye!" but, falling into confusion on the marshy ground, was obliged to retreat. This gave the footmen, or men-at-arms,

their opportunity. They crossed the stream, and with their arrows drove in the Flemish advance, with such manifest results that the French knights, goaded by jealous envy, lest these common foot-soldiers should win all the glory of victory, demanded that the trumpet sound the charge. This was done so quickly that the archers had no time to retire, and the horsemen rode over their own countrymen.

The Flemings had given way before the deadly flight of arrows, but the river forbade disastrous retreat, and, while the men from Ypres stood firm, William of Juliers, with his small body of horse and men-at-arms, charged upon the French cavalry, driving the knights into the marshy stream. There they floundered helplessly in the mire, and were slaughtered by the Flemings, with their "Good-Days," by hundreds. In vain did the French reserves charge again. Nothing could hinder the onslaught of the Flemings and their cruel determination to spare no lives. After the battle, beside the other plunder, seven hundred golden spurs, pulled from the heels of the French knights, were hung up as trophies in the church of Notre Dame in Courtrai.

Flanders was delivered by the action of its own people. All Europe was as much astonished at workingmen beating in battle steel-clad knights, as were the men of oldtime notions in Japan, when, in 1877, the new peasant army proved itself

as brave as the samurai host of Satsuma, and later overcame both Chinese and Russians.

It is of this era, of the partisans of the Lilies and the Claws, that Hendrik Conscience, in 1839, the champion and pioneer of the modern Flemish movement, wrote in his novel, "The Lion of Flanders," which, by both Flemish and French, has been called the Belgian's Bible. To-day, in the splendid Town Hall of Courtrai, among the modern paintings that illustrate Belgian history, is one which depicts the Consultation of the Flemish leaders in the Court Room, the day before the battle. The artist has set a historical novel in a frame. Conscience did the same in undying words. Which will be the more enduring?

The old monastery church, decorated with the boot-jewels of the invaders, has long ago passed away, but to-day, in what was the centre of the bloody field, a little chapel, erected in 1831, shortly after the assertion of the Belgian independence, commemorates alike the victors and the vanquished. The superb marble monument, by a native sculptor, shows the proud maid of Flanders, standing aloft, holding a wreath and the workman's spear, in exultant attitude of victory. One side of the pedestal depicts the departure of the commoner and the other his return; while below, on the base, a knight, the Count of Artois, lies motionless under a dead war-horse, "dead in his

harness." The Battle of the Golden Spurs is a bold landmark in the story of freedom. Similar uprisings of the people against the nobles took place at Ypres in 1281, at Liège in 1312, and at Louvain in 1378.

In Belgium, feudalism illustrated the old proverb about quick ripeness and sure decay. This social system, based on land tenure and personal military service, was developed very early and perhaps even more fully here than in any other country, with France possibly as an exception. So also it began to disintegrate sooner in the Low Countries than elsewhere in Europe. There were several reasons for this, the economic being not the least; but the most manifest element in securing the change of social structure was the popular passion for freedom among the people, and their ability to maintain their rights in armed conflict. The inhabitants of the open country, or of defenseless villages, were unable to resist the steel-clad champions of chivalry; but the burghers, that is, the men of the cities, perfected a military organization that could face knights, squires, and men-at-arms in the field, with good hopes of success. Horsemen, when most numerous, were apt to gain the advantage, but where conditions were more suitable for infantry, the train bands and communal levies stood the greater chance of victory. With such elements at work — the spirit of independence and the ability to maintain it in

arms — feudalism had to give way in Belgium earlier than in France, England, or Germany.

Besides the bitterness infused into the wars between cities, arising from trade rivalries, there was the bloody partisanship inspired by the papal schism. Very vivid in the chronicles is the description of the Battle of Dunkirk, at which nine thousand Flemings were slain. Heralds with trumpets, at the beginning of a conflict, would sound notice of the pope's bull, and according to which pope the one side or the other obeyed, arose the motive for wrath and slaughter. This papal schism lasted from 1309 to 1377.

One of the political features also of the Middle Ages was the temporal power possessed by the bishops and the readiness with which they were willing to maintain it with the sword. Much of the land was owned by the prelates of the Church, or was held by the religious establishments. The men of cowl and mitre used the same worldly means for enforcing their authority and retaining their pelf, as were used by those who lived in castles and wore armor. One of many striking illustrations of the habit of militant bishops and monks to join in war was at the Battle of Woeringen — the name of a castle which had become the stronghold of robber chiefs. This was fought on an open heath, near the castle and close to the Rhine.

The Archbishop of Cologne had gathered to-

gether forty thousand fighting men, and against these John of Brabant and his allies, with a reinforcement from Cologne, numbering in all about fifteen thousand, were arrayed. The combat began with words instead of bloodshed on the morning of June 5, 1288, when in the neighboring abbey church the Archbishop excommunicated his enemies. While, however, the prelate was discharging anathemas, Duke John I, one of the most popular of rulers, poet, lover of music and of knightly sports, and a wise statesman and friend of the people, addressed his army, ordering his soldiers to kill him, their commander, if he fled or surrendered.

Then the Bishop, having laid aside his canonicals as the Anointed Son of the Church, put on armor, fighting like any man-at-arms. The clericals concentrated their attacks upon the centre, where, in shining steel, John rode under the great black-and-gold banner of Brabant. Prodigies of valor in single combat were the features of this, as of so many mediæval battles, but the clerical army lost the day. The Archbishop was taken prisoner, and while in durance vile was compelled, even while in bed, to wear his iron clothes. The Pope protested against this treatment of a church magnate, but John of Brabant made a sarcastic reply.

In Belgian annals this battle is deemed of vast importance, because it was followed by a general

peace later, and by John's conquest of Limburg, in which popular rights were generously safeguarded and the two provinces united under one rule. John was later killed at a tournament, the seventieth in which he had tried his skill. A Flemish poet has sung the praises of the heroes of Woeringen (or Worringen), and in modern art a Belgian painter has depicted on canvas its glory and the valor of its contestants.

Many upholders of feudalism, especially those who profited by its remaining intact, strove for its continuance, but in vain. The greatest obstacles to a system based on land and privilege lay in the persistence of the old Teutonic spirit of independence and the organization of the guilds. The policy of the French kings was to remove these obstacles and reduce the Flemings to the condition of the peasantry of France. The determination of these intelligent men, who earned their own living, was to win and enjoy those rights of man which are older than castles or cathedrals. In the words of a later day and document, they are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

CHAPTER XI

FLEMISH CITIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE prosperity of Ypres, Ghent, and Bruges, called the three "good" cities, which were the richest, most populous, and most important of any beyond the Alps, did not rest wholly upon their manufactures. One powerful factor in their history is found in their nearness to the greatest of the European trade routes over land and by water, which converged at Champagne in France. These lines of traffic, constantly traversed by horses and wagons, stretched from the Bosphorus, the *entrepot* of the caravans of Asia, and from Russia, the centre of Mongol activities, through Germany, over the old Roman roads and into France. By the water routes of the Mediterranean, along which land freight was re-shipped from Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles, goods were borne to the great French fairs. These were among the most picturesque and useful features of the Middle Ages.

So long as these fairs flourished, especially those at Champagne, and money was made in abundance, it was possible to build cathedrals, then of unparalleled splendor, and since unmatched. The prosperity of these markets, held in the open air, was proof of an economic revolution. It indicated that

the focus of wealth and energy had been transferred from Egypt and Constantinople to the Far West of Europe. The rise of Champagne followed upon the decay of Constantinople. In both France and the Low Countries the wealth gained by commerce was transmuted into the beauty and glory of Christian places of worship. It is no wonder that the thirteenth is called "the greatest of the centuries," by which time the Roman and early Christian culture had been assimilated and wealth was abundant. In several lines of human achievement there has never been another century like it.

Happily for generations of men of taste, even to our own day, ecclesiastical architecture in France developed under the control of men who wrought in unity. In Belgic land individual and local caprice had freer rein. Hence, while the cathedrals of the Low Countries are striking, and often grand and imposing, one goes to France, rather than to Belgium, to study and enjoy the masterpieces of Gothic architecture — that consummate flower of the piety and genius of northern Europe. Yet the student-tourist comes back to the Low Countries to find peerless specimens of civic architecture, which show how prevalent was the pride of the burghers in their cities.

The very splendor of life in a mediæval Belgic commune helped to prevent its people from taking large views of affairs outside their own walls, and from having truly national ideas. Indeed, the time

had not yet come for the conception of a nation which should bind together Ghenter and Brugenaer, Hainaulter, Limburger, Brusselaer, and Liègeman into an organic whole. Local interests loomed before each set of townsmen, and competition, often bitter even unto blood, was ever hot between rival communes. Each city, with no view of a higher political union, became not only emulous but usually envious of its neighbor. The burghers were "men of the bell" — responding freely to the call of the hour, but indisposed to think long or hard on problems of permanence. The republics of the Middle Ages in Italy and the communes of mediæval Belgium were but trading corporations.

Civic enterprises in this age did not take the form of exploration, road or bridge building, the opening of sea-routes, the creation of navies, nor were they along the modern lines of rivalry. City competed with city to erect a gorgeous cathedral, to rear a superb town hall, or "state house," to pile brick and stone heavenward in a mighty belfry tower, to cause stone to blossom in the sunlit air, or to build a "cloth hall," which only on the exterior should outshine in civic splendor all others. Even religion took on intensely material forms. No municipality was considered first class which did not possess saints' relics, the bones of some holy man or woman, a fragment of the true cross, some drops of the blood of the Crucified, or an apostolic fragment of some sort. Pil-

grimages were very common, and these, with saints' days, furnished occasion for popular amusement, when beer and wine flowed freely and the fun became boisterous. Religion and business were closely united. The *kermis*, or festival of the founding of the local church, became a popular institution. Every guild had its own banner and usually its chapel in the cathedral, or within its own edifice. Notwithstanding all this outward show, mysticism, or religion that asks but slight aid from external symbols and demands life more than organization, flourished in the hearts of those hungry souls who wearied of routine and ceremonies, and became the inspiration of art in the painting of the van Eycks and other founders of the Flemish school.

This intensity of civic life, with its rivalries and jealousies, was not wholly "an affair of wool." Rather does it explain why so many architects go to the Low Countries to study the best models of civic architecture. As of old, the town hall, with its imposing façade, its heaven-pointing spire, its belfry that recalls history, still dominates the landscape. In external imposing features and general effect these town halls are amazingly rich; but those who look inside for corresponding splendor are disappointed in finding usually bare rooms or empty space.

As early as A.D. 1200, the old economic system, based on the caravan marches across Central Asia,

had given way before the use of ocean routes, for the compass had been brought by the sea-going Arabs from China. A new system of transportation, based on the sea, had come into operation. Bruges, which took its origin, not from a church, a monastery, or a castle, but from a bridge, made such mighty strides in prosperity that its commercial activities first vied with and then outstripped those of both Venice and Genoa, the old seats of wealth by traffic. The Hanseatic League in the fourteenth century made Bruges, together with Lübeck, Hamburg, and Cologne, one of its four foreign factories. Bankers from Italy fixed their headquarters here, and for many decades Bruges was the financial centre of northwestern Europe.

The seaport of Bruges, Damme (its dikes mentioned even by Dante), was crowded with ships. To-day one who visits Damme wonders where the sea is, for it is not visible, and the dam and dikes are memories. This seaport and fortress town has become a village — not even a "dead city." Nevertheless, the enthusiast in architecture finds charming mediæval tidbits. In the square was erected a statue of Maerlant, the father of Dutch poetry, and his grave is here. He gained his bread by acting as sexton and town clerk, — exactly like his successors, long after him, in New Netherland; but Maerlant's true calling was to summon the crusaders from the land over the sea, to put history and the Bible into rhyme, and to tell of the

flowers and the stars. He died in 1291, but his effigy rose to resurrection in bronze, in 1860, in a rather Dantesque statue.

So long as the tidal river Zwyn kept its early vigor and its waters flowed clear, prosperity and Bruges were synonyms. Yet a river is like human life. It has its youth, mid-life, and old age, and, according as it flows over sand or granite, illustrates the more strikingly the law of its being. It keeps its depth and current so long as it, like a healthy animal, is not clogged with superfluous and unneeded elements; but when overloaded with the useless material that makes circulation sluggish, the river becomes old like a human being. Filled with silt and sand, its channel disappears and its glory withers.

When by the filling-up of the bed and the choking of the channel of the Zwyn, or, in euphemism, by "the recession of the sea," Bruges lost direct contact with the life-giving ocean, it was like a man with his right arm withered. The splendor of the city faded and grass grew in its streets. To-day, Damme, like many other Flemish towns, once great municipalities, illustrates what a "dead city" is — not one buried under the waves of a great flood, but overwhelmed with unfathomed sand, left behind, and now possessing possibly as many beer-shops as dwellings. So, also, Zwyndrecht, once flourishing, survives on the map, but there is no Zwyn. The river is dead and gone.

In this period when nature aided, and when man exerted his noblest powers in technical skill and manual dexterity, Flemish cloth was in demand all over Europe and even in Asia, for the Italians acted as brokers and were the chief distributors in the Orient. The excellence of the manufactured products of Flanders became a proverb; in England and in Germany the word "Flemish" was a synonym for what was superior. Any one who takes a course of reading in the English of the Tudor and earlier eras will be struck with this fact and also with the frequent references to Flanders and the Flemings. From the Stuart period, when the Belgic provinces languished, because bereft of their freedom and of their best blood, while the Dutch Republic flourished, the verbal honors and compliments went to the Dutch and Holland. Even yet, however, the "Flemish bond" in bricklaying, the Flemish or flat coil of rope laid on the deck of a vessel, the "Flemish eye," or ring at the rope's end, and the "Flemish horse" tell of borrowings from the old "Land of Jewels." Certain proverbs — "Flemish glory and Holland patience"; "A Brabant sheep, a Gelderland ox, a Flemish capon, and a Frisian cow, for excellence"; and "It 's a Flemish piece of luck" — are still current in the Netherlands.

In the Flemish cities trade secrets were jealously guarded. Perfection was insisted upon. The brilliancy of the dyes, outrivaling Oriental tints and

colors, used in cloth tapestry, added to the comfort of life in the castle and to the splendor of pageants in many lands. In those days all the crafts and arts wrought together in harmony producing matchless triumphs in painting, textiles, and in architecture — the mother of all the arts.

Yet, apart from the river's failure and the faults of Bruges people, it was tyranny that ultimately withered the love of art and fine craftsmanship, drove away these sources of power and beauty, sent its devotees into banishment, enriched Holland and England, and made a dead city of what was once the wealthiest of municipalities and the pride of commercial Europe.

In studying Flemish mediæval life, the American "climber," who wishes to get rich quickly, feels most curiously at home. He realizes that in Flanders, money ruled in social life. Here was the true "Land of the Almighty Dollar." Material wealth was the real thing desired. "Prosperity" was ever the watchword. Possession of gold set the tone of society. Both the male and female animal liked fine furs and feathers and well-spread tables. Heavy eating and hard drinking were the rule. Men liked to see their wives loaded with rich stuffs, embroidery, and jewels. In those days, before the Puritans had taught us to dress more like men with souls and less like birds of gaudy plumage, the costume of the male specimen of the *genus homo* was as pavonine as was that of the

old Scottish Highlander, or of the peacock out of the Indian jungle.

Art, which is the praise of life, when set before us by the Flemish painters, mirrors this brilliancy of costume, luxuriance of the table, and massive splendor of civic functions. One can easily read the social history of Flanders on the canvases of her artists. The Belgic folk, then and always, liked rulers who lived as they themselves lived, ate plentifully, drank abundantly, wore rich clothes, and kept smiling faces, — as if life in the Low Countries was better than anywhere else under the sun, — and, generally, were hail fellows well met. The people could bear up under grievances, and even forget them, so long as their ruler was full of *bonhomie* and conformed to local costume, opinion, and personal habits.

This was particularly true if the man in high office used the local speech. Let emperor, king, duke, count, ruward, or burgomaster, be solemn in mien, stern in visage, abstemious in his eating, and temperate, or abstinent, in his drink, take too serious views of life, or in any way be a social nonconformist, and his pathway instantly became one of thorns. Such a man was as surely doomed as is the American statesman who is "cold" to the "dear people." With the Flemings, half of the science of government meant slavish, or at least tactful, conformity to custom, and most of its art was expressed in good humor. What is

said of government was for the most part true of religion. No parish priest was more popular than he who was accommodating at the confessional.

Although the Flemings were primarily civilians, they could be soldiers at call of duty. When fighting as infantry, properly led and directed, they were well-nigh invincible. Especially did the crossbowmen of Flanders have a reputation, which they sustained on many fields at home and abroad. Their bolts could pierce even armor of proof. Among the most popular sports at the fêtes was that of shooting at the popinjay, or artificial parrot, in gray plumage, which swung in the wind from the top of a pole. He who at, say, seventy paces, could bring it down with his bolt, was "captain of the popinjay" for the day. Besides noblemen, several of the famous women, such as the Duchess Mary of Burgundy and the Countess Jacqueline of Bavaria, were noted for their marksmanship and the smiling grace with which they presented prizes. Many are the proverbs, still used with gay wit and stinging sarcasm, about the popinjay and the hits and misses of would-be aspirants for the honor of winning it.

Not less universal in evidence or civic significance was the bell — one of the many gifts of the Orient. Its functions were to call to arms, to summon to assembly, to make music during twenty-four hours. The belfry — the one piece of architecture whose construction and shape the

bell dictated — was ever a notable feature in the Flemish city. Instead of the minaret, with the muezzin calling to prayer thrice daily, — one of those root-forces of Islam, which has so long kept, and will long keep the religion of Mahomet vigorous, — was the church bell in the spire, to call men to worship, to joy, to sorrow, to action. No poet has excelled our own Longfellow in recalling the voices of the past, from bell and belfry, as in his "Golden Legend" and the "Belfry of Bruges."

CHAPTER XII

THE VAN ARTEVELDES: 'TWIXT ENGLAND AND FRANCE

THE struggle between the Flemings and the French, from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, was really a struggle of the spirit of Teutonic freedom against that of Latin despotism, and had more of national than of local import. Even when England was drawn into this contest, and the men of the continent and the island became allies, on the one hand, and enemies on the other, the war, from the Belgic point of view, was less dynastic than communal. It was for a commonwealth more than for a reigning house.

England's interests across the Channel were purely accidental. Only the possession of Normandy, in itself and in results utterly valueless, costly, and temporary, was what drew English warriors beyond sea. The French wars did but exhaust England's resources, delaying by centuries the harmonious union of the four nations of the British Isles. Nevertheless the dynastic ambitions of the English kings aided powerfully to maintain Flemish freedom.

Far away from the Mediterranean, then the realm of trade, without a militarily defensible

country, with no mountains, definite natural frontiers, or natural fortresses, lacking great agricultural possibilities, and without that mineral wealth which lies at the basis of modern prosperity, — for Belgium's subterranean treasures were as yet unsuspected, — the Flemings won their freedom through industry. The beginning and sure foundation of their welfare was the loom. In becoming weavers the men of Flanders entered upon their heroic epoch. By the eleventh century they had become powerful enough to demand from Count Baldwin VI a charter of rights, as we have seen. Then followed the building of walled cities and the right to elect their own local magistrates. Gradually civic processes triumphed over military methods of justice. The ordeals of combat and fire passed away and when the sheriff system and trial by a jury of citizens became fixed custom, feudalism as a form of government had become only a shadow. Step by step, freedom broadened down by precedents, from which others followed; for the acquisition of one privilege led to the demand for and the concession of another.

These Flemish municipalities were the wonder of Europe. When London, the largest city in the British Isles, had fewer than fifty thousand people, there were in Ghent two hundred and fifty thousand, in Ypres two hundred thousand, and in Bruges and Courtrai each a hundred thousand souls. Fifty thousand enrolled craftsmen, in more

than half a hundred recognized trades, besides four great bodies of free merchants, made Ghent their home. Cloth-making was the leading industry, and the weavers and fullers outnumbered the brewers and shopkeepers. Yet for success in their business they needed a sure and sufficient supply of the raw material on which they worked. On England's moors and meadows browsed the flocks that supplied the looms of Flanders with all the wool they needed, and the English were glad to sell. Thus arose a community of interests and a friendship, based on practical considerations, enriching both the Land of the Woolsack and the Country of the Loom.

This close relationship was reflected in religious movements, the interchange of asylum for the persecuted, unfortunate, or friendless, on both sides of the Channel, and in the marriages of the Counts of Flanders with Saxon princesses. Later, the period of the Arteveldes (1285–1382) provided what has been declared to be the most striking instance of a genuine alliance to be met with in history. These mediæval relations formed the basis on which the main threads of British policy on the Continent, down to the Battle of Waterloo, have been woven. In our day they lie at the basis of Great Britain's interest in the kingdom of Belgium, whose neutrality, notably manifested with her army and navy in August, 1914, was formally reaffirmed at Havre on February 14, 1916.

The Hundred Years' War between England and France (1338–1453) had vast influence upon both the economic and political history of Belgic land. Bruges, as early as 1040 A.D., was the wool market of Europe. He who has beheld in the great square at Ghent the imposing bronze statue of Jacques (or Jacob) van Artevelde, may remember that it was unveiled and honored by Leopold, King of the Belgians, in the modern days of constitutional monarchy, yet he recalls also the days when the people ruled and the communes were at the acme of their glory.

This leader of the masses is nicknamed "the Brewer," and is still so called by the unlearned. There is, however, no historical evidence on which to base the sobriquet. All the citizens were enrolled in some guild, and van Artevelde's register was in the guild of the brewers. He was a son of a cloth merchant, and his mother belonged to that famous family of the de Groots, which in a later century produced the father of international law, Hugo de Groot, whose name is latinized as Grotius. Born about the year 1285, van Artevelde was made ruward or president of Flanders, and led the people in their revolt against Count Louis. He saw that the municipal idea was not broad enough, for the cities emphasized only local interests, and thus created rivalry that often and easily ran into enmity. His purpose was greater than to have people cohere in municipal units. He

would have the cities and the citizens cohere into a nation. With the double purpose of rolling back the tide of French aggression, and of uniting all his people into one commonwealth, he made compact with Edward III of England. This alliance, offensive and defensive, was, after three years of preliminary discussion, completed in Brussels, December 3, 1339.

King Edward, who had married Philippa, the daughter of the Count of Holland and Hainault, crossed to England to get the consent of his Parliament. He left his queen as a hostage in the City of Looms, and there his fourth son, the famous John of Ghent, or Gand, of which "Gaunt" is a corruption, was born. His representative on the Shakespearean stage as "time-honored" Duke of Lancaster, many of us have seen. Later, Queen Philippa stood as god-mother to Jacob van Artevelde's son, named Philip. To carry out his scheme, Edward III borrowed large sums of money from the Italian firm of bankers, the Bardi family, and is said to have given as securities the state jewels, the sceptre of Edward the Confessor, and the sword of Richard the Lion-Hearted. This loan, however, was never paid, and the Bardi family was financially ruined. John of Gaunt became a persistent enemy of France.

In the Hundred Years' War (1338–1453), the English were usually the victors, and were not expelled from France until after three generations

of fighting. Their success was owing chiefly to their possession of sea power. The great Battle of Sluys, June 24, 1340, may be called the beginning of England's naval glory. In this, one of the most sanguinary battles in marine history, in which Flemings helped greatly, thirty thousand Frenchmen, according to the uncritical estimate of those days, met their death. Five years of indecisive land fighting followed. Edward III gained the Battle of Crécy, without aid from the Flemings, on August 26, 1336. Calais, in the siege of which the Flemings assisted, fell on August 4, 1347. Philippa's part in soothing the wrath of Edward at the burghers' stout resistance has been told by the chronicler and on the canvas of the artist. Calais was held by the English until 1558.

Finally, as if to point the moral of the philosophers, especially in the aristocratic half of England which fears and hates democratic government, van Artevelde perished before a mob, at the hands of his own people, July 14, 1345, on the charge of securing Flanders for the Black Prince.

One of the greatest statesmen of the Europe of his time, the schemes of Jacob van Artevelde were on too large a scale to be understood in his day. He showed his people the way into nationality, but they would not take it. They were no more prepared, by previous discipline, for a cen-

tralized republic or commonwealth, than were the English people for one in the seventeenth century. Their leader, van Artevelde, unchained popular passions which he could not control and to which he fell a victim. The cause of Flemish failure lay in the mutual rivalry of the cities, in which minds of traders, not statesmen, ruled. They never rose above the municipal idea or looked to coming generations. Even the Dutch Republic of 1579, beaten into shape on the anvil of war, was but a congeries of cities.

The experiment of a national republic on a large scale succeeded only in the fullness of time on American soil, and after ages of preparation. Even then, a century of civic struggle and a great civil war were necessary to transform federalism into nationalism. Yet in the words "for ourselves and our posterity" lies the secret of American success.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DECLINE OF THE COMMUNES

After van Artevelde, there was among the Flemings no master mind that arose to overcome individualism and point the way to nationality, so that during the fourteenth century, in the struggle of the communes with their pro-French counts, the cities lost political power. There were eight years of peace in Flanders, but pestilence, more terrible than war, reduced the population one half. The Black Death, entering Europe, piled the dead in the streets of the cities, swept off nearly half the inhabitants, and interrupted industry and prosperity. This epidemic, called in modern language the bubonic plague, was the same as that which broke out in Manchuria in 1910, to be quickly subdued by men of science called from all over the world. Probably fifty millions of the human race in Europe died of this scourge, for its visitations, in the undrained mediæval streets, when public hygiene was unknown, were frequent. The attention given by governments and municipalities to cleanliness and the application of science has kept the plague out of the greater part of Europe during the last two

hundred years or more. To-day, nations are rivals in this good work of prevention.

A whole chapter might be written on the diseases and epidemics of the Middle Ages, which romancers, who describe only the sparkle and splendor of the period, never mention in detail. It was long believed that leprosy was brought in from the East by the crusaders, but history shows its existence in Europe many centuries earlier. In the mediæval cities lepers, criminals, outcasts, and persons banned by bigotry or superstition, or considerations of hygiene, were obliged to wear some distinctive mark on their dress, or were branded by red-hot iron, like the "scarlet letter," until torture and marking by fire and mutilation gave way to the milder methods of isolation.

In 1356 occurred an event which is pivotal in Belgian history, for from this date the people had a "constitution," to which, ever afterwards, they referred and which they made the rallying cry against tyrants. During five centuries every absolute or oppressive ruler, French, Burgundian, Spanish, Austrian, or Dutch, came into collision with this charter, but he usually found to his cost that the people had an established fundamental law which was, in so far, something more than sentimental, in that it was immune from the incursions of despots. This fundamental law dated from the day of the "joyous entry" into Louvain of Wenceslas and his bride. Joan, daughter of the Duke of Bra-

bant, had married Wenzel, or Wenceslas, son of Charles IV, Emperor of Germany, who, in the Golden Bull of 1349, had confirmed the charters issued some years before. Entering Louvain, then the capital of Brabant, on the 3d of January, they were greeted with those tokens of mediæval splendor which the people loved and still love. The new rulers, yielding to the burghers, who paid duly for their rights thus assured, took oath to abide by the charters of the cities. This "joyous entry" of Brabant, in fifty-nine articles, guaranteed the rights of the people as against foreigners and in favor of local customs, and is yet well worthy of further study. The promises of this charter of Brabant spread also to Limburg, and, for five centuries, it was the bulwark of Netherlands liberties.

To this day, the first coming of a sovereign ruler into the Netherlands cities is called the "joyous entry," or "blithe incoming." The author witnessed the "joyous entry" of Queen Wilhelmina into Amsterdam for her inauguration, on August 31, 1898. From the charter of Grammont down to the constitution of 1830, Belgians have proved the value of written guarantees of freedom, furnishing Americans with a grand example.

The hopes of a new era of good feeling between the nobles and people were not fulfilled at once, for Count Wenzel adopted French views and policies, which the working classes hated. Conflicts

between the men of privilege and the White Hoods, champions of the working people, frequently took place. In 1378, the commonalty in Louvain, mostly weavers, arose and massacred the nobles and tossed their bodies out of the windows upon a hedge of spears below. A war, lasting three years, followed. With overwhelming force, Louvain was besieged and was glad to surrender to Wenzel, who, on the 27th of December, 1383, entered a breach in the wall as conqueror and made a bloody reprisal with humiliating conditions. After this crushing defeat, the weavers emigrated in large numbers to England and Holland, to enrich these countries. Norfolk and the towns of the south and east were especially favored by the men of the loom.

The people, baffled for the time in their attempts to make the communes vie in power with kings, were crushed, but not hopeless. On seeing the storm of vengeance arising from France, they sought for a leader and found him in Philip van Artevelde, whom they summoned from obscurity and made ruward or governor of Flanders.

This fourteenth century was a sad one for religion, for it marked the schism of the Papacy, when two lines of rival popes, one in Rome, in Italy, and one at Avignon, in France, divided the allegiance of nations, families, and individuals, and these carried their religious hatreds into their feudal wars and political quarrels. The "Baby-

lonian Captivity" of the popes in France, as it was called, lasted from 1309 to 1377.

The French host marching into Belgic land consisted of eighty thousand men. It was an army essentially feudal, composed not of communal levies, but of nobles, squires, and men-at-arms,— an aristocratic body of warriors. Of the knights, 467, mostly young men, had been newly created for this special invasion. Most of the Flemings were Urbanites, that is, for Pope Urban VI, while the French held to the Avignon pope, then living on their own soil. With religious hatred intense, the oriflamme, or holy flag of France, was carried into Flanders. This time their knights had very long lances that outmeasured the "Good-Day" pikes of the Flemish weavers, besides being more finely tempered and made especially for them at Bordeaux. On horseback they promised to be invincible.

On their way into Flanders the French won several minor victories, and at Roosebeke (or Rose Brook) confronted their foes. The army of Ghent numbered forty thousand armed men, though unfortunately they were all footmen, with no cavalry. One of Froissart's most brilliant descriptions is of this campaign. His pages almost make one see the events as if in a photographic picture.

The Flemings, whose weakness lay in their overweening confidence of victory on the morrow,

feasted on the evening before the battle. On the morning of November 27, 1382, they advanced through a fog, expecting to crush the centre of the French host.

At the head of the invading army was the oriflamme — the banner from the shrine of Saint-Denis, "sent from Heaven with a great mystery." When this was raised, the fog instantly dispersed, and "the sky was as clear as it had been during the whole year." A white dove flew many times round the King's battalions, and finally perched on the royal banner. This was hailed as a good omen.

On this day the host of the Flemings, with their staves and spears, looked like a moving wood, but, as in so many other instances, the cavalry of the feudal age was the decisive element. With their extra long lances of tempered Bordeaux steel, the French knights charged with their usual battle-cries. The Flemings were unable to withstand such an onset, and especially the fierce flank attacks made upon them. This time the foreigners overwhelmed the natives, who were quickly driven into a huddled mass and many of them stifled without being touched by a weapon. Unable to use their weapons, thousands of this army of mechanics died without wounds or loss of blood, smothered or trampled to death under the hoofs of the French horse. The pillagers at once advanced with the French men-at-arms and knifed

the Flemings as if they were dogs, and the noise of axes cleaving helmets was terrific. Nothing could resist the enthusiasm of the young French knights. Yet few battles, in proportion to the number of corpses left on the field, were less bloody. Routed, the Flemings fled, only to be pursued to death. It is said that in the battle and drive of the fugitives, twenty-five thousand Flemings were left dead. One of the greatest trophies of the French, as some writers declare, was the recovery of the hundreds of golden spurs won from their fellow knights at the battle of Courtrai, fought eighty years before.

The corpse of Philip van Artevelde, — his public career having lasted less than a year, — found amid the piles of the slain, was hung upon a high tree, for birds of prey to feast upon. On the way back, France's feudal army sacked Courtrai, and also at home punished the leaders of the French communes who had not taken part in the expedition. Froissart gayly describes this battle, and the fine arms of the gallant knights, with apparently no sympathy for the common people who were on this sad day wholly beaten. Most of Belgic land now came under the rule of France and was soon to be an integral part of the Duchy of Burgundy.

Terrible is the memory of Roosebeke — the scene of the last great attempt of the Flemish communes to resist their feudal masters. By a series of calamities, internal divisions, and dissen-

sions, humiliation and defeat in war, the terrible Black Death of 1384, the closing up of the river channel to the sea, the emigration of the most industrious artisans, Bruges and other Flemish towns shriveled to one tenth their former size, and became "dead cities." Flanders never recovered her former glory.

This futile attempt of men to govern themselves has left an awful example, which lovers of monarchy and absolutism have not been slow to improve. To those who would attain national unity in a democracy, it has its own lesson. It was out of the sevenfold heated furnace fires of experience that the modern Belgians, happily for three generations a united nation, coined the national motto now struck on all their coins — "Union makes strength."

The dynasty of the Counts of Flanders is usually reckoned to have begun with Baldwin of the Iron Arm (864–879), and after twenty-seven counts in all had ruled, the titular line ended in Philip the Good, who, after 1419, succeeded in uniting the various Belgian provinces, with the exception of Liège and Reckeim, into one domain, when the Burgundian era began. At the same time the line of Counts of Hainault, at which we shall glance further on, and that of the Counts of Namur, numbering twenty-three, from 908 to 1421, and of the Counts and Dukes of Luxembourg, 963–1437, and the succession of Counts

and Dukes of Brabant (1015–1430) were absorbed by Philip the Good. The line of Limburg's counts and dukes is reckoned from 1055 to 1279. These figures are at least approximately correct.

The longest of all lines of rulers in Belgic land is that of the Prince-Bishop of Liège, which, from Notger, 972–1008, held its own, until, in the crash of the French Revolution, it ended in 1794. So far as age and dignity go, Belgium can claim for its nobility a long and noble record.

CHAPTER XIV

BURGUNDY AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

A GOTHIC or German tribe, settling in Gaul in the fifth century and conquered by Clovis, gave its name to the province of Burgundy, now in eastern France. For a thousand years, in the ever-shifting scenes of European history, Burgundy was the name of more than one temporary state, duchy, kingdom, or province of varied area and degrees of integrity and sovereignty. In 1384, Flanders, through failure in the male line of counts, and by marriage, was united to the Duchy of Burgundy, which was ruled by Philip the Bold (1363–1404), by John the Fearless (1404–1419), by Philip the Good (1419–1467), and by Charles the Bold (1467–1477). It was under the last two dukes that the great expansion of the duchy took place.

To a Dutchman or Belgian, Burgundy is the synonym of ancestral glories and unmatched mediæval splendors. It recalls, as does the name of Napoleon, colossal ambitions and Titanic energies, that are now as the base fabric of a vision. It suggests the fact that dukes attempted to be more than kings and but little less than emperors.

These men proposed a mighty domain, that should overshadow both the Gallic and the Teutonic kingdoms and all their glories; but Providence disposed to the contrary by reducing the dukedom to dreamland. In the height of fame, power, and wealth the boldest of these dukes struck against the impregnable rock of the liberties of a free people, whose weight ground him to powder. The anvil of democracy having worn out the hammers of despotism, still abides to shiver and wear out more.

Chroniclers, such as Froissart and Commines, saw and wrote about battles, tournaments, and all the splendors of feudalism and chivalry, or talked with the men who were in them. The entertaining books of these writers were read in England. From one of them, Commines, Scott drew the material for his famous novel of "Quentin Durward." This hero was one of those Scots who felt most at home when away from Scotland, and, in France, at Liège, and near by did wonderful things in love and war, finally gaining the hand and heart of the Countess of Croye, — one of the scraps of feudal domain, once historical, but now as imaginary as Zenda. Probably no other work of English fiction sheds so much light upon the relations of France to Belgic land, in mediæval times.

It was during the Burgundian era that the term "Low Countries" was first used in English speech. Indeed, it then seemed probable that the Belgic

people might have a country and not merely separate cities. It was an era also when the national spirit was rising. In 1370, there were 32,000 woolen factories, and the trade with cities and countries, as far away as Alexandria and Damascus, was great. In Ghent were 189,000 men able and willing to bear arms. With such industry the feeling grew apace that life and workmen's rights were worth fighting for. More than once these citizens and mechanics "nailed their gauntlet to the castle gate."

Such feelings reared obstacles to the ambition of those French princes who, by marriage, had added portions of the Belgic lands to their patrimony. The Dukes of Burgundy made deliberate attempts to create a third state, that should stand between the two rivals divided by the Rhine. As we shall see, their strength was not equal to their ambition. Nevertheless they fathered two notable features of modern Europe,—the system of standing armies and that of court etiquette.

It is interesting to study this, one of the several attempts which were made to found a third state that should hold its own permanently between the two great peoples, French and German, who differed so much in language, temperament, and civilization. Belgic history, from the ninth century onward, is mainly a chronicle of attempts to create this third state, and varied indeed are the episodes and vicissitudes. At least six of these may

be here mentioned—in 843 A.D. at Verdun, by Charlemagne's grandsons; in the thirteenth century by the Dukes of Burgundy; by the Emperor Charles V, and by William of Orange, in the sixteenth; by William I, King of the Netherlands, in the early nineteenth century; and by the Belgian people in 1830. Only the last venture attained success.

Mediæval politics usually centred in a marriage. On the chessboard, or, rather, the crazy quilt of mediævalism, there were constantly chances of new patterns resulting in fresh combinations of old patchwork. This occurred especially when fathers-in-law died, and daughters' husbands were able to transfer their power from one country to another. Philip, Duke of Burgundy, whose wife was the daughter of Louis de Male, became Count of Flanders. It was the custom of the court chroniclers to bestow complimentary epithets upon the princes who were their patrons, without much desert or propriety. Some of these titles were absurdly incongruous, when reputation was compared with reality. The leading men of the Burgundian line had such honorary titles as Bold, Fearless, Good, Fair, etc., placed after their names. Philip the Bold, however, had rightfully gained his, because of signal valor at Poitiers. In April, 1384, with his wife, he made the usual pompous entry into Bruges and was acknowledged Count. His consuming ambition was to detach Flanders

from the English alliance and to obtain control of the resources, that is, the money, of the province for the benefit, not of the people he governed, but of France. Yet the sequel showed the apparently unquenchable hatred of the Flemings for the French. Nevertheless, in 1914, as comrades facing the German invasion, all this changed.

The war between the two countries, France and England, was still going on when the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy made their formal entrance into Ghent, the stronghold of Flemish liberty and the centre of Europe's wealth. In the church of St. Bavon, Philip took solemn oath to uphold the laws, privileges, and liberties of the city. On their part, the citizens acknowledged vassalage to France and promised to reject all proffers of the King of England and to make none themselves. The next year the English fleet was beaten.

When Philip the Bold died in 1404, the thoughts of his successor, John the Fearless, were not in Flanders, but in France. In the Battle of Agincourt, Antony, uncle of Philip, was killed, and his two sons, John and Philip, succeeded him in turn as Dukes of Brabant. John, who was only sixteen, weak and dissipated, married that remarkable woman and mediæval princess, Jacqueline of Bavaria, daughter and sole heiress of William, Count of Hainault. Her career, after many vicissitudes, ended in 1436. Romantic and stormy as it was, it has furnished painter, novelist, and

dramatist with endless themes. Her name fills the Dutchman with emotion to this day. The driest chronicles bud and blossom as they recount the adventures of this popular but unfortunate lady.

The long story, which we have told in the "Young People's History of Holland," had but one issue — Hainault, Holland, and the other dependencies of Jacqueline became the property of the House of Burgundy. The line of the Counts of Hainault, which began with Regnier of the Long Neck in 915, thus ended with Jacqueline's abdication in 1433, after twenty-four persons had held the title, including the Baldwins and Jeanne in Constantinople, 1195–1244.

The war dragged on in France, but meanwhile Joan of Arc appeared. She was captured in May, 1430, and handed over as a sorceress to the authorities of the Church.

Politics culminated once more in a match and a marriage. Philip of Burgundy, twice a widower, married, in 1430, the Princess Isabella of Portugal, who was granddaughter of John of Lancaster. This wedding was celebrated with vast and prolonged pomp, and the story of its dazzling wonders fills many pages in the chronicles.

More permanent in its effects than the evanescent splendors of a marriage festival was the creation by Philip, in honor of his bride, of the Order of the Golden Fleece, in 1430. Except England's highest order of knighthood, founded

by Edward III, that of the Garter, and now numbering fifty members, including the Mikado of Japan, whose banner hangs in Windsor Castle, this Order of the Fleece Knights is the oldest in Europe. It was dedicated to the Virgin and St. Andrew. The ideas that lay at the root of its formation were, in their incongruity, quite equal to that mixture of mythology and Biblical facts which is found in Milton's epic of "Paradise Lost," or in the general conglomeration of popular Christianity, as now expressed in its ritual, creed, traditions, art, poetry, and pageantry. Jason and his Argonauts, the Bible imagery, and the work of the Twelve Apostles were blended in one story of the Fleece Knights, whose pageant is so fully told in tapestry.

Bruges being the centre of the wool trade, the idea of this new order of chivalry was to exalt and honor the business of transforming the sheep's covering into garments for man. The word "golden" is taken from the romantic quest of Perseus, who sought adventures, overcame difficulties, and finally won the coveted prize. Out of the idea of the Good Shepherd and his sheep, and from the mediæval sentiment concerning two of the numerous mediators, supposed to be necessary between God and man, the Virgin and St. Andrew, the order took its origin. The motto, taken from circumstances of the hour, was later put aside for the motto of the House of Burgundy

— "I have captured it." The grand collar consisted of a chain of alternate flints and rays, from which hung a sheepskin, with the head and feet attached. With this decoration went a rich cloak with hood and cap.

Men dominated by reason rather than by fancy see, in the beautiful Greek story-picture of the Golden Fleece, a perennial pageant of human industry — the conquest of the soil. Throughout the ages there is a struggle from savage nature to harvest-fields. The hero comes to the rude, untamed landscape, populated by creatures that are as hostile as dragons, fire-breathing bulls, or an armed host. The soil, which is at first hidden from view by matted undergrowth, and, in its refractory nature, is to the imagination as terribly hard as adamant, gives way, under intelligent toil, to smooth acres and soft earth, over which in due season is spread, as a guerdon, the golden fleece of bounteous harvests.

The idea which lies at the root of all chivalry is the seeking and the acceptance by man, of a challenge to do his best. In classic days the stories of such heroes as Perseus, Jason, and Cadmus fired the enthusiasm of young men eager to be dared or lured to enterprise. In the mediæval age of Christianity in Europe, the Quest of the Holy Grail was the theme and goal of heroism, and such heroes as Sir Launcelot, the Knights of the Round Table, and others in the

romances of chivalry supplied the mental food which brave lads and daring men craved.

The soil is the basis of all wealth, and its possession is the potency of all rule. It must be said of the Burgundian dukes that, despite their harsh and cruel methods, they had in view one of the noblest enterprises — the creation of a first-class state in Europe. Out of many discordant elements they hoped to bring a beneficent unity — "*e pluribus unum.*" In the Order of the Golden Fleece, beside the sovereign prince, there were to be twenty-four knights, who were to enjoy immunity from ordinary trial by common law. Their personal safety was further secured from tyrannical princes, by the fact that they were subject to trial only by their brethren and comrades of the order. The number of knights was soon increased to fifty-one.

Until Philip II of Spain annulled all charters and trampled on all law, this privilege from arrest was deemed inviolable. In the case of Egmont and Hoorn, the Spaniard Alva broke the precedent and sent to prison and the scaffold two of his fellow Catholics and oath-bound knights. In 1725 the Order of the Golden Fleece was divided into two branches, those of Austria and Spain, and the archives and treasury were removed from Brussels to Vienna. After the French invasion of 1790, the order was renewed, and still flourishes in Austria.

CHAPTER XV

CHARLES THE BOLD — PAGEANTS AND TRAGEDIES

WHAT may be called the first union of the Belgic provinces in one state was consummated by Philip the Good (1396–1467), who, during a rule of forty-eight years, enjoyed great personal popularity. One of his greatest acts of statesmanship, tending to create a nation out of disconnected provinces, was his founding a Grand Council at Malines, which had legal jurisdiction over all the Belgic domain. He frequently convoked in one assembly the various counts and dukes to deliberate upon action in common. This body was called the States-General, and in time took on the form of a parliament, in which sat nobles, gentry, and commons, or the Third Estate. Later the common name of each provincial assembly was called the States of Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, etc., there being several States-Particular and one States-General.

The splendor-loving people, despite their severe treatment at the hands of their land's lord, liked many things that he did, for he was a generous patron of art and architecture. During his rule printing, which was destined to change the condi-

tions of life and thought throughout the world, was introduced and had its first home in Bruges in his time.

Brussels, already a city of fifty thousand people and noted for its lace, tapestry, and carpets, was honored by a "joyous entry" in October, 1430, when Philip the Good ratified the old charters and granted new privileges. Twenty years later, in 1450, Philip made Brussels his residence. He laid out a park, enlarged the Caudenberg Castle, completed the City Hall, and crowned it with the golden figure of Saint Michael victorious over the dragon, and removed hither the archives of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

This was the classic era of the splendid churches and town halls which long constituted the chief glory of Belgium. Many of these were begun or completed, and some, whose foundations had been laid generations before, received their capstone during Philip's lifetime. Of others, the cathedral at Antwerp, for example, a beginning was made. As the walls mounted upward to the sky, the realization of ultimate completion was handed down as a charge to the future generations.

Despite war's destructiveness, many of the town halls stand in their original unity and splendor, to testify to Philip's conception of what civic architecture should be.

Under Philip's patronage the two brothers, John and Hubert Van Eyck, laid the foundations of

Flemish art, which probably received its first ideas of color and technique from the decorations of the manuscripts of the Koran, by Moorish and Saracen artists, but which religiously is the outflowering of the spirit of mysticism, so strong in that age. Almost at a bound, Flemish painting touched the zenith, for in "The Adoration of the the Lamb" are technique and elements, "color blood" and portraitures, never since surpassed. Philip sent John van Eyck to Lisbon, to paint the picture of his intended bride, Isabella of Portugal. The portrait in oil is the gift of Belgic land to the ages and the world.

When the craft of printing was introduced into Europe from Asia, and, like Belgium's first art, under the Van Eycks, reached its perfection almost at once, the narrow and sordid spirit of the Bruges citizens is shown in their banishing from among them William Caxton, the great English printer, who learned his trade and made his type with Colard Maison. This pioneer, who first enabled our English ancestors to see their own speech in print, went first to Cologne, where, in 1469, he committed to type the address which the Bishop of London made when presenting the Duke of Burgundy with the Order of the Garter. Caxton issued the first printed English book, "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," in 1474.

Philip united all the provinces of the Netherlands into a powerful federation, that prevented

the expansion or ingress of either France or Germany on Belgian soil. It is therefore no wonder that his figure looms high to both historians and the people. The Belgians, looking across later centuries of storm and stress, of disunion and of degradation, honor him the more because, in their modern unity, they have seen his ideas realized.

If one reflects on the morals of the age, as shown in the chronicles, he need not wonder that the Reformation of the sixteenth century should, after long delay, come with a storm. The extravagance of the Burgundian age is astonishing. At times life seemed a perpetual *kermis*. The military camps were full of courtesans. At one of Philip's entries into Bruges the streets were hung with tapestry. For eight nights a stone lion spurted out Rhine wine free to all. At one public dinner the Duke's three wives, twenty-four mistresses, and sixteen bastards were present.

Those philosophers who are fond of showing how man's food and drink affect his mental development dwell upon the change of beverage, in the thirteenth century, from wine to beer. Tea and coffee were not yet; so the daily liquid nourishment, or stimulus, was obtained from the grape or barley. Some think the Belgic character degenerated when beer came in. Certainly the first beer, made before hops were known, or used to prevent fermentation, was rather poor stuff, and honey was used to make it palatable; in a word, it was

little better than mead. In time the quality improved, but the weakness of Belgic folk was in consuming too much rather than too little. In some Belgian towns to-day one wonders whether the "estaminets" do not outnumber the families in the place. A Belgian youth, asked by my friend concerning the quality of the water in his native town, replied innocently, "I do not know. I never drank it." Exaggeration approximated fact.

The successor of Philip was his son, the famous Charles the Bold, or, as one might call him, the Reckless and the Brutal. He had all the pugnacity, with little of the wisdom and moderation, of his predecessor. Presuming on his supposed popularity with the Flemings, he began his government, most foolishly, with a tilt against the old seventh-century saint, St. Levin, by appointing his "joyous entry" into Ghent on the 28th of June, 1467, when the reveling pilgrims would be coming home from their hilarious outing. However, the magistrates prolonged the pious frolic until Monday, and Duke Charles was then duly received. According to custom, he rung with his own hands the great bell, called "Roland."

Yet, although popular for one day, there seemed to come a total change in the local climate of feeling, because of the personal collision with a commoner of a duke who knew not how to control himself and whose violent temper often passed beyond control. Charles took many cities, but he

could not rule his own spirit. The rabble of pilgrims, returning to the city, was joined by nearly a thousand men who had been banished and were now taking advantage of the general joy to return. Clamoring for privileges and noisy in their demonstrations, including both destruction of property and boisterous asseverations of loyalty, the Ghenters were not content to take the saint's bones back to the cathedral; but, surging into the market square in front of the City Hall, they unfurled what looked like the banners prohibited in 1453, or it may have been the pall used to cover the saint's bones. To the Duke, when he heard of the uproar, this popular attitude was distinctly menacing. Charles first dispatched a messenger, but he not returning, the hot-headed Duke went in person to the market-place. There he struck one fellow with his riding-whip. The man struck dared him to do it again. In a moment more there would have been bloodshed, had not Groothuse, the Duke's attendant, showed his master the folly of trifling with a mob. Moving to the City Hall, Charles spoke to the people in Flemish and the Ghenters were soon in good humor.

Then followed what seemed a practical joke, yet it showed that the Duke's suzerainty was more nominal than real. A valiant champion of the people, named Bruneel, climbed up to the balcony, and, turning to the Duke, formulated the popular demands in a series of questions. It was not,

"Would you, the Duke?" but "Would you, my brothers assembled below," remove the bad magistrates, abolish the salt tax, allow the guilds to have back their banners, reopen the closed gates, and confirm the ancient privileges and usages? Then he turned to the Duke and informed him that these were the wishes of the people and pointed out to him his ducal task and duty.

The people then wrote out their demands and remained under arms in the market-place. The Duke, though inwardly enraged, was most concerned about his daughter, Mary, who was with him in Ghent. Moreover, he was badly in need of money and could get it only from the people, and he therefore yielded. Inwardly he threatened dire vengeance when he could take it. From Malines and Brussels he wrote, granting the privileges to the four cities of Brabant. Then, having thus restored what his father had wrested away, he again vowed revenge.

Charles was a born bully. He had the instincts of a soldier rather than those of a statesman. He neglected his duchy and loved fighting. He preferred the tent to his castle, and action with men of war in the field rather than the advice of nobles or wise men in council. He developed the military art, made use of mercenaries, and may be called the father of the standing armies of Europe, as his father had been of the court etiquette and routine of life.

The story of Charles the Bold has been told by many brilliant writers, two of whom at least were Americans. The perusal of their works makes the reader thankful that he lives in an age when the land is owned by the people, rather than by lords in armor, when law rather than might is the basis of authority, and when intelligence and education have displaced individual passion and the self-will of a bully who could not rule his own spirit.

Having beaten the King of France in a battle near Paris, Charles, invited by the church lord of Liège, next turned his attention to this city, whose people had incurred their bishop's displeasure. He made his attack with fire and sword, and stretched four thousand of its citizens upon the red field. Then he leveled the walls and hanged a number of its principal men.

Of St. Trond he received the abject surrender, when three hundred of its leading citizens, clad only in their shirts and with bare feet and heads, came to his camp bearing with them the keys of the city gates. Then, sending a lieutenant to take military possession, Charles had a breach made in the wall so as to ride into the place with an imposing cavalcade.

Later, the Duke destroyed Liège by fire and gave it up to pillage. It is said that during the siege and sack forty thousand persons perished. This was rather bloody work for one year, the first of his rule; but Charles never wearied of

butchery while he lived. It is to the events and characters leading to the terrible scenes of Liège that Sir Walter Scott devotes his brilliant powers of description and imagination, though with gay freedom from the trammels of exact chronology, in his novel of "Quentin Durward."

Explanatory of the fact that the people of the walled towns and cities seemed to be fickle in sentiment — now defiant, and now abject, protesting loyalty to-day and to-morrow shouting taunts and curses — was the horrible situation created in trying to serve many masters. According as they expected succor from Germany, France, the Pope, or their fellow-citizens elsewhere, did the commonalty of a city blow hot or cold, waver in allegiance, or turn for allies this way or that. For centuries the curse of Belgium was this division of authority. On the fears and hopes of people who were never too steadfast in mind, native and foreign emissaries played with lies, or with truth, as it suited them. This alternating current, which of old killed unity of purpose, is now happily turned into light and heat that serve a nation.

More pleasant to dwell upon and equally characteristic of the Middle Ages, were the popular festivities. When Charles the Bold, taking a third wife, married the Princess Margaret of England at Bruges in 1468, these were on a vast and costly scale. Happily for later generations, Charles loved art, and many of the things of beauty which he

called into being remain. He summoned one hundred and thirty-eight artists from various Belgic towns to decorate his palace and to furnish colossal toys, tableaux, and table ornaments in the form of food and drink. The fun and feeding lasted seven days. On the first day thirty-two ships, each seven feet long and high in proportion, with sails of silk, rigging of gold thread, gilded prows and sterns, were set on the board loaded with eatables. Alternating with these were thirty feudal castles, cathedrals, belfries, or town halls, made of pastry, having inside everything good to eat.

On the second day, the guests were fed out of cupolas containing pasties and field tents full of roast meats, but tall and, like the ships, decorated with streamers and coats of arms in silk of many colors. Every day saw a new programme of table surprises, while between courses were spectacles, tableaux, and amusements of all sorts. An enormous gilt lion, on which a fair young girl sat, moved into the room, while the rider, unafraid, presented to the Duke a banner and to the Duchess, in compliment to her name, a bouquet of Marguerite daisies. On the third day, a superbly arrayed Nubian rode a dromedary and made presents to the ladies of live birds from his panniers. On the fourth day, in the galleries of a tower fifty feet high and covered all over with silvered linen, with gilded window-sills and loopholes, male and female dan-

cers tripped in and out. On the fifth day, four armed giants led a whale, sixty feet long. Inside its belly were sirens and vikings who gave a concert. Meanwhile on the table were silver dishes, goblets, elephants with howdahs, and deer with silver turrets on their backs, holding the dessert. Thus life in the Middle Ages was varied with alternate bloodthirstiness and joyousness.

At the entertainment of Charles's father, even more curious things, including rough practical jokes, which were perpetrated without regard to one's rank or dress, made up the programme. Odd contrivances and mechanical figures tempted the curious to touch, pull, or tread on them, but only to be showered with water, soot, or flour, or to be thrashed and otherwise roughly handled.

Even the patronage of art by dukes and princes partook of what was both beastly and angelic. Much of what is known to have formed part of the fun or the art is not "fit to print." The men of power and health patronized seraphic singers and painters of most rapturous visions of the heavenly and eternal, and then showed themselves lovers of the coarse and vile. Many an artist was placed miserably "between his conscience and the prince's pension." This was the glorious age of the painters, van Eycks, van der Goes, and Hans Memling. In music, the Netherlands led all Europe. The reputation of this art in Belgic land is older even than that of painting. The Low

Countries furnished to France, Germany, and Italy choirmasters in the churches, singers at the courts, and founders and faculties of schools of music. Long and brilliant is the list of the mediæval Netherlands composers, as given in the works of Belgian authors.

Despite his undoubted love of art, Charles the Bold was little better than a savage in temper. One of his many brutalities was his treatment of Dinant. After murdering, by weapons of war, or by drowning, thousands of the people, he razed the city to the ground. Other atrocities, too numerous to mention, marked his reign. Happily for humanity, on the 2d of March, 1476, he and his army were beaten by the Swiss at Grandson. Eighteen thousand of the Burgundians, Flemish, and English lost their lives, but the glory of the victory and the benefit to the race came from the conquest of a disciplined feudal army by plain men fighting for their homes. The half-frozen corpse of Charles, the face partly devoured by dogs and wolves, and with wounds in two places, was found in a ditch several days afterwards. He was the last and most terrible incarnation of European feudalism.

Thus came to an inglorious end in Belgic land the line of the four Dukes of Burgundy (1384–1467), whose rise to power was meteoric in rapidity and brilliancy. Its fall reminds one of the silent dust in air or the whizzing groundward of a rocket stick,

The descendant of Charles the Bold, the Emperor Charles V, in the sixteenth century, removed his remains to the Bruges Cathedral. When one looks at the gorgeous sepulchre, a superb work of art, he may wonder whether such men deserve honors like this. Close at hand is the equally beautiful tomb of his daughter, Mary, whom the bold Duke so tenderly loved. The Belgians have torn down the statues of their oppressors, Charles V, Alva, and others, and in their places have set up those of their own leaders, but they allow Charles the Bold, with his beloved daughter, an inviolate tomb — "the only two sovereigns of ancient 'Belgique' of whom we have kept the ashes," as writes a native historian.

CHAPTER XVI

THE STORY OF TAPESTRY

In the Land of the Loom, there arose an art new to Europe, which was destined to make life in the castle more genial and sunny. Tapestry caused stone walls to bloom, while bringing prosperity to the cities. Though known to the ancients in Asia and Africa, this craft in mediæval Europe was as fresh as a new-blown rose. Pictured hangings, of linen, wool, or silk, opened commentaries on the Scriptures and the classics, became books for the illiterate, told fairy tales to the children, served as manuals of devotion to the pious, increased personal comfort, and brought the textile art to the acme of glory.

This "wall-clothing" passed through many styles and fashions, revolutions in methods and values, and many were the vicissitudes of weavers at home or industrious exiles abroad. Beginning in the castle or monastery, the craft passed out into the shops and factory, forming the basis of the wealth of the cities and kingdoms, with armies of craftsmen ever ready for war or work.

What if only hearth-fires, torches, and candles dispelled the gloom of night, instead of calcium or electric light? To have the Bible and the classics,

or recent history, in which living actors took part, thus illuminated in colors, as fresh and brilliant as those of the miniatures, on the parchment of missal or breviary, made the mediæval night bright with joy.

It is true that contemporaneous history, as given to the public, was then much what it is to-day — too often a travesty, because of the individual victor's conceit and his determination to be considered the substance of the matter. When, with these same motives, were mixed theological dogma and the necessity of pious and edifying versions of ancient facts, a situation was created which for us now furnishes merriment. Our partisan newspapers, campaign biographies, and modern saints' legends hardly excel these mediæval pictures in wool in their ability to distort facts. When artist or weaver wanted to get in yesterday's invention, or the latest bit of news or gossip, or local ban or flattery, and thus show himself up to date, the effect, if startling then, affords mirth now.

Thus, at the wedding of Margaret of England and Charles the Bold of Burgundy, a hermit brings to Gondebanto, the ancestor of the latter, as a coat of arms, an azure cloth, embroidered with three golden fleur-de-lys, which an angel of God had brought from heaven and given him.

When spectacles were invented, a pair was promptly placed upon the nose of Moses or Elijah. Architecture in Ghent, Bruges, or Brussels did

duty for Solomon's or Herod's temple in Jerusalem. In later developments, figures of spirits, angels, men, beasts, and demons supposed to populate heaven, earth, the sea, and the lower regions overcrowded the composition. This showed the tendency of the Flemings to over-fullness of life. This fault of the mediæval craftsman was the opposite of the self-restrained Greek, who had a horror of the too-much.

The manufacture of carpets and tapestry was introduced from the East through the Moors and Saracens, and the first imitations by the Belgic craftsmen were rude enough. Gradually, however, through skill and care, the imitators became victors. The best artists coöperated with the weavers to produce pictorial results undreamed of in the Orient. Painters of highest rank, even Michael Angelo, were glad to draw cartoons for those who could transform black and white on paper into glorious colors in wool or silk. The coöperation of the great artists greatly influenced the work of the weavers. Even the goldsmith wrought with the loom men.

It came to pass that from reproducing the scenes of the everyday life of the Flemish citizen, weaver, and farmer, and the landscape which they loved with passionate adoration, the artists in warp and woof made whole series of scenes, such as illustrations of the Bible narratives, classic episodes, campaigns of the heroes of the "Iliad,"

the wars of Alexander, the legends and fairy tales of Greece and Rome, the "Knight of China," the apocryphal stories of Susannah and the Elders, Tobit and the Angel, the Maccabees, etc., and the stock themes of mediæval legend. Proceeding further, they excelled the needlecraft of the palace ladies, by picturing recent or contemporaneous events. To-day, many of these works of art are documents of high value to the critical historian, despite their oddities and grotesque touches of sarcasm, of temporary belief, of wit and humor, of caricature or flattery.

In time their fame became world-wide, and their value so great that they were worth, literally, more than "a king's ransom." In 1396, the Sultan Bajazet I took as prisoner a son of Philip the Hardy, King of France. The Turk stipulated, as a fair exchange, "high warp tapestry, worked in Arras, in Picardy," but that they should represent "good old stories." By studying the history of the Belgians, as wrought in tapestry, one becomes familiar with many fascinating details, for he sees before him quaint and true pictures of mediæval life, manners, and customs.

The Dukes of Burgundy, for example, used tapestry much as modern rulers employ print and photographs, to commemorate events, or as those who cater to the general public furnish picture shows. Many a noble piece of wall-covering, in the stately homes of England, France, and Germany

to-day, was originally the gift of some war-lord, who delighted his friends while spreading abroad his own glory. Not a little work was of a memorial nature. A wealthy widow might have the chief events in her husband's life reproduced, or a disconsolate parent find relief in sorrow, by causing to live again in beauty the story of the young life of a lost child. The choicest hangings in our museums have often a personal history, not always known, but of the highest human interest.

Like jewels, tapestries have been bought, sold, pawned, mutilated, altered, spoiled, fought and died for. Besides the fabrics furnished by plant, sheep, or worm, gold and silver thread, colors from the dye vat were wrought in the looms, and tints from the palette were added with a brush upon the eyes or lips of the figures. Thus, as one can see to-day, many arts and crafts wrought in harmony. Abuses of special processes, which, saving labor or adding garish effects, might lower the quality or degrade art, were guarded against by the rigid rules of the guilds. In time the many varieties of tapestry for saloon, hall, and bedroom of the castle and the burghers' homes, or for special or humble use, were classified. Many are the names of tapestry taken from places where now none is produced. These represented Biblical scenes, theological notions and dogmas, as well as examples of devotion, martyrdom, and missionary adventure, armorial bearings and emblems,

hunting scenes, mythology, allegories of the virtues and graces, shepherd life, the process of textiles from the fleece to cloth or tapestry, the routine of the farm, etc.

As for use, some specimens sank as low as to be mere bedspreads or furniture coverings. In wartime, several thicknesses of tapestry were often used by the besieged to deaden the blows of the catapults, or even to absorb the shock of the stone cannon balls hurled by the weak artillery of those days. In a word, the tapestry-weaver outrivaled even the miniaturist, genre painter, metal-worker, and wood-carver, — all of which furnished fields for artistic labors and delights. The love of fame and glory, the wit and the sarcasm of the mediævalists, thus finding expression, appealed powerfully to the taste of the age, whether depicting the epic, lyric, amorous, martial, or domestic phases of the human story.

Charles the Bold carried an assortment of hangings, even in his campaigns, for tent decoration, and among the spoils found by the Swiss at Nancy were two sets of tapestry. This fighter was especially fond of the story of the conquests of Alexander the Great. His death paralyzed the industry at Arras, for ducal commissions thereafter were few. Tournay, Brussels, Bruges, and Middelburg suffered also. The crowning disaster to Arras, the most famed of tapestry towns, was its capture by King Louis XI, of France, in

1477. Then thousands of weavers emigrated to England, France, and other countries, and the first great era of the craft closed.

It is a good thing for us that so many of these men of blood and war, often tyrants and oppressors, were lovers of art. They are gone and their works with them, but the art of their contemporaries remains. Indeed, not a few of the most cruel and worthless are remembered and their names preserved, simply because the artists' work has kept them alive. The golden age of tapestry in the Burgundian era is also that of the men of immortal name in art, the van Eycks, Hans Memling, Roger van der Weyden, Gerard David, Quentin Matsys, and many others. Even the art of bell casting, with the renowned family of bell founders, deserves a chapter by itself. Philip the Good, who united the feudal fractions of Belgic land into one domain, was not only an uncrowned king in power, but was also the master of the richest and most prosperous part of Europe during the outflowering of these immortal products which have made Belgium the land of art.

In the second period of the evolution of tapestry, Valenciennes became a notable centre. One master weaver, in 1418–1419, cleaned and repaired several tapestries for the beautiful lady of four husbands and many sorrows, — Jacqueline of Bavaria. On one piece, with white ground, were paroquets, and maidens playing harps. In 1478,

Mary and Maximilian at Brussels bought two famous pieces, one representing the history of the Emperor, his father. In all mediæval story, the three Magi, or learned men, who visited Bethlehem, are "kings," and so appear in the tapestries, paintings, and in shrines dedicated to them. Absalom, with his long yellow hair, afforded a fine opportunity for the lavish use of gold thread, though the record says that his head, and not his hair, was caught in the tree branches. Blood flows from the head of the thorn-crowned Jesus, though neither ancient art nor the gospel records tell us of this.

Very curiously, all the adult and normal human figures in Flemish tapestry, that is, all except children and dwarfs, are of the same height. Indeed, this was the rule in most pictorial art until, after 1830, a Belgian painter created a sensation and revolution in tradition by representing a variety of adult figures differing in stature.

Whole acres of the woven pictorial stuff were sent to Scotland, in the age of braziers, charcoal and wood fires, to make damp stone walls and floors warmer both to foot and eye. The House of Burgundy required so much tapestry that, in 1449, Philip built a vaulted building of stone for the storage, from fire, moth, and damp, of his rich hangings. Gold and silver thread were consumed in immense quantities. On ceremonial occasions, weddings, banquets, or induction into office, the

walls were hidden by hundreds of the noblest works of art. The cartoons made by the artists were usually the property of the master weaver.

At Charles the Bold's marriage to Margaret of York, in 1468, the woven splendor of Gideon and the Golden Fleece, of the Battle of Liège, of the Coronation of Clovis, of the history of Queen Esther and Ahasuerus, of the passion of our Lord, of the white, green, and gold checks in Margaret's chamber, reproducing her own heraldic colors, eclipsed all former triumphs. Even the roofs and rafters were hidden beneath a new sort of fret-work brought from the loom. Great hall, chapel stairways, and thirty-two chambers were covered with fresh triumphs of the palette and loom. How these must have turned the winter into summer!

During the eighteenth century, under Austrian rule, this noble industry languished and was relatively [illegible] faded as are the colors seen to-day in Hampton Court, for example, though these tapestries once rivaled in glory the gardens of Ghent. Nevertheless for the celebration of the victories of Marlborough in the Low Countries, many square perches of tapestry were needed to clothe the walls of Blenheim Palace. Shiploads of the same textures, gained as loot, also enriched England. Peter the Great brought weavers from Flanders, and in St. Petersburg founded the Tapissière, and local Russian products are still seen in the Czar's palaces. Yet in our time what were

once the metropolitan, are now necropolitan cities, and most of the tapestry to be met with in Belgium to-day is historical.

In the United States, after more than one trial and failure, the tapestry manufacture has been established at Williamsbridge, on the Bronx River, in New York City, most of the workmen being at first French tapissiers of hereditary skill. On a loom thirty-five feet long they have wrought out some noble pieces that now adorn the walls of our American homes and compare favorably with the old mediæval and later triumphs of Europe. The industry, now twenty years old, bids fair to become permanent in America.

CHAPTER XVII

A CONSTITUTION: THE JOYOUS ENTRY

THE young Princess Mary, the only child of Charles the Bold, by the English Margaret, and then but nineteen years of age, became the head of the House of Burgundy. The bold burghers took instant advantage of the situation. Knowing that they were masters, because the military power of Charles had fallen and there was only a helpless girl in the seat of authority, they determined to strike for their liberties.

They demanded at once from Mary a Superior Council, whose secretaries should be able to talk in both Walloon and Flemish, the abolition of the taxes imposed by Charles, the canceling of humiliating treaties, and a fresh charter which should embody all the old privileges. The new council was virtually a parliament. Only when she gave her assent would they award her a "joyous entry," such as had become customary in Ghent. In a word, Mary of Burgundy virtually gave back to the people all that they had lost during the rule of the three dukes preceding her. After signing the document, in February, 1477, Mary took oath in the Ghent Cathedral that she would hold to its provisions. According

to precedent, she rang the great bell. Because its five strokes gave out only feeble sounds, the superstitious, of whom there were many, interpreted this to mean that the lady would rule only five years.

The French King, Louis XI, one of the greatest in the line of Valois, and "the perfect model of a tyrant," now saw his opportunity. He asserted his pretensions to authority over the Flemish people, and sent as his ambassador to Ghent, Olivier Le Dain, a Fleming of low origin. In this he committed the blunder of his life, for on the question of dignity the Ghenters were fully as sensitive as kings, having no superstitions as to the divine right or origin of people on thrones.

In certain negotiations which followed, Mary was not wholly truthful. The Ghenters took two men, her favorites, Hugonet and Humbercourt, formerly ministers of the oppressive dukes, and condemned them to death as traitors. To save their lives, Mary, from the window of the high house overlooking the market-place, pleaded with her people, but even her tears were of no avail to save their lives. Wauters's painting of this scene and also of her oath to respect the charter, now in the City Hall in Brussels, are among his strongest works and grandly is the story told in art.

Princess Mary was a very attractive figure on the political chessboard of European politics, and

many were the suitors for her hand. In her love of active, outdoor life and athletic habits, she took after her father. She was a graceful skater, a bold rider, and given to hunting, especially hawking, which she followed with zeal.

One after the other the schemes of French and English rulers to secure her hand failed. The project of a German marriage then became very popular. Austria, at that time very poor and feeble, now began the policy of marrying the sons of the imperial house to rich heiresses. It was arranged that Archduke Maximilian — son of the Emperor, Frederick III, the impecunious, popularly noted as "of the empty pocket" — and the rich heiress should wed. It was while she was signing the charter at Bruges that the embassy from Germany which was to consummate the marriage arrived. Nevertheless, the bridegroom, though in a hurry to wed, — for his power and revenues began at the date of wedlock, — was not present. Traveling was slow in those days. The legal ceremony was to take place by proxy and according to the etiquette of the Austrian Court. The Duke of Bavaria was to act as the dummy husband.

The etiquette of both weddings and funerals was peculiar to the age. In the case of an Austrian or other princess marrying into one of the royal houses of France, or into the ducal families of western Europe, the requirements on both sides

were rigid. The maiden was accompanied by her chaperone, train of court ladies and maids, to a room on the frontier. In another and connecting apartment, and duly deputed for the occasion, were her future maids and ladies of the court, which she was to enter as queen-elect. Disrobing in the chamber occupied by her own country-women, she passed into the original of all states, that of nudity, and into the other room, leaving behind everything of clothing that had formerly belonged to her. Then, on the soil to which her destinies were now linked, and in presence of her new female friends, she put on the garments made according to the fashion of the country in which she was to live. In this garniture she was led to the altar. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were notable for the large number of little girls and babies scarcely out of their cradles, into whose mouths weighty words and promises were put, only to be later forgotten or disregarded.

In the case of the proxy marriage between Maximilian and Mary, both parties, the Bavarian Duke and the Burgundian Duchess, arrayed in full and stately dress, took their places upon a double couch, in the midst of which lay an unsheathed sword, marking the line of division. At each of the four corners of the room was a sentinel archer who stood on guard until morning.

When thus duly wedded, though as yet only by proxy, Mary added to her popularity by return-

ing to the guilds the banners of which her father had deprived their owners. A few weeks later she met her husband, who was but eighteen years of age. At Ghent the true nuptial ceremonies were celebrated quietly and with that economy which belonged to the German method of doing things.

This was the first of three notable grafting of female lines upon the family stem of Austria. The princesses were from Burgundy, Castile, and Aragon. From one of them, it is said, came that peculiar facial feature called the "Hapsburg jaw." Indeed, a poet of the court at Vienna wrote two Latin verses, in which the Austrian policy is outlined and lauded: "Let others make war; but thou, fortunate Austria, marry; for, what Mars gives to others, Venus gives to thee."

The marriage thus consummated marked "the début of the House of Austria in the Netherlands." It was very popular, because it made groundless the fear among the communes that France might restore another line of Burgundian dukes who would follow the tyranny of Mary's ancestors. Indeed, this marriage was profoundly influential in the history of the Belgic provinces, for German influences, manners, and customs soon became predominant and retained their ascendancy for nearly three centuries, or until the kings of Spain became the masters in this land, in which dynasties changed as often as in ever-changing China.

All this, however, was very distasteful to the French King Louis XI, who had acted as godfather to Mary, for it seemed to him to undo the work of many generations of French statecraft. Of course there was speedy war. In the feudal age a marriage was usually, or at least often, the occasion of a fight. Germans and French met each other in bloody strife on the Belgic plains, but in the decisive battle of Enguinegate, August 7, 1479, the Flemish were victors, and the long struggle with Louis came virtually to an end. Belgic land was not to be swallowed up in France.

Mary increased in popularity, her grace and charm being very great, she being comely and attractive in person, withal willing to allow the representatives of her people to carry out what they believed to be the best public policy. Largely with the idea of pleasing them, she began negotiations for a marriage between Philip, her baby boy, and Anne, daughter of Edward IV of England. Sad to tell, in the midst of her growing popularity, which presaged a new era of grandeur for the Belgian people, her life was cut short. When out hunting, with her husband and her falcons, in the beautiful forest of Wynendaele, near Thorhout, she was thrown from her horse and died March 25, 1482, her rights passing on to the infant Philip.

After a brief reign, Mary died regretted. She lived at a time when the world was on the eve of

great discoveries and men were beginning to learn that commerce was even more important than war in the development of the nation and the race. Yet it was the mental defect of some kings and many common people that they could fight better than they could think, any new idea being both difficult and uncongenial. The besetting political sin of the Flemings was that they could look at great questions only through the spectacles of local interest, and of some rulers that they could use fire and sword more easily than their brains.

The Burgundian princes, whatever their faults, tried to blend together many communities into one state, that could hold its own with France or Germany; in a word, to create a nation. Though possessed of homely and robust virtues, the men of the Flemish communes had little foresight, and few of their leaders possessed the gift of statesmanship. They threw away a unique opportunity of coöperating to weld the provinces between the Scheldt and the Rhine into one kingdom.

In one line of policy the Burgundian dukes influenced all the courts of Europe, and do even to this day. Their most effective means of taming the power of the local nobles and securing national unity, so far as this was concentrated in a person, was their system of court etiquette, which, though modernized in form, is now that of all monarchs in Europe. This was to call in the various vassals from their distant seats and to bind them to the

person of the king, by making them officers of the royal household. Being thus attached to their prince in nominally inferior capacities, such as chamberlains, equerries, ushers, and the like, the young nobles of the greatest houses no longer spent their time in severely athletic exercises, such as hunting the deer and the wild boar in their mountain homes, or hawking on the heaths of their estates. Sedentary habits took the place of outdoor life. Bedecked in finery and bedizened with ornaments, they waited in presence of the monarch, adding lustre to his daily life, and incidentally increasing his power while weakening their own.

Mary's death marked the beginning of the transition of the Belgic provinces to Spanish rule. The men of Ghent, who had Mary's two children in their charge, allowed to their father, Maximilian, only nominal forms of authority. They appointed four guardians to act in the name of Philip, a boy five years old, who, at Ghent, on the 10th of January, 1483, was solemnly inaugurated as Count of Flanders. Then, in order to propitiate France, and incidentally to get back all their ancient trading privileges, they made a treaty with the French monarch. By this agreement, Philip was to pay him homage as suzerain, while Mary's little daughter, Margaret, was to be educated in France and when of age to marry the Dauphin. The ceremony of betrothal on French soil took

place at Amboise, in June, 1483. Meanwhile, militant Maximilian, taking all this with bad grace, was getting ready to assert his rights, both as father and prince.

With an army made up largely of mercenaries, whose motive was the hope of plunder, the angry German began his march, having the sympathy of all his fellow occupants of thrones, including the Pope, who had placed Ghent and Bruges under anathema. By craft and force, the irate widower had made some headway when a French army appeared in aid of the Flemings. Nevertheless by successful negotiations, Maximilian got himself declared regent. Then, as virtual victor, he entered Ghent with five thousand troops.

But when Maximilian, having been elected King of the Romans, departed for Frankfort, the spirit of the Ghenters rose, and on his return he was seized and kept in the Cranenburg Prison for eleven weeks. Many of his German knights were put to death. One of them, however, Count of Zollern, ancestor of Emperor William of our time, made a clever escape. Disguised as a country wench, with a basket of onions on his head, he escaped, to become the founder of the Prussian House of Hohenzollern.

In his imprisonment Maximilian showed both courage and calmness. He entered into negotiations with the States, promising to lead his German troops out of Flanders and resign the re-

gency. Although he took solemn oath to this effect in the Bruges market-place, Maximilian had to obtain bail for the faithful observance of his vow, for kings were not much trusted in Flanders. Having already a bad name, the slippery monarch lived up to it. As soon as he got away safely, he gave notice that he would not abide by his promises. The King of France having made peace with the German Emperor, the Flemings were obliged to come to terms, pay an indemnity, and reinstate Maximilian as regent. In August, 1493, Maximilian succeeded his father as Emperor and handed over his lordship of Burgundy to Philip the Fair, who was inaugurated Count of Flanders, at Ghent, on the 26th of December, 1494.

This was an era of mighty events. The crowns of Aragon and Castile had been united in Ferdinand and Isabella. America had been discovered and the Moors expelled from Spain. All this stimulated the imagination of Maximilian, now the German Kaiser, or head of the Holy Roman Empire. Turning away from England, poor enough in his eyes, he arranged that his son Philip should marry Joanna of Aragon and Infanta of Castile, thus bringing two new grafts, in the female line, upon the parent family stem of Austria; and that his daughter Margaret should wed Don John, the heir of the crown of Spain. The power of Austria now extended east and west to the confines of civilized Europe.

Joanna arrived at Antwerp in September, 1496, and her marriage with Philip took place at Lierre a few weeks later, but Philip's sister Margaret was left lonely, for Don John died in 1497. He was followed soon after by his sister. Later on, Joanna, the young bride of the Count of Flanders, became heiress of the Spanish dominions in Europe and America. An imperialistic dream of power was thus opened before young Philip, so that his father Maximilian proudly took as his own motto, the five vowels, A. E. I. O. U., which, as the initials of the Latin words, Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo, meant that Austria was destined to rule the universe. He dreamed the same dream that Napoleon, who, like him, was first married by proxy, later cherished.

Philip, the new Duke of Burgundy, was like his mother very popular with the Flemings. At first, he was in sympathy with the people against the schemes of France. In Spain he was recognized as the heir, in right of his wife, to the Spanish dominions, and later the same proclamation of honors and titles was made from the steps of the cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels. The happiness of the young couple was complete, when in Ghent, on February 4, 1500, a son was born, whom they named Charles. He was destined to be almost as famous as Charlemagne, and to rule a dominion vastly greater. Under his rule the Netherlands provinces were to enjoy unity for

time and an individuality that was to be permanent.

Yet the curtain of promise which had risen before the eyes of the young duke upon so vast a panorama, speedily fell at the hand of death, making an end to all the earthly projects of the young prince, Philip. Overheated in playing tennis, he drank freely of ice water and died suddenly on September 25, 1506. His widow, crazed with grief, is known in history as Joanna the Mad. Having the body of her husband embalmed and fixed in a glass case, she carried it about wherever she went as her idol. She died only a few weeks before her great son's coronation in 1515. Artists have often reproduced on canvas this pathetic episode of a devoted widow's sorrow.

All these events tended to the power and influence of Maximilian, who at once put forward his claim to act as regent for his grandson. Unable, on account of other duties in distant lands, to superintend personally the affairs of government in the Netherlands, he made his daughter, Margaret of Austria and widow of the Duke of Savoy, their regent. This wise and accomplished lady set so good a precedent as ruler that in after times it became almost a proverb, that the best regent for Belgium was a woman. Tourists have loved to visit her cozy palace and see her statue at Malines, where also rise the noble town hall and the cathedral, seat of the primate of Belgium,

with its soaring tower and musical chimes, while within are pictures by van Dyke and others to touch the imagination and inspire devotion.

Except one battle, in 1513, called the Battle of the Spurs, in which Henry VIII of England took part in person, the country was at peace. Margaret ruled with such wisdom and skill that the commercial prosperity of the country was advanced and the estate of the Dukes of Burgundy improved. Besides this, she concerned herself with the education of her nephew Charles, one of whose tutors was Erasmus, "the literary king of Christendom," and another Adrian, who became Pope of Rome. Charles was an exceptionally bright pupil and could speak, so the story ran, as many languages as he was heir to kingdoms — seventeen in number.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHARLES V AND THE NEW IDEAS

THE inauguration of Charles V took place in January, 1515. With clear ideas as to what his policy should be, and in order to assist Margaret in the government of the Netherlands, he organized the Privy Council, consisting of elect members of the National Council of Malines and of the knights of the Golden Fleece. He then left for Spain, to take formal possession of the states to which he was heir, not only in that country but in Italy and America. From this era, when Belgic land was under a Spanish ruler, date the influences of the Iberian Peninsula in the Netherlands, and such things as the spaniel, spinach, the written forms of courtesy, the terms for clocks, watches, besides many articles of use, ornament, frivolity, and solemnity.

Charles excelled in arms and diplomacy, but was beaten outright when he ran a-tilt of ideas. These were to him as ghosts, which, unharmed by lance or battle-axe, kept confronting his helpless brute strength and mere political power. A new and wonderful mental world of thought had dawned upon Europe, a continent, hitherto unknown, had been discovered, and America had

kindled man's imagination, but he did not know that he was in a new climate of opinion. The Turks had captured Constantinople, and the Greek scholars had fled, to scatter over Europe. Printing, known and employed in Europe for over half a century, had made the Hebrew records, translated into Dutch and German, and sold cheaply, the common reading of the people. The Greek New Testament, rendered first into elegant Latin by Erasmus, and then done into the plain people's languages by scholars, was the undoing of the old order of things everywhere. The reading of this wonderful literature, hitherto virtually unknown to untitled and unprivileged folks, compelled thought, stirred men's reason, and roused their feelings.

It was an awful revelation of reality, when ordinary folks, reading about kings, priests, and other anointed persons supposed to hold authority from God, found them, even according to Old Testament history, to be common sinners, and as weak, as wicked, and as foolish human beings as were vulgar mortals who had no titles. It was not only the Hebrew and Greek sacred writings that had been misread, but nearly all the classic narratives had been turned into travesty and caricature. Even in the splendid library of the Dukes of Burgundy, still preserved in Brussels, there were very few original texts, but many romancing versions of the ancient histories, which were about as near to reality as are our dime nov-

els and screaming newspaper headlines. Yet kings and dukes, as well as common people, had feasted on these stories as facts. Even Buddha, figured in the fictitious character as a saint, had his day of remembrance and celebration in the calendar, and his statue as St. Josaphat stood in the churches. What is called the Renaissance, or revival of learning, took men back to the original narratives. All this meant revolution.

Our space in this volume does not permit narration of the events, or even interpretation of them except in broad outline, of the period of "The Troubles." It was soon discovered that in the main, the Reformation was a matter of race and geography. On the one hand, the military plan, to stamp out the supposed new ideas with fire and suppress them by the sword, meant really the attempt of the older, wealthier, more populous, and more highly civilized Latin South to subdue and control the younger and more independent Germanic North. On the other hand, the Reformation was the revolt of men who would be free in mind as well as in body. Even in economics the coming age meant something different from the past, — new industrialism, freedom of the seas, the right to trade with the Orient, and to colonize and possess countries which the Pope had given wholly to Portugal and Spain, when the world, by an edict from Rome, had been divided and assigned to these two nations. For Dutch or Englishmen to

explore new lands, sail over and make a highway of the ocean, was, in Spanish eyes, a crime worthy of death. Protestantism meant piracy. All the first settlers of America from northern Europe were branded, in the south of Europe, as free-booters and sea-robbers.

When Charles V left Spain for Germany in 1519, he was called to confront something which intellectually he could not grasp, and yet, being so powerful a ruler, he could not ignore. He arrived almost at the moment when, in the square at Wittenberg, an individual monk was burning a document sent from Italy by the Bishop of Rome and called, from the seals or *bulla* on it, a "bull." This missive was intended to put the monk out of the Church.

When Charles returned to Belgic land, Antwerp gave him a reception that eclipsed all other "joyous entries" in splendor. Albert Dürer has given us a full and minute account of this, and modern Belgian artists have reproduced its glories in color on canvas. Elegant ladies and pretty maidens, clothed chiefly in gauze, welcomed him with allegory, dance, and music, in such a way as to rouse the Puritan spirit to reforming action. Charles may not have known that, under all this Renaissance pomp, thought was fermenting. The Reformation certainly meant purity of morals.

Returning to Bruges, Charles took counsel of an Englishman who owned the land at Scrooby,

on which lived the fathers of the people later called the Pilgrims and the founders of New England. In the summer palace or hunting-lodge of this great politician and absentee Archbishop of York, and later, Cardinal Wolsey, these Englishmen met together to worship God and to apply democracy to religion, thus preparing themselves unconsciously to do their part in the making of the American Republic, while the Walloons, then in Belgic land, and already under persecution, were, with equal unconsciousness, being prepared to be the first settlers of the Middle States. A few years later they were both, Walloons and Pilgrims, to find a home, first in Leyden and then in America, as near neighbors.

Charles then summoned the Diet of Worms, at which the monk that burned the "bull" was denounced as a "heretic." Those who refused to receive the Diet's decisions were called "Protestants," but the name of the churches which they organized were called "Reformed." Of the two terms, "Protestant" is local and political in its suggestion, "Reformed" is catholic or universal and more exactly true to history and significance in religion.

The Emperor declared that the "dangerous opinions" which threatened to trouble the peace of Germany must be repressed at every hazard. In 1521, he initiated a policy of persecution, which he handed on to his son Philip II, both father and

son trying by fire and sword to suppress truths which are invulnerable to such weapons. On July 1, 1523, two Augustinian monks, Henry Voes and John Esch, were burned at the stake in Brussels.

Charles was called from his battle against ideas by the unwelcome attentions of armed Frenchmen. His general, Henry of Nassau, captured Tournay; and this city, with the district around it, has ever since remained Belgian. Charles resigned to his only brother, Ferdinand, the affairs of Austria, and in 1522 succeeded in getting Adrian, one of his tutors, elected Pope, the last one not an Italian. Adrian ruled but one year and died. From that time the Italians increasingly composed and ruled the Papacy. Two thirds of the Council of Trent were Italians. Charles wanted the Reformers invited to the council, but the prelates refused them votes or power to discuss, so they stayed away. From 1545, as to geography, that division of Christ's Church which used the Latin language became the Church of the South, the Greek Church that of the East, and the Reformed Church that of the West and the colonizing nations in North America.

Wisely Charles distributed his burdens. Then giving his whole attention to war, his forces, under the Belgian general, Count de Lannoy, at the Battle of Pavia, in Italy, in 1525, were so successful that France, Spain's great rival for world domin-

ion, was for the moment crushed, and Francis, the French King, was kept in prison for a year. The Belgians celebrated this as a national victory. At Bruges, in the Palace of Justice, one of the most renowned pieces of oak wood carving, consisting of historic figures ranged about an artistic fireplace, commemorates the event. Copies of this wonderful work are found in museums throughout the world.

Margaret was very popular in the Netherlands. She understood the temperament of the people and generously patronized art and letters. Unfortunately, through a trifling accident, her life ended November, 1530. So successful had been woman's rule in the Netherlands that Charles appointed another widow, his sister, Mary, Queen of Hungary, to succeed his Aunt Margaret.

After stipulating that she should not be required to marry a second time, Mary accepted, and entered upon her brilliant career in the Netherlands. In spite of her lack of desire for such honors, and although the ways of the Flemings were distasteful to her, she gave her whole thought and time to her work. She did not win the same popularity as her predecessor, but she held faithfully to her duties, until her brother abdicated and her nephew, Philip II of Spain, took the reins of authority.

Charles, after personally superintending his sister's inauguration, and creating, besides the

Privy Council, two other separate councils, of state and of finance, gave his energies to the war against the Turks. He hoped to unite all Christendom under the cross and by the brilliancy of his achievements make men forget the "new" doctrines.

One of his noblest triumphs was the capture of Tunis, by which eighteen thousand Christian prisoners, largely Italians, were liberated. With the successful career of Charles V in Italy, the great admiral and sea-fighter, Andrea Doria, is associated. This hero, called the Deliverer of Genoa and Pater Patriæ, father of his country, drove out the French from the city of Columbus in 1528. Then, as conqueror, he offered the Genoese their choice between a republican or monarchical form of government. They chose to be a republic and Andrea Doria ratified their choice in reconstructing their constitution, which remained until the outbreak of the French Revolution — a living model to our Revolutionary fathers.

John Adams, the most learned and scholarly of our early Presidents, and the real father of the United States Navy, was much impressed by this generous act of the magnanimous Italian victor. To our Continental fathers, the Republic of Genoa, like that of Holland, was not the wreck of history, but was a contemporaneous example. When, therefore, the warships of the United States of America were commissioned to fight for our na-

tional independence, the initial one named and which carried the first copy of the Declaration of July 4, 1776, to the Dutch Island of St. Eustatius in the West Indies, was made a namesake of Andrea Doria, in grateful remembrance. To the thirteen-striped American flag without stars, which carried six more than the seven stripes of the Dutch Republic established in 1579, and whose Declaration of Independence in July, 1581, deposed the son of Charles V, Philip II of Spain, the Dutch Governor, de Graeff, fired a salute of eleven guns. By reading the Philadelphia document he saw that in principle the Americans were the same kind of "rebels" that his ancestors had been.

CHAPTER XIX

BRUSSELS: THE GREAT ABDICATION

WRITERS on both sides of the religious question think that, just previous to this time (1525–1550), the character of the Flemings and especially the Ghenters had undergone a change from the days of the van Arteveldes, and that the spirit of liberty had degenerated into license. The control of affairs in Ghent had passed from the merchants into a company composed chiefly of mechanics. These were known as "Creesers," which came from a word that meant the "howlers," or "plunderers." At any rate, these people seemed to be more like what is meant by the modern term, "rowdies." They were not slow to put to death even a magistrate who disagreed with them. In the crisis forced upon them, because of the terrific grapple of Spain with France, only the wise and cool-headed should have guided affairs.

When Charles demanded from the state a subsidy of 1,200,000 florins, — one third of which was to be paid by Ghent, which was then the richest city of Europe, — the Ghenters protested and refused. Margaret had several of the leading citizens arrested, when suddenly the news of the two sovereigns, Charles V and Francis, having met to-

gether and held an interview was received in Ghent. The Creesers, not understanding what this meeting signified, nor knowing that a truce of ten years had been signed, sent a delegation to the French King to ask aid. They were coldly received and succor was refused. Since, however, the Emperor was in Spain, the Ghenters were emboldened and made ready to withstand a siege.

The two sovereigns having made up their quarrel, Charles V was allowed to pass through France with a powerful following. At the end of January he suddenly appeared before Ghent with an army, which was soon reinforced by another from Germany, nearly all of them mercenaries. Resistance being hopeless, the gates were opened and on the 14th of February, 1540, Charles entered with his force of ten thousand men. In this year was born Guido de Bres (or de Bray), the spiritual leader of the Walloons, whose face was to the future and not to the past. We shall hear of him again.

At Ghent the exulting conqueror placed guards at all entrances into the city and ordered the arrest of the popular leaders. The tally of victims slain by the Creesers was balanced by an equal number sent to death by the Emperor, who then refrained from further shedding of blood. Charles deprived the town of its chartered privileges and imposed new burdens, both for the war and in perpetuity, upon the state treasury. The prominent men were ordered to appear bareheaded in his presence, and

fifty of the people had to come in their shirts, barefooted and with halters round their necks. Henceforth the city magistrates were to be appointed by the Emperor and the great bell Roland was "sentenced to eternal silence." After this the Netherlands seemed crushed and quiet, remaining so, apparently, until the end of Charles's reign. In reality, the rivets, clinched by the hammer of despotism, were just ready to fly.

We have seen that Charles had the plan of creating a kingdom, Belgic Gaul, that was to stretch from Antwerp to Cologne and from Strasburg to the Belgian seaboard. Although there was still another French war, the twenty-five years' rivalry with France ended in September, 1544, by the Treaty of Crespy. By this the French claim upon Belgic territory was finally withdrawn. At one time Charles began negotiations to marry his daughter to the Duke of Orleans and to make the pair King and Queen of Flanders; but this French nobleman died of poison in September, 1545, an event followed by the death of Francis himself, in 1547.

Charles's next idea was to unite the whole of his vast empire, under the authority of his son, Philip II. This young man had been trained in the darkest and gloomiest school of Spanish manners and self-repression. In July, 1549, he came to the Netherlands, with a great retinue of nobles and prelates reared under the same discipline and of

much the same way of thinking and the same manners as himself. The appearance of one whom the Netherlanders saluted as the Father of his Country was, to these pleasure-loving people, violently unprepossessing. Although his subjects were profuse in their entertainment, their future ruler seemed to take no interest in what was being done wholly in his honor, while he chilled them by his cold manners. In Louvain and Brussels, Philip was proclaimed as the Duke of Brabant. When, however, Charles, his father, took him further afield and recommended him to the Diet as the future head of the Holy Roman Empire, the scheme fell flat. The Germans did not want him. Charles then looked across the Channel. In the hope that the alliance of Spain and England, of which "Bloody Mary" was then the ruler, would be religious, political, and permanent, he secured a union of his son Philip with the English Queen. In every respect this was a marriage barren of results.

It was in the French war of 1552–1554 that the Walloon infantry made its fame that so long endured in Europe, and it was from Belgium, the richest part of Europe, that the Emperor had obtained the sinews of war which supported him in his final grapple with France. When, therefore, weary with the burdens of power, he was about to abdicate, he selected Brussels as the place for the impressive pageant of farewell to his thrones.

Every symbol of power, except the Pope's

triple tiara, had come to Charles. If he had worn on his breast at any one time all his honors and dignities, as expressed in gems and medals, he would have made in himself a dazzling pageant and been overweighted by mere avoirdupois. Yet he was not only disappointed in his ambitions, even when satiated with the earthly glory which he found so unsatisfying, but he was also a physical wreck. Weakened by rheumatism and gout, he was unfit for further active duty. His diseases were many and the great Vesalius had told him they were incurable and would soon carry him to the grave. Although of the cast of mind that is usually associated with "religion," he was unable to see any blessings issuing from that agitation in Europe which he could neither control nor direct, but which was to cleanse the world. Already he had determined to be a monk, at which resolve the wits quoted a certain proverb.

In Brussels, in the autumn of 1555, Charles summoned the magnates of his empire in the hall of the Palace of Caudenburg. The walls were hung with the rich tapestry of the House of Burgundy and decorated with the banners taken from the French and the Saracens, at Pavia and Tunis, and a brilliant company assembled. Everywhere were the shields, heraldry, and the picturesque tokens of feudalism in both Church and State. The Knights of the Golden Fleece were present and in costume, but the three central figures were

Charles, the broken-down Emperor, his son Philip, and the young Prince of Orange. Wearing his necklace of the Order of the Fleece, the ruler of America and Europe, walking with the aid of a cane, entered and took his seat. He was leaning upon the shoulder of his young and handsome aide, who, long after his own death, was called "The Silent." Among other notable forms surrounding the prematurely old man were his two sisters, the Queens of Hungary and France, the Regent Margaret, and other stately dames at his right hand. On the left were ranged ecclesiastics under mitres and red hats, knights in armor, and civilians in high office, robed in their embroidered cloaks.

The State Councillor then read a document explaining the motives of the abdication and the determination of the Emperor to enter a cloister in Spain. After this Charles rose. Leaning upon the shoulder of the man who was later to checkmate his schemes and spoil those of his son, he addressed the audience. In a long oration he detailed his campaigns, setting forth his motives, and declaring that he had never knowingly and willingly wrought injury to any one whomsoever. He asked forgiveness if he had done so.

When Charles had finished, his son Philip, dressed entirely in black and most uninviting in his look and general manner, knelt to receive his father's blessing. After this the Regentess an-

nounced her resignation of the office, which, as Governess of the Low Countries, she had held for twenty-five years. From that moment, Philip II became directly responsible for the government of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands.

According to the verbal custom of the times, Philip was everywhere in the Netherlands saluted as "Pater Patriæ" (Father of his Country). It is noticeable that this title, given in America two centuries later to Washington, was first bestowed in Pennsylvania, by the descendants of the Dutch and German settlers.

The ceremony in Brussels had special reference to the Netherlands, but later Charles transferred to Philip the sovereignty of Spain, and the next year dispatched William of Orange with the imperial insignia to his brother Ferdinand. Whether because of illness, or to watch the course of things, Charles remained in Brussels for nearly a year. He sailed for Spain in September, 1556, to spend his time in retirement, in reflection, in amusing himself with clocks and watches, and in hastening his death by gluttony. Before he left, however, the Battle of Gravelines, near Dunkirk, had taken place, in which Egmont, the hero of St. Quentin, won a victory that made him the idol of the army, though some think that the timely arrival of some English warships was even of more importance, as a decisive factor, than the presence of the Flemish Count.

The reign of Charles was for the Belgic people a gilded yoke. To-day, in the Friday flower-market of Ghent, where once stood the statue of Charles V, rises that of the intrepid and unselfish burgher, van Artevelde, reared in 1863, the bas-relief representing his three treaties.

The seventeen provinces of the Netherlands are represented on the shield of the coat of arms of William of Orange by dottings of as many oblong figures, each of which stands for a brick of peat or turf. The hunting horns on the arms of Liège and the Belgian lions may also be seen, taking one back to the age of Charlemagne. Charles made addition, by granting to his favorite the imperial emblem of the helmet. In the stained-glass windows in the edifices of the Reformed Church in America is recalled the heroic era of the Netherlands by this "accepted emblem."

Sentimental geographers, led by Strada, the Spanish historian, who gives the other side of the history of what the Catholics call the "Troubles," and the Protestants the "Heroic Period," pictured the area of the seventeen provinces as forming the Belgian Lion. Going southward, these provinces were Groningen, Friesland, Drenthe, Overijssel, Utrecht, Holland, Zeeland, Gelderland, Limburg, Flanders, Namur, Hainault, Brabant, Luxembourg, and Artois. The bulk of population, numbering over two millions, was in the lower part of the lion's body, or in Belgic Nether-

lands. In the northern Netherlands there were, before 1567, not over eight hundred thousand souls, until the flight of the Walloons and Flemings, in 1567, gave the seven provinces a population that within two generations became two millions in the federal republic, which under freedom became one of the first-class powers of Europe. One of the chief architects, both of the United States of the Netherlands and of the United States of America, though all unconsciously, was Philip II of Spain.

CHAPTER XX

THE BELGIC CONFESSION AND LEADER

ALTHOUGH at first the Flemings led in the intellectual revolt against the Spaniards, the Inquisition, and the old feudal and church world, yet the Walloons were not inactive. Merchants, soldiers, and travelers, who looked to Calvin and Geneva for chief teacher and school and books in French, circulated the new ideas in the southern provinces, while three great waves of influence, Anabaptist, Lutheran, and Calvinistic, from Switzerland and Germany, were overflowing the Low Countries.

In France, three great streams of tendency, represented by Calvin, Rabelais, and Loyola, nourished three types of mind. Calvinism, with its democratic spirit, intense love of liberty, high ideals, and austere morals, was mighty in shaping the minds of the men who made the Dutch Republic, the English Commonwealth, New England, and the Scotland and North Ireland of public schools and an educated peasantry, out of which rose seven Presidents of the United States. Rabelais, the spiritual father of the French Revolution, with frivolous skepticism, and loose, coarse morals, stamped his genius on France, but not for good.

The Society of Jesus, called Jesuits by their enemies, founded by Loyola, became fiercely reactionary and fanatical, only to be later suppressed by most of the governments of Europe. This three-fold stream of tendency influenced the Belgic people of both Celtic and Teutonic origins.

Chief among the spiritual leaders of both Walloons and Flemings was Guido de Bray, the author of the Belgic Confession of Faith. This document, written in French, is one of the noblest expressions of the Christian truths to be found in any language. Translated into Dutch and English, it is still the standard symbol of the Reformed Church in America, Holland, Belgium, West Indies, South America, and South Africa. Those Netherlandish settlers, who were home-makers, and not squatters, who founded New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, brought over copies of the Belgic Confession in the ship New Netherland, in 1623, to the valleys of the Hudson, Raritan, and Delaware. Its opening article gives the keynote of its long strain of joyous hope in God, and is as follows: —

"We all believe with the heart and confess with the mouth that there is one only simple and spiritual Being, which we call God, and that he is eternal, incomprehensible, immutable, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, just, and good, and the overflowing fountain of all good."

Not least among the honors of the Belgic peo-

ple is this noble piece of literature, flowing out from the heart and intellect of a grand people, nor least worthy of renown among the men of the ages is Guido de Bray. A Walloon, born in 1540 at Mons, he became an ardent student of the original writings in Hebrew and Greek, and eagerly adopted the ideas of the early Christians, as he set them forth later in the thirty-seven articles of the Belgic Confession. His words thus express the faith of both Walloons and Flemings in the Reformed Church in the Netherlands: —

"We believe and profess one Catholic or universal church. . . . This holy church is not confined, bound, or limited to a certain place, or to certain persons, but is spread and dispersed over the whole world; and yet is joined and united in heart and will, by the power of faith, in one and the same spirit."

Where the ancient system of popular election of officers in the Christian churches came into collision with the policy inherited from the centralizing tendencies of the Roman Empire, is seen in Article XXI: —

"We believe that the ministers of God's Word, and the elders and deacons, ought to be chosen to their respective offices by a lawful election by the church."

In a word, the Belgic Confession of Faith breathes and continues the noblest spirit of the Belgic people, as shown in the best-ordered of the

communes. It reveals the Walloon heart and intellect at their highest manifestation. The Belgic Confession stood for republicanism, or representative government, which, old as primeval German forest tribes, or the early Christian churches, goes back to the days of Moses and the Hebrew tribes, before the centralizing policy of David or Solomon. Of all the creeds held in the United States of the Netherlands, in the South African Dutch Republics, and in the American churches and other colonies of Dutch origin from New York to Dakota, the Belgic Confession is the one most truly representative and most tenaciously held, from A.D. 1614, on Manhattan, even until to-day. Nor is it likely that Netherlanders or their descendants will willingly let its grand words die.

The Belgic Confession, representing the faith of both Fleming and Walloon Christians, was mainly the work of Guido de Bray, who was assisted by such scholars as Adrian de Saravia, professor of theology at Leyden and at Cambridge, and Modetus, chaplain of William of Orange. It was revised by the renowned Francis Junius, pastor of a Walloon congregation in Antwerp, who is represented, in a famous picture, as preaching by night to his people, in a room lighted by martyr fires burning in the public square. The Confession was completed in 1561, printed the next year, and afterwards translated into Dutch, German, and Latin, and a copy was respectfully

sent, in 1562, to Philip II. This was done in loyalty to the sovereign, — "even to the bearing of the beggar's sack," the eating of prison fare, suffering in the torture room, or dying on the gallows, or in the fire. The Reformers hoped that Philip would see that this confession of Christian faith was founded on the Holy Scriptures, and grant toleration to his subjects. With it went an address, in the name of one hundred thousand Walloons and Flemings, in which they remonstrated against the cruelties which they suffered for conscience' sake. It breathed the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, and of unquailing conviction. These men were too full of the fear of God to quail before Philip of Spain. They declared that, rather than deny their Divine Master, they would "offer their back to stripes, their mouths to gags, and their whole bodies to the fire."

Such exalted sentiments and profound principles did not protect the author or his fellow believers from persecution. He was driven out, with the hundreds of thousands of other Belgic fugitives, and found refuge in England. There Edward VI gave these poor strangers, for assembly and worship, the church of the Austin Friars, which still stands in the busiest part of London. Guido studied theology at Lausanne and Geneva, in Switzerland, and then as traveling preacher visited many cities and congregations, both in his native land and elsewhere. He served as pastor

of the Reformed Church in Valenciennes, a city in which five sixths of the people were of the Reformed faith.

When Noircarmes was sent by the Court at Brussels to attack and capture the city, de Bray was seized, thrown into prison, and condemned to death. In fetters, he wrote letters of comfort and cheer to his wife, children, and fellow believers. He looked forward to his end as joyfully as if waiting to attend a wedding-feast. Loaded with chains, he was hanged on the last day of May, 1567. In the next month, June, was born William Usselincx, father of the West India Company, under which our Middle States were settled. He grew up an intense exponent of the Reformed faith.

The Belgic Confession of Faith, in thirty-seven articles, was adopted by provincial synods, held at various times from 1566 to 1619, at Antwerp, Wesel, Embden, Dordrecht (national), Middelburg, and by the great "Protestant Œcumenical Council," or International Synod, held at Dort in 1619. It is acknowledged to be one of the clearest, as it is, in many ways, the best statement of the Reformed faith.

What the Belgic intellect, Walloon and Fleming, might have become in its home land, if it had been fertilized by this great national symbol, is best understood by contrasting the mental condition and fruitage of the people of the two coun-

tries — the land of Rubens and the land of Rembrandt — during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

To Guido de Bray, probably more than to any other one man, does the Reformed Church in the Netherlands owe the beginnings of its sturdy existence. With such an example of heroic constancy in their leader, the men who chose a clear conscience, in preference to daily bread or to comfort and ease, went joyfully to duty, and to exile, torture, or death. The emblem of "the churches in the Netherlands, sitting under the cross," was the lily among thorns, — a symbol of constancy and purity amid the persecution of things defiling, deadly, and foreign. It is no wonder, either, that in the army of the Dutch Republic the Walloon regiments made so shining a record of valor and devotion to the striped flag that stood for freedom, public schools, and representative government.

The full story of how the Walloons and Flemings were made to forget their woes and stifle their first longings for freedom of conscience, and how, in the Belgic provinces, which, from 1564 to 1697, were called the Spanish Netherlands, only one form of Christianity was permitted under law, deserves a chapter by itself. So also does the story of the exiled and fugitive Walloons and Flemings, who chose exile with a good conscience, rather than comfort and ease in the home land.

In England, in Holland, and in America, they made an honorable reputation. When Champlain was exploring northern New York, where is the lake that bears his name, his men took two white Christian prisoners, who were called "Flemings." Examination proved that they were Walloons, for they spoke French only.

Most notable of the Walloon refugees, in the eyes of those American scholars who are conversant with the archives of France, Belgium, and Holland, is Jesse de Forest, of Avesnes, the true founder of New York City, and far more deserving of fame and a statue than are scores of those, natives or aliens, already represented in bronze or by tablet and memorial window. He first, in Leyden, even before the Pilgrim Fathers, enrolled families as settlers in America, within that vast unmeasured region called Virginia. Dissatisfied with the British King James's restrictions, he projected the colony that in the good ship New Netherland crossed the Atlantic in 1623, and began home-making in Manhattan, the upper Hudson, and the Delaware Bay region. From him are descended the famous and numerous de Forests in the United States. Nevertheless, Americans still ask, "Who are the Walloons?" Possibly research may show that the white Marguerite daisy ought to be called the "Walloon flower," if, indeed, it should not be the national floral emblem. Certainly the story of the political exiles

for conscience' sake, as romantic in its main features as that of the French Acadians and Evangeline, is worthy of a poet equal in grace and charm to Longfellow.

It is hard for the disinterested student to see in the vicissitudes of the Walloons a story any the less pathetic or inspiring than that of the Huguenots. In the Walloonsche Bibliothek or library, alongside of St. Peters Church, in Leyden, in the Klok Steeg, or Bell Alley, — the little street of the Pilgrims, — one may discover his ancestry, or learn of his genealogy, as, in this storehouse of names, relics, and mementoes, he traces the personality of some refugee for conscience' sake from communion table to communion table, until rest was found in the Dutch Republic or the hospitable soil of free America.

CHAPTER XXI

FLIGHT OF THE WALLOONS AND FLEMINGS

THE story of the "Eighty Years' War for Freedom" belongs to that of the Dutch and to Holland and the northern Netherlands, and for this we must refer the reader to Motley, Blok, Putnam, or our own writings; while the story of the "Troubles" is Belgium's own. In 1890, in the light of scholarship and truth of science, there were erected in Brussels, on the Petit Sablon, ten marble statues, by native sculptors, of the contemporaries of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, in a half-circle around the effigies of these unfortunate Catholic victims to the fury of Alva. They are, Marnix of St. Aldegonde, Abraham Ortelius, Bernard van Orley, J. de Locquenghien, Gerard Mercator, Dodonaeus, Cornelius Floris de Vriendt, H. van Brederode, L. van Bodeghem, and William of Orange. All these names are prominent on the page of history. Appropriately set in the artistic railing around the park are forty-eight bronze figures representing the artistic and industrial guilds of the sixteenth century.

In this sketch we do but glance at the situation, as viewed from Belgic land.

In Madrid, Philip listened to the arguments of

those who, on the one hand, urged that the Netherlanders be treated with patience and consideration; and, on the other hand, to those who declared that these people of the Low Countries were only "men of butter" and would not fight. Philip decided to coerce and kill, rather than conciliate and save alive. It was ominous that, almost to the day, exactly one hundred years after the cruel Burgundian Duke had been commissioned by the Pope to begin a new crusade against the Turks, Philip ordered Alva to extirpate heresy. With surprising rapidity Alva, the ablest soldier of his age, marched his invincible army of "black beards" into the Netherlands, seized the Catholic nobles, Egmont and Hoorn, both Knights of the Golden Fleece, and without trial had them put to death in the public square in Brussels. He built a great citadel in Antwerp to overawe the people and city, and reared a bronze statue of himself. With ignorance and conceit, almost amounting to insanity, he laid a tax of the tenth penny upon all exchanges of property,—a measure which immediately united Catholic and Protestant against him and fanned even green fuel into a roaring flame. At once the old land of the fugitives became again the land of the fleeing.

From a military point of view, there was no hope for the Belgic Protestants, for their land was not defensible, and both they and the Spaniards knew it. Nothing was left but flight, denial of

their faith, or the flames. A hundred thousand Flemings and Walloons, the most industrious and accomplished people, skilled mechanics, and able business men, crossed to England. There, as lace-makers, weavers, skilled craftsmen, or traders, they enriched the island with their gifts and graces, and changed a wool-raising, agricultural people into a nation of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and exporters, whose wealth and power were soon to make a mint for the coining of proverbs. Into Holland and the northern Netherlands fled even more of the very best of the Belgic people, to double, in a generation or two, the population and power of Holland, to swell its army and navy, to make a republic possible, and to furnish colonists for what are now New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

Curiously enough, the most widely read author of a school history of Belgium, whose pious and patriotic paragraphs were written for home consumption and the satisfaction of the local clericals, almost, indeed, as a campaign document in politics, never mentions this flight of the best people from the country. In fact, the Belgic land was so drained of its best intellect and culture that, except in the plastic arts, the dearth of great men during the two centuries following is the pitiable and striking fact of Belgian history.

The war which began by Alva's invasion in 1567, with the exception of a truce of twelve years,

from 1609 to 1621, lasted eighty years. During this period, English Church rulers, following Latin models too closely, kept up a campaign of conformity, not quite so severe as that of the Spaniards, but much like it in theory, and which forced the people who were later the founders of New England to meet in Leyden as fellow exiles the Belgic Walloons who were already there. This city of the famous siege and university, in the republic "where religion was free for all men," became the classic shelter of refugees for conscience' sake, who helped people America; for later the Huguenots also found here a home. Thus from Leyden issued three streams of richest blood and noblest name for the building of the American Commonwealth.

The long war of eighty years was not one of pitched battles in the open field. It consisted chiefly of sieges, in which fortified cities were captured by assault or through starvation. Gunpowder was now the chief force in ballistics. Vesalius introduced amputation. Prisoners were ransomed when unhurt and cared for when wounded. Hospitals, orphan asylums, and other means of mitigating the horrors of war, made noble development.

At first, the untrained natives were utterly unable to stand against the Spanish infantry, because mercenaries, raised chiefly in Germany and France, were employed, according to the general military custom, by the revolting patriots. When, however,

in 1600, the native, republican army under Maurice took the field, the Spaniards were no longer a terror.

During all this time (1567–1648) the province of Liège, under the government of its Prince Bishop, took no part in the war, but, remaining neutral, warned off alike William of Orange and Alva of Spain. The latter soon gave up the task which he had at first undertaken with such alacrity. He was succeeded by other able generals, Requesens, Don John of Austria, Parma, Spinola, and others. The details of this war of sieges belong rather to Holland than to Belgium.

In review, confining our story to Belgian soil, we note that the pacification of Ghent in 1577, or the union of the seventeen provinces, was accomplished through the efforts of William of Orange, but without final settlement of the question of the freedom of religion. Instead of its issue being a great Netherlands nation, the compact lasted but six months.

The reason of this nullity of a grand purpose is not usually presented. We have the stories of partisans, but hardly the reality. One fact usually forgotten is, that at Ghent itself, the Protestant mob, led by three fanatics, followed the bad example of the Inquisition, persecuted violently their Catholic fellow citizens, and pillaged the churches and convents. In the same place where Spaniards had burned people alive for differences of opinion,

these rowdy Ghenters, in the Friday market-place, where now stands the statue of Artevelde, burned alive four minor friars and two Augustinian fathers. At Bruges, a few weeks later, two minor friars were given to the flames kindled by brutal hatred in the name of "religion." Charles V and Philip II had set a bad example, very easy to follow in that age of intolerance. Throughout the war the atrocities were not all on one side. Today Ghent is the floral capital of Belgium. It is chiefly in the street names that one reads the story of its turbulent past.

The Duke of Anjou and his French troops, in whom William of Orange and his friends had hoped to find allies and deliverers, but who turned out rather to be traitors and brigands, had ingloriously retreated from the Netherlands. Anjou failed utterly to win his new Flemish subjects. Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, the Italian, profiting by the divisions and feud between the Flemings and the French, entered Flanders with his splendid army. Philip's policy of "orthodoxy or desolation," like Mahomet's, of "the Koran or the scimitar," was suicidal, for it drove away hundreds of thousands of the very best people of the country. Nevertheless, Parma, the aristocratic soldier, was thoroughly in sympathy with the mind and purpose of his master. He captured many towns and reduced Ghent by famine. The absolute condition, which Philip imposed upon

those whom his general Parma subdued, was that the people should have only one form of religion. Protestantism was to be rooted out at all hazards. At Tournay a noble lady, Marie de Lalaing, Princess of Epinay, led the defense, but the city fell in 1581. In the Grand Place was erected a statue of the heroic woman who cheered the defenders to the last.

Those who held to the Reformed faith were given two years, before they were compelled to choose between their conscience and their daily bread. Parma now advanced with his large army upon Brussels, where men of the Reformed faith were in authority, with a garrison of mercenaries, including a regiment of Scotsmen. Adopting the same policy of making famine his chief ally, Parma compelled surrender, and on the 10th of March, 1585, entered the city.

The final prize was Antwerp. To secure its fall, Parma cut off all land supplies and built a bridge across the river, which prevented boats laden with provisions from reaching the besieged. Every means were used, by its friends outside, to save the city; but fire-ships, infernal machines, made by an Italian, Gianabelli, and an explosion which damaged part of the bridge, and even the cutting of the dykes, were all in vain, and the surrender was made on the 17th of August, 1585. By this final victory, the northern and southern Netherlands were severed, and the sovereignty of Philip

II and the Roman form of Christianity were established. People of the Reformed faith were given four years to settle up their affairs, before leaving the country.

Delighted with his success in the Belgic provinces, Philip now set his heart on the invasion and conquest of England. The fleet, or "Invincible Armada," which was boastingly but prematurely so named, sailed from Spain. Parma was to furnish the army of invasion. With his forces, numbering fifty thousand, camped along the Belgian seaboard, the Italian general soon had everything all ready to embark across the Channel; but the Dutch, well-nigh invincible upon water, kept him shore-bound by blockading the Scheldt and cruising along the whole Flemish coast. The Dutch republicans lent their English allies one thousand trained naval artillerists, who had a great share of the actual work of sinking the colossal but clumsy Spanish ships. The large force of Dutch vessels, floating the red, white, and blue colors and the seven-striped flag of the federal republic, made it impossible for Parma's army to get away, even if the Armada had not been destroyed, as it really was, mainly by Dutch cannoneers.

The loss of the Armada made Spain bankrupt, but Parma's military reputation was saved, though he could now get no money or supplies to pay his army. Philip ordered him to move into France, to protect the League from the power of Henry of

Navarre. The Battle of Ivry, fought March 14, 1590, has been made famous by Macaulay's poem, in which Appenzell's "stout infantry," the Flemish spearmen, and the helmet of Navarre are celebrated. Parma relieved Paris, but having no money for his men, he was obliged to retreat, and thus he lost what he had gained. The camp fever, which was then the scourge of armies, cut off this brilliant soldier on December 3, 1592, when but forty-seven years old, but his end was hastened by the feeling that he won neither the gratitude nor the confidence of his sovereign, whom he had served so long and faithfully. In death, he was laid out, according to his own will, in the garb of a Capuchin monk. His funeral was held in Brussels, but he was buried in Italy.

After Parma, there was no other man who could revive or carry out Alva's policy of extermination. The only result of Philip's statecraft was to destroy the political edifice built up with such labor and skill by the Dukes of Burgundy and the genius of Charles V. Philip rejoiced at the exclusive practice of the Roman form of the faith, which was enforced everywhere under his rule. England and the northern Netherlands were made stronger by gaining much of the intelligence and thrift which had made the ancient prosperity of Belgium. At home workshops were empty, the cities ruined, industry was driven away, grass

grew in the deserted streets of many a Belgian city, and the coast was blockaded.

Almost the only industry that remained was that of lacemaking. This, under woman's fingers, saved Flanders from utter ruin, for happily, fashion's increasing demands for this dainty fabric made streams of gold flow into Belgic land. Half in complaint, yet rejoicing in the Midas-like touch of his wife and daughters, many a Fleming and Walloon father boasted that one of his girls might make as much profit as he could earn by the sweat of his brow.

Altogether, Philip's rule made only blight for Belgic land and built up the nations he would have been glad to destroy. It illustrated the world-old peril of the bigot's motto, made of distorted holy writ, "first pure, then peaceable." By one policy, both Spain and the Belgian territory, bereft of their best blood, intellect, and industry, were swept to swift decay. Spain was to remain in the grasp of mediævalism, even until our day. Belgium, after long tribulation, was happily to rise in 1830 into the modern world of freedom.

It was the still vivid remembrance of Philip II and Spanish methods of government that awakened such profound indignation and public demonstrations of protest, when Francisco Ferrer, founder of the "lay schools" in Spain, was tried by court martial, October 11–13, 1909, and shot, at the instigation of the Spanish Clericals. In Brussels,

on Sunday, November 4, 1911, a statue of Ferrer, in bronze, and set upon a high granite pedestal, was unveiled in presence of an enormous crowd of people. High aloft, Ferrer holds a blazing torch, symbolical of the rending of the darkness of bigotry and the coming of the full day of ordered freedom of conscience and safeguarded society, which are yet to be independent of both priestcraft and infidelity.

CHAPTER XXII

A LEASED STATE: THE GREAT INFANTA

When the flowers bloomed in the spring of 1598, Philip II of Spain, wearied and in mortal weakness, lying within the shadow of death, determined to lighten his burdens for those who should come after him. This he did by reverting to the ideas of feudalism. He would make of the Netherlands a fief by marrying his daughter, Isabella, to Albert, Archduke of Austria, and giving them the usufruct. He assigned to them an imaginary kingdom, composed of seventeen provinces and what was left of the dominions of the Dukes of Burgundy. The Act of Cession was dated May 6, 1598. Four months later, Philip died.

In the double light of the actual situation and of after events, there was something comical about bestowing upon others, as a trust, seventeen provinces, when seven of them had, nearly nineteen years before, issued their declaration of independence, deposed Philip as their sovereign, and formed the United States of the Netherlands. Furthermore, Philip had stipulated that, in case of failure of an heir, the kingdom must revert to Spain. Here was the old feudal idea of the fief of a vassal escheating to his suzerain.

Even to-day the fright of Philip's repressive measures are as manifest in Belgium as are the results of his imitator, General Weyler, in Cuba, three centuries later. He drove free speech and printing out of the Belgic provinces, but the ineffaceable marks of the Inquisition, the Blood Council, and the Spanish Fury still remain in history; while most of the boys and girls in Belgium and France have been brought up from infancy to avoid as a nightmare and to have a holy horror of the ideas on which rest the Constitution of the United States and that form of Christianity professed by a majority of people in the progressive nations of northern Europe and in America.

Philip III ratified the work of his father, and the marriage of the new rulers of the Spanish Netherlands was celebrated at Valencia in April, 1599. The picture that met their gaze when they arrived on the soil of their kingdom was in frightful contrast to the splendor and magnificence of the land at the abdication of Charles V. The couple, riding on white horses, to fulfill an ancient augury, made their "joyous entry" into Brussels in September, amid popular acclamations. Those who remained in the country felt as if they had regained their national existence, and high were the hopes that material prosperity was soon to return.

The new rulers gained popularity at the outset, for they seemed to be very earnest in effacing the

scars of the past and in laboring for the good of the people. Nevertheless, they were the slaves of the inexorable Philip. The people longed for peace, but Madrid had declared that there was to be but one "religion," and no peace with liberty of conscience. The States-General were summoned to meet at Brussels on April 28, 1600, but while the delegates called attention to the poverty of the masses, and the necessity of resting from war, Albert was anxious, first of all, to get money for hostilities. He wanted men and material for the creation and equipment of a new army to open the campaign against the Dutch Republic, of which Maurice of Nassau was the Captain-General.

When envoys were sent to The Hague, in the interests of peace and in the hope of union, they were met with chilling words; for the Dutch could not forget the horrors of Philip's rule. They had lost all hope of reform from Spain and had no confidence in the royal promises. Barneveldt told the delegates that, so long as the Spaniards held the strongholds in their country, their hopes were as phantoms. The result of the six months' session of the States-General in Brussels was their dismission by Albert. They did not meet again for thirty-two years.

Now began what their own historians call "a century of misery" for the Spanish Netherlands. From this date, despite the brilliancy of art, the reconstruction of architecture, and the easy-going

ways of confessors and ecclesiastics, Belgic territory was to be for two centuries the football of diplomacy, the victim and plaything of ambitious potentates, and the battle-ground of foreigners. Her soil became the cockpit of Europe. Her people's opinions were ignored and their rights and interests sacrificed to Spanish or Austrian despotism.

The struggle between the Dutch and the Spaniards, which now broke out afresh, was virtually a civil war, for the renowned "Spanish infantry," led by Duke Albert, was largely composed of Walloons; while opposed to these were the republican army, in which several brigades were made up of Belgic refugees from the Inquisition. The flag of one army represented the will of a monarch in Madrid, that of the other stood for a federal republic, in which each of the seven states had an equal vote. The favorite battle-flag of Maurice was the orange (or red), white, and blue, seven times repeated, making a standard of twenty-one stripes.

With his new army, largely made up of veterans, Albert sallied out from Ostend, with banners flying, against young Maurice and the republican army, only to meet with terrible defeat in the Battle of the Dunes, at Nieuwpoort, in July, 1600. The pikemen, artillery, and the English auxiliaries in Maurice's army were especially effective. The Archduke lost six thousand men. One hun-

dred Spanish battle-flags were hung in the hall of the Dutch Congress at The Hague.

Ostend was the one place in the Spanish Netherlands occupied by the republican army. The Dutch had fortified the place and in its defense English and Scottish volunteers took a noble part, which is brilliantly described in "The Fighting Veres." The siege, maintained by Spinola, lasted three years, from 1601 to 1604, and forms one of the most heroic episodes in the Eighty Years' War.

Ostend was worth fighting for by the republic, not for itself alone, but to keep the Spaniards thus occupied and out of the prosperous Dutch territory, while the northern Netherlanders, having the freedom of the seas, should grow richer almost hour by hour. They boasted that this time they had ten thousand ships, manned by 120,000 sailors under the red and white striped flag. Possession of sea-power became the real question at issue during the truce negotiations at The Hague in 1609, for Spain wished to prevent the Dutch from getting the rich trade of the Spice Islands and the Far East. So far from agreeing, the Dutch not only demanded and secured absolute freedom of navigation, but also refused to relax their blockade of the Scheldt.

After millions of dollars had been spent, eighteen thousand lives lost, and indescribable sufferings of soldiers and civilians endured, from July 7, 1601, to September 20, 1604, the surrender of Os-

tend was made on the most honorable terms. The victors received as their reward a mass of rubbish. Yet these were not the days of Alva. The bitterness of religious strife was softened by the chivalry of brave men. The Archduke Albert, in admiration of Dutch and British bravery, threw his arms around the bold commandant and then spread a costly banquet for him and all his officers. The townspeople, who were of the Reformed faith, followed the garrison, and went into exile to countries where conscience was free. Ostend remained a fortress until 1865, when the walls became boulevards. Later on, gambling-saloons, music-halls, sea-bathing, Sunday brass bands, and a thousand forms of amusement, combined with the salt air and delightful summer coolness, made one forget past history, and combined to render Ostend one of the most popular watering-places and pleasure resorts. Superb terminal facilities made this place a favorite point of departure from Belgium, and of arrival on the Continent from Great Britain.

The truce declared in 1609 was to last twelve years. This meant the defeat and humiliation of Spain, the opening of Oriental commerce to the Dutchmen, the enrichment of the Dutch Republic, and the blockade by the Republicans of the Scheldt, which paralyzed Belgian trade. In 1621 the war broke out again. The Spanish fleet, with headquarters at Dunkirk, and the army reinforced

by German mercenaries, united to crush the United States of the Netherlands.

The truce of 1609 was proclaimed at Antwerp, but this city gained nothing by the peace, while Amsterdam, Leyden, and other Dutch cities had to be enlarged in space, because of the increase of wealth and population. While Belgium was shut off from the inexhaustible wealth of commerce, and from the treasures of the sea and of the Orient, the Dutch, entering upon their golden era, amassed almost incredible wealth, until the resources of Holland became proverbial.

Nevertheless, in this season of quiet in Belgic land, art, printing, and learning, rather than letters, attained their acme; though literature of a creative sort, in the vernacular, was virtually unknown. In fact, this is the Golden Age of Belgian art, when the names of Rubens and Jordaens, Teniers and van Dyke, were made immortal. The fame of the printing-house of Plantin, who was followed by Moretus, penetrated all Europe. Mercator, the great map-maker, who, holding to the Reformed faith, had escaped the clutches of the Inquisition, though his companions were beheaded or hanged, made the famous flat projection of the world and helped the navigator to know the seas which the Dutch and other nations outside the world of Belgic land were to sail over. He, first, printed the name America, so as to cover both continents, North and South.

Over three hundred churches or religious houses were founded or revived. The Jesuits, accepting to a great extent the intellectual results of the Renaissance, rebuilt their churches, according to their ideas of architecture. These called for new interiors and furniture. The old atmosphere of mediævalism and its symbols gave way to the new ideas of culture, as expressed in splendid marbles, rich colors, and an affluence of paintings that represented mythology and pagan beauty, almost as much as Christian dogma and tradition.

The student of church architecture in Belgium is struck at once with the difference, often amounting to glaring and even violent contrast, between the outer walls and the interior decoration. From the street one gazes admiringly at the mediæval, but within everything seems as modern as are the Jesuits. Two different styles of beauty, exterior and interior, confront him for enjoyment, but the taste is double, as if, at least, he partook of a fruit stuffed with spice and confections.

Thus it came to pass that tons of mediæval metal-work, carving, and decoration came into the market. The stuff was greedily bought up and carried, chiefly, to England, to equip the debased Jacobean architecture, or adorn the churches of Sir Christopher Wren and other architects in Great Britain. Many a parish church in England shows ecclesiastical curiosities of Belgian origin. Even in Japan and China, it may be the hap of

the traveler to light upon these curios from the Low Countries. A superb candlestick and bit of elaborate bronze-work at Nikko, as well as the tapestry at Shiba, in Tokyo, are both of Belgic origin. Choice bits of old Flemish work are to be met with all over Europe. In our time, "Flemish oak" has become the rage in house furniture, but some even of our colonial churches have Belgic treasures, if tradition be true.

Louvain, with its university, founded in 1423 by John IV, the worthless husband of Jacqueline, became renowned as a seat of learning, but Brussels concentrated in itself the splendors of civil life. The Brusselaers, afraid to have mobs of roystering students in their streets, had gladly let the former capital city enjoy academic honors. Yet since theology became the chief product of Louvain, the town, except for some turbulent episodes, is one of the quietest in Belgium. Brussels, in 1834, founded her own Free University, with four faculties, omitting theology.

The code, issued on the 12th of July, 1611, which epitomized the laws and customs, was a superb piece of jurisprudence, and virtually a new national constitution. In 1643, the Bollandists, or Belgian Jesuits, began to issue their library of *Acta Sanctorum*, or "Deeds of the Saints," continuing its publication at intervals, even into this twentieth century. The great Polyglot Bible, in six folio volumes, called the Biblia Regia, was

issued between 1569 and 1575. Such names as Justus Lipsius, the great philologist and critic, Kilaen the lexicographer, who made a famous dictionary of the Teutonic languages, Ortelius the geographer, and Mercator the maker of maps, adorn this era. The full story of the reconciliation, chiefly through the ministry of art, of the Walloons and Flemings to the old Church and to Spain deserves a chapter, rather a volume, by itself.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE AGE OF RUBENS. THE JESUIT REACTION

THE thirty years from the publication of the Great Truce of twelve years, beginning in 1609, to 1640, may be called the age of Rubens. With amazing fertility and an admirable delight in vast undertakings, Rubens covered acres of canvas with scenes of animal life, themes selected from pagan mythology, large altar pieces and appealing episodes from the life of Jesus. In both his sacred and secular art his work is in subtle harmony with the nature and yearnings of his countrymen, helping vastly to reconcile them to the old faith.

Philip III of Spain and the Archduke died within a few months of each other in 1621, and there being no child born to the Great Infanta, Belgic land, according to the deed of cession, again passed to the Spanish Crown.

In front of the cathedral of St. Gudule, in Brussels, Philip IV was inaugurated as sovereign. The widow Isabella acted as Governor-General for her nephew, and the Council of Flanders was instituted, or revived, in Madrid in 1621. Rubens, possessing Isabella's confidence, kept "one foot in the stirrup," as he said, being often sent on errands

of diplomacy, for which he was admirably fitted by his fine address.

The usual consequences of Spanish rule quickly manifested themselves. Government issued from Madrid, instead of from Brussels. Like a "swarm of black locusts," the political and religious orders of Spaniards reëntered the land to occupy most of the important and lucrative positions in both Church and State.

When, in 1629, Prince Frederick Henry, Captain-General of the Dutch Republic, after having captured Hertogenbosch (Bois le Duc), the capital of North Brabant, appeared, and seemed to be on the point of invading Belgic land, the popular discontent rose to its height. The provincial council in Belgium refused to vote further supplies to their Spanish masters, and the States-General were summoned to meet in 1632. The defection of the Belgic people seemed imminent, and one of the Belgium generals openly deserted the cause. There was talk among the nobles of a Catholic Republic. Some were anxious for a confederation of the seventeen provinces, and delegates were actually sent by the States-General to The Hague.

Had the Dutch been in a tolerant frame of mind and willing to allow the full, open, and public exercise of the Roman as well as the Reformed form of religion, there might again have been made an organic union of the seventeen provinces. Unfortunately, Protestant bigotry was then at its

height, and open religious liberty was not the mood of the Dutch at that moment. Only ten years before, the Calvinists, victorious at the Synod of Dort, had officially expelled from the country the Arminians, who were of the Reformed faith with themselves, but who held a philosophy different from that officially approved. Thus those who were once "heretics" imitated their former persecutors, though more mildly, and the adherents of the new theology were temporarily expelled. The Dutch, advanced as they were, lost their opportunity of being not merely the pioneers of toleration, but of becoming the champions of full religious liberty throughout the world. Conscience was free in the northern Netherlands, so far as opinions and worship were held indoors, but no open propagation, processions, or the public exercises of other sects, or forms, were permitted. It was reserved for the United States of America, in their Constitution, to abolish religious tests for office and to proclaim the equality of all religions before the law, — for which they were roundly cursed in some quarters of Europe.

Prince Frederick Henry captured Maastricht. The Belgic delegate at The Hague then received the reply that nothing but absolute independence of Spain, by their fellow countrymen, would be considered as a basis of union, and that, in any event, the Scheldt must be kept closed. The Dutch ultimatum was answered by the refusal of

the Belgic States-General to give up their rulers, either in religion or politics.

Shortly after this, on the 30th of November, 1633, Isabella died, having seen with joy the revulsion of public opinion in favor of Spain, and heard of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the ally of Prince Frederick Henry and the Dutch Republic. She had served her adopted country nobly for thirty-four years. She is well called the Great Infanta. Her successor, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, began his administration, when about twenty-five years of age, at Brussels, on the 6th of September, 1634. Called upon to resist two threatened invasions, that of the Dutch from the North and the French from the west, he followed Fabian tactics and for twelve months was able to baffle his enemies. At the Battle of Nördlingen, in Bavaria, in 1635, the hitherto invincible Swedish army was beaten by the allied forces under Ferdinand. For the arch of triumph, erected to celebrate the Prince's spectacular entry into Antwerp, in 1635, Rubens painted two colossal female figures, representing Providence and Abundance, which still remain at Lisle. The campaign, lasting seven years, was marked by varying fortunes. Ferdinand died on the 9th of November, 1641, and in 1643 the "Spanish infantry" — largely composed of Walloons — was overthrown at Rocroi, by the renowned French soldier Condé.

By this time, both the Papal and the Protest-

ant divisions of Europe were nearly exhausted by the long struggle, and Condé received news that negotiations had begun at Munster for a definite peace. The King of Spain renounced all claims and rights over the United Provinces, the Scheldt was to remain closed to all ships incoming from the ocean, the Spanish fleet, with its headquarters at Dunkirk, active in intercepting settlers for New Netherland, was to be withdrawn to Spain, which had not hitherto been willing to yield to the idea of unhindered colonization of America, and the Dutch sea-power was to be unchallenged. In a word, nearly all the Dutch had fought for during eighty years was granted. Other treaties followed, one between the German Emperor and France and another between the Emperor and Sweden.

The three agreements were consolidated in the Treaty of Westphalia, which was sworn to in the name of the Holy Trinity, October 24, 1648, and which concluded at once both the Thirty Years' War in Germany and the Eighty Years' War in the Netherlands. During all this time the Spanish Netherlands, or Belgic land, had suffered more than any of the states of Europe, and yet by the conclusion of these treaties the national existence of her people was made still more problematical, her civil and political rights were cut off, and her powers of making material progress were left almost paralyzed. Her fortunes were riveted anew

to the increasing decrepitude of Spain, now a "broken-backed tiger."

The work of reconciling the Belgic people to the old order of things, in Church and State, had been committed chiefly to Spanish members of the order of the Society of Jesus, founded in 1539 and popularly called Jesuits, then in the vigor of its early life. Two of their most powerful means of influence lay in the school and the confessional. For the most part, the Jesuits were polished gentlemen and able teachers. Instead of living in the rural districts, they dwelt in cities and were interested in society, art, and architecture, which, by adaptation to the times, they made use of to strengthen the Church in the new age. The basis of their culture was Latin and mathematics, but they added vast improvements to the curriculum of the mediæval schools, formulating courses of study and grouping pupils into classes. They cultivated youthful zeal and diligence by competitive examinations and the award of prizes. Under their editorship editions of the ancient authors were printed, and pupils were trained to write verses, theses, and orations in elegant Latin. Above all, they made a serious business of politeness, address, and fine manners, introducing this discipline as a part of the daily routine. At the Confessional they were, usually, very accommodating, while in theology they were fiercely reactionary.

Very curiously, we Americans owe much of the

invaluable example of refinement and dignified courtesy set by our early Presidents, Washington, Madison, and Monroe, before a young nation just "carved out of the backwoods," to a Jesuit, Father Leonard Perin. Posthumous but real was the influence of this man, who lived in the Walloon district of France. Through his little book, "the lifeblood of a master spirit," he taught courtesy to later generations. He deserves a memorial from Americans.

In that part of France, once Belgic territory and the old Walloon land, is a town on the Maas River, called Stenai. Here, in 1567, the year of Alva's invasion, Leonard Perin was born. In scholarship, his Latinity and French were both unusually fine, and he became professor of the humanities at Paris. He was chosen by his bishop to translate into Latin a manual on civility for the use of the students in the Jesuit college of La Flêche. Perin did so, adding a chapter of his own on manners at table. This was printed in sixteenmo, in 1617, and after various enlarged editions, plagiarisms, and translations, in English among others, the book was carried to America by a French Reformed pastor to Fredericksburg, Virginia. This gentleman kept a school, where instruction in politeness was part of the daily order of studies, and in which were educated three boys who became Presidents of the United States.

After George Washington had been made, by

foolish biographers, a sort of American deity, it was long and easily imagined that, when a little boy, he had been such an insufferable prig as to be the original author of those very mature one hundred and ten "Rules of Civility," the last one reading, "Labor to keep alive in your Breast that little Spark of Celestial Fire called Conscience." Since the manuscript of George Washington's school copy-book, albeit well nibbled by garret mice at Mount Vernon, has been found, and the true history of the "Rules of Civility" recovered, — ninety out of the one hundred and ten rules being found in Father Perin's manual, — we are all the more grateful to the good Jesuit and the teacher of that true gentleman, the real Washington, so much more winsome and inspiring than the creature of popular mythology.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS

THE story of Belgium, from the Peace of Munster, in 1648, until the national revolution of 1830, is not of great interest to the general reader. It is simply that of a house of bondage, in which the inmates from time to time exchanged masters, but remained ever under taskmasters. The tyrants changed, but the burden was borne in monotony. The polite duels of diplomacy occurred in lands afar, but the bloody battles of armed hosts were fought on the soil of the Low Countries. For nearly two hundred years this unhappy land was successively the property of Spain, Austria, the French Revolutionists, Napoleon, and the Dutch. While armies of aliens ravaged their fields and despoiled their property, the Belgians had no effective voice, for they were not a nation. European congresses transferred them like serfs or cattle, without inquiring into their feelings or asking for their opinions.

From the Peace of Munster until the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, the ruling idea in the international law of Europe was the "Balance of Power," or just equilibrium of state forces. In the name of this doctrine most of the wars were fought

and diplomatic adjustments made. British statecraft, therefore, furnishes the key which unlocks most of the intricacies of diplomacy, with its alliances and reactions, and explains the meaning of war and peace.

There was, first, the long duel between William III of Holland and England. Belgic land was repeatedly invaded from all sides. The Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1688, the Palatinate in Germany was ravaged in 1689. Brussels was bombarded by the French in 1695 and nearly destroyed; but after various treaties it was decided at the conferences leading to the Peace of Ryswick, May 16, 1697, that the Belgic provinces should pass from Spanish ownership and become the property of Austria. Henceforth, for nearly a century, the Low Countries were known as the Austrian Netherlands.

All these movements had a powerful influence on the colonization of America, and the enrichment, through the Huguenot emigrants, of the future United States of America. Such names as New Paltz and New Rochelle, in the Empire State, are witnesses of the movement that gave us richly of the best blood of France.

By the Treaty of the Pyrenees, November 7, 1659, France and Spain had made peace, it being agreed that the young king, Louis XIV of France, was to marry the Infanta Maria Theresa. Beside a half-million gold crowns, some land possessions,

obtained by cutting off a strip of Belgic territory and adding it to France, completed her dowry; which, later, was used in robbing the land thus freely despoiled. In May, 1667, Louis, basing his claim on an old and obsolete Brabant Law, declared that he intended to take possession of what belonged to him in the Netherlands by right of his wife. He overran Belgic land with his armies and made plans to enter Holland as a marauder.

Against this movement, the Triple Alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden was formed on January 23, 1668, which served an ultimatum upon Louis, according to which he was to take only a part of the territory he then held. By the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, May 2, 1668, five Belgian towns and their territories were made part of France. One of them, Lille, or Lisle, still rich in Belgian art treasures, is familiar to us, because of its manufactures of lisle thread; while Douai is renowned as the place of the translation of the New Testament, from the Vulgate Latin into English, in 1582, and of the whole Bible in 1609. Neither of these places was ever again within the Belgian frontiers.

In Holland, William III, a posthumous child, was born November 7, 1659, and John de Witt, who became virtual ruler of the country for seven years, took charge of the education of the boy. When grown to manhood, William devoted his life, whether as Stadholder of the Netherlands, or

King of Great Britain, to maintaining the balance of power and foiling the schemes of Louis XIV.

The threefold purpose of the Ryswick Treaty and of those made from 1698 to 1715, was, in the eyes of British statesmen, to secure for the Dutch an adequate barrier against French aggressions and the bigotry of her kings, to secure the Protestant succession in England, and the House of Hanover on the throne of Great Britain. This introduced the era of the Barrier Forts. Fifteen fortified places on the western frontier of Belgic land were named at first; but in 1713, Furnes, Knocke, Ypres, Menin, Tournay, Mons, Charleroi, the citadel at Ghent, and some other forts near Ghent and Bruges, were specified. They were to be garrisoned by troops from the Dutch Republic, while a brigade of Scotch troops, in the pay of the States-General, should serve in the Dutch army.

But neither in war nor in peace were the Belgic people benefited by these proceedings, or, in the main, by any during what the native historians call their "century of misery." Austrian rulers did little or nothing in Belgic land, their permanent policy and chief purpose being to make only obedient Austrian subjects. In 1719, in Brussels, a native magistrate, Francis Ennessens, was put to death for upholding local privileges, as is pictured in the "color-blood" of a Belgian artist, on one of the noble canvases in the Royal Academy

at Brussels. One is stirred in looking at this episode in freedom's history.

During all this time the Scheldt River was kept closed by the Dutch. Foreign trade was paralyzed, and Antwerp shriveled to little more than an overgrown village, with grass-grown streets. In 1722, the Ostend Company was formed to trade by sea, but its projected commerce scarcely got beyond the paper stage, for the British Government, with Austrian approval, bought it out. This was done as the price of its approval to the Pragmatic Sanction, published May 25, 1725, by which, there being no male issue, the crown of Austria was transferred to the female line in Maria Theresa. After marrying Francis of Lorraine, in 1736, this able woman became Empress on the death of her father in 1740, and Charles was crowned Emperor of Austria in 1745.

British statecraft thus won prestige and the honors of success, while on Belgian soil many a brilliant and bloody battle was gained, which added such names as Ramillies, Malplaquet, Fontenoy, and Blenheim to the regimental flags of the British army. The fame of Marlborough was like that of Wellington in later time. Here also many an American loyalist officer, destined later in the Revolution to help in the struggle for American freedom, won his military laurels. Throughout, the native Walloon infantry maintained its reputation for steadiness and valor,

while the "Irish Walloon," or soldier of fortune, became, in fact and fiction, as picturesque and interesting a figure as the Irish-American soldier of our Civil War and later times.

In one of the campaigns, after the Battle of Fontenoy, the Duke of Cumberland was called back to Scotland, in 1745, to attend to "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and the uprising of the Highlanders who favored the Stuarts and were opposed to the House of Hanover. After the butchery of Culloden, in which the clans, as separate organizations, and the final remnants of Scottish feudalism disappeared, the Scots crossed the Atlantic to settle chiefly in Pennsylvania and North Carolina, and, in time, to swell the ranks of Washington's army. They still sang the air and words of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and the tune of "The White Cockade" was one of the first played by the Continental fifers and drummers. In Great Britain the white of the Stuarts and Bourbons was opposed to the black of the Hanoverian party. Many of the "sparkling Bourbonaires," who accompanied Count Rochambeau to Connecticut and to Yorktown, as allies of the Americans, were veterans from Belgic battle-fields, and they loved to hear the Yankee fifers scream out this welcome tune.

Much of the credit for the measure of prosperity which now came upon the Belgic provinces must be given to Prince Charles of Lorraine, who

devoted himself heart and soul to the development of the country. Among other enterprises, the canal from Ghent to Bruges, projected as early as 1379, was completed, and also one between Louvain and the Scheldt, thus adding materially to the internal communications of the country, and all the more necessary, since access to the sea had been cut off. To-day, steamers go direct from London to Brussels, utilizing these canals.

During the Seven Years' War, which raged from 1755 to 1763, with the exception of one incursion of the Germans foreign armies were kept out of the Low Countries. In this respect the Belgic folks were even more fortunate than the American colonists, for this was the time of the French and Indian War, which settled the question as to which civilization, Latin or Germanic, was to dominate the American continent. In that war Washington, trained in the manual of arms by van Braam, a Dutch veteran of Continental wars, received his military experience; but Braddock, accustomed to fight on the flat plains of Flanders, made his great mistake. His brave soldiers had been drilled to fire in platoons, at a foe easily seen and within short range. In Virginia, not knowing the ways of Indians, and unaccustomed to forest warfare with invisible and individual foes, the British troops could do little among trees in the forest, where American riflemen were at home. The victory of Wolfe over Montcalm,

on the Heights of Abraham, was the concluding act of a century-long drama.

Military operations on a grand scale went on in Germany, for the nations were in coalition to humble Prussia and the power of Frederick the Great, whose lieutenant, Baron von Steuben, later, at Valley Forge, changed a patriotic mob into a real army that was never thereafter beaten when opposed to an equal number. At Crefeld, where William Penn had gained so many German settlers for his "Holy Experiment" in Pennsylvania, there was a great battle in 1758. Prince Charles was obliged to be absent from the Belgic provinces during two years, but he was not very successful on the field of conflict. Relieved of command, he returned to civil duties by inaugurating a great reform, which greatly altered the system of land tenure in Belgic land. The power of the Church was also restrained and that of the civil law was reasserted.

Charles bravely faced one very tough problem. There was great danger of the accumulation of land and wealth in the hands of ecclesiastics. He issued an order that limited the number of acres which a single cultivator might control. The tiller of Belgic soil was not, as in France and Germany, held to feudal obligations, but was a free agent. Nevertheless, too much of the land was owned in large areas by the monks and nuns. The aim of Charles was to weaken the power of the convents

and monasteries, and secure frequent subdivision, so that the man who tilled the land could be its owner. The effect of this policy was to stimulate amazingly agriculture and to increase the number of small owners. On the other hand, the towns and the "dead cities" were left to languish for lack of industries and foreign commerce, and thousands of natives had to depend upon the bread of charity.

No more pitiable era in Belgian literature is known than that of the eighteenth century. One can see in their art that the Belgian painters of this century "knew no thoroughly national idiom in literature," which "never walked abreast of the other muses." "Save in the plastic arts, civilization in the southern Netherlands, during that period, displayed no national characteristics." Prince Charles made a noble effort to redeem the situation. He made it honorable for a gentleman to win fame with his pen as well as his sword. Under him the literary arts were lifted from the level of mere trades and made of high repute. He opened to students the famous library of the Dukes of Burgundy, the contents of which were a revelation to scholars. Its riches were great, including twenty-three thousand manuscripts, but it showed also how the Middle Ages travestied classic history. Instead of fact and truth, it offered mostly fiction for fact and fancy for reality.

Charles died in 1780, and was followed a few

months later by the Empress Maria Theresa. The Belgians spoke of Charles of Lorraine as "the good governor." They celebrated his jubilee by rearing a bronze statue, which now stands in the little garden in front of the Royal Library of Brussels. With the exception of the French invasion under Marshal Saxe, in 1745, the sixty-five years of this first period of Austrian rule had been one of unbroken peace and steady material progress.

CHAPTER XXV

"THE CROWNED ANARCHIST": LIÈGE AND SPA

Less fortunate for the Austrian Netherlands was the rule of "the crowned anarchist," Kaiser Joseph (1741–1790), brother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and who at the death of Maria Theresa, in 1780, became ruler of the Austrian Empire. He had read the writings of those philosophers, true followers of Rabelais, out of which were to issue the lightnings of the French Revolution. He had been flattered by the French encyclopædists. His ideal was that of "a wise despotism acting upon a definite system for the good of all." Yet he was without discernment to touch aright, or the patience to grapple with, the problems of society or government, so as to solve them with mastery. Disdaining alike exact information and treaty obligations, he ordered the Barrier Forts to be at once dismantled.

Holland being at that time in alliance with France, and at war with Great Britain on account of her recognition of the United States of America and Governor de Graeff's salute to the American flag at St. Eustatius, November 16, 1776, no resistance was made by the Dutch garrisons, who,

being wholly unprepared to resist, marched out with honors.

Such easy success so turned the Austrian Kaiser's head that he demanded the complete surrender of the frontier forts, and the cession of Maastrict, with the surrounding district. He then fitted out a small vessel which floated the Austrian flag, and sent her seaward down the Scheldt, expecting that the Dutch would at once open the river; but the gunners fired on the ship, compelling her to turn back.

Thereupon the hot-headed Kaiser determined to declare war on Holland; but, dissuaded from this, he tried diplomacy. The results of his negotiations in 1784 were the possession of the two forts which had fired on his flag and some compensation for his giving up Maastricht; but the Scheldt remained closed.

The weakness of Austria's hold on Belgic land lay in the readiness of the Vienna Court to sell out, or swap off the Low Countries for some advantage that would increase Austrian power. Such a scheme was proposed by the Emperor Joseph, in 1785, but was blocked by British statecraft, as making both Austria and France too powerful in central Europe and thus disturbing the "balance of power." Moreover, it was suspected that Marie Antoinette was at the bottom of the scheme.

Kaiser Joseph's plans for the sudden reformation of the Church in Belgic land were equally fu-

tile. His excellent purpose was to secure the toleration of all religions, as in Austria. Even the Pope declared in favor of his policy. In October, 1786, he issued an edict for the creation of seminaries for the instruction of priests to carry out the new measures. But, hardened by their bitter experiences during the "Troubles," the mass of the people were stolid and uneducated for change, and the University of Louvain led in opposition. The ultra conservatives claimed that this, like other proposed innovations,— even to the abolition of the torture of witnesses in the courts,— was opposed to their ancient constitution — the "Joyous Entry." Moreover, the Belgians suspected further Austrian designs against their freedom. Soon the Brabant Council refused, unless the obnoxious decrees were recalled, to vote the annual subsidy. Two parties formed, the Royalists and the Patriots. A war of pamphlets followed. It was evident that the American precedent of successful resistance to revolution from without was a powerful influence. The people of insurgent temper began drilling.

The answer of the Kaiser was an immediate increase of the Austrian garrisons and the planting of cannon around the hall of the Brabant Assembly, in Brussels, to overawe the legislators. In this era of cockades, two colors, the red and yellow of the Brabant flag, were borne in opposition to the black of Austria. When, at Mons, the

third estate in the Hainault Assembly voted opposition to the Imperial orders, and thus inaugurated opposition to usurpation, the Kaiser, quite equaling James II, Sir Edmund Andros, or George III, of Great Britain, declared the Belgic Constitution null and void and Hainault as conquered territory.

Absolutism had precipitated the issue. The Kaiser had now to deal, not with diplomatists, but with a people. Crossing the frontier into Holland, two bodies of Belgian revolutionists organized at Breda, under van der Noot and van Upen. Later, these bodies were united. They declared that Kaiser Joseph was no longer Duke of Brabant.

Marching to Turnhout, on October 26, 1789, their military leader, van der Mersh, drove out the Austrian garrison. This success was the signal for a general uprising. The Archduchess and her husband fled from Brussels December 11, and on the 18th, van der Noot entered the city in triumph. On January 11, 1790, the Brabant representatives declared themselves sovereign and independent, under the name of the Belgian United States, to be ruled by a national congress. All this horrified the Kaiser, who died shortly after, exclaiming that Belgium had killed him.

The new republic of the Belgian United States had many troubles and a short life. Besides many factional disorders within, it received no recog-

nition from the outside. Prussia, Holland, and Great Britain arranged for restoration to Austria. After parleying, the new Kaiser, in 1789, dispatched an Austrian army, which occupied Namur and Brussels and ended all armed resistance, while the popular leaders fled. Thus passed out of history the United States of Belgium.

No story of Belgic land is complete without notice of the independent church-state, the episcopal city of Liège and its Spa, near by. The former, long one of the busiest of cities and giving its name to one of the richest of the Walloon provinces, was, for over eight centuries, from the time of Notger (972–1008), its most famous ruler, a principality governed by a line of prince-bishops. Its history is largely that of the struggles of the people for their rights and for freedom from the exactions of their rulers, who dictated both politics and religion. The people usually lost in these conflicts, because the German Emperors and the Dukes of Brabant or Burgundy were called in with their armies to crush the popular uprisings. This was the case, even after the citizens forced a charter from Bishop de la Marck, in 1316. Charles the Bold, as we have seen, and as Scott has told in his novel of "Quentin Durward," pillaged the city and razed its walls.

Between the intrigues of the French King and the German Emperor, the town had its own civil wars between partisans, who were pro-French or

pro-German. Under the Austrian rule local freedom was extinguished after 1688, but there were intervals of peace and prosperity. The efforts of the prince-bishops, from this time until the French Revolution, were devoted to maintaining neutrality and keeping hostile armies off their soil when the rest of Belgian soil was a blood-stained area.

This neutrality made Spa, one of the towns in the hill country of Liège, with its healing waters and lovely scenery, the most fashionable resort in Europe. Here could be always found the froth, the dregs and, at times, the best society of the Continent. A mob of emperors, kings, dukes, lords, generals, and decayed gentility, youthful persons of shady character and worn-out old people with none, assembled here for amusement and health. Spa furnished the wits and joke-makers with a target for their shafts. Sheridan, in his "School for Scandal," says of "Cousin Ogle" that "her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation." No one ever took Spa seriously. Busken Huet says, "The hydropathic establishment disappeared behind the gambling-room, the landscape behind the international *table d'hôte*. . . . The neutrality of the territory did the rest." One cynical writer, after describing in detail the Italian, French, British, Spanish, and other exotics blooming at this garden of pleasure, pictures "Russian princesses with their medical attendants and Palatine or

Castilian ones with their private chaplains." He thus lumps the other oddities in his inventory: "Americans, burgomasters from all the neighboring districts, jail-birds from every part of the world in plenty, also quack doctors of all kinds and of adventurers a nice assortment, abbés from all countries, a few poor Irish priests who are instructing the young Liègois, one or two English archbishops with their wives," with invalids, amorous swains, and "female waltzers, more or less handsome, more or less innocent, more or less coquettish, more or less modest and reputable."

During the Austrian occupation other means, chiefly economic, were taken by Great Britain to head off the aggressive schemes of France and to secure the Netherlands against her and in sympathy with British statecraft. The treaty with Portugal, in 1703, was intended to favor British and Iberian trade at the expense of France, for it admitted into England Portuguese wines on easier terms than those from French and German vintages. This had, however, one curious and detrimental effect, noticeable at Spa, but more particularly throughout British society.

In this era the comparison "drunk as a lord" was to the point. A deluge of port wine rolled into England and created a market for decanters and tumblers, the latter made round at the bottom so as not to spill or waste contents, — a necessary precaution. In London, port was bought by

the hogshead, stored and bottled. In one year, 1747, over two million gallons were imported. People went to dinner "chiefly on account of the port which followed," and "enjoyment only began when . . . the solemn passage of the decanter had begun." Talk about "body," "bouquet," and "bee's-wing" — the gauzy film on the top of old port — was universal. To be found drunk under the table and to be carried off to bed by valets was reckoned the mark of a British gentleman.

Port wine helped grandly the cause of American independence. The ministers of King George III managed the affairs relating to the trans-Atlantic colonies, at a time when "Get drunk on port, rather than be sober on claret" was a social maxim. The fuddling of brains and eagerness to dine and drink port led to frightful delays, mistakes, and lapses of memory in the British War Office and on the part of King George's ministers, and these blunders aided the Americans like an army of auxiliaries. Contemporary pictures of British and other officers at Spa, "retired for wounds which they never received" from lead or steel, show pitiful illustrations of this same spirit of the age. There were no Gladstones then, vigorous at eighty, but plenty of gouty statesmen, used up at fifty-five. Gout, red coats, and King George III seem almost synonymous in art and chronology.

All this gayety, gambling, and amusement at Spa brought wealth to the Prince-Bishop of Liège. When in 1789 he ordered to be closed a house of pleasure which had been opened without his authorization, the right of the police was challenged. Some of the Spa people, being full of the revolutionary ideas imported from France, claimed that the exercise of such an act belonged only to the Three Estates.

After the European Congress, Liège was joined to the kingdom of Belgium and ceased its separate existence. Spa, after having given its own name to watering-places in Europe, and to Ballston, Saratoga, and Clifton, N. Y., became more than ever a famous focus of pleasure and health-seeking, and, with increased attractions, more than held its own. To its baths and springs, its winter-gardens and its open-air summer theatre, aisles of grand trees, and tennis-courts, tens of thousands of visitors were attracted yearly. Its drainage and water supply, representing the last word in hygienic art, received the first prize at the Paris Exposition of 1900. Near Spa is the highest point in Belgic land. At the Gileppe Dam is to be seen the Belgian Lion, made of hydraulic cement, forty-five feet high and weighing twelve hundred and seventy-six pounds.

After this statistical excursion, we have only to add that the revolt which arose from nothing nobler than the distribution of the proceeds of

the gambling-tables at Spa, — a mere quarrel over spoil, — drove the Bishop to Trèves and the German princes and counts invested in his quarrel. The people of Liège demanded a free national assembly and the rights of men and citizens, such as their brethren in France were supposed to enjoy. After some desultory operations of the Prussian military, the Liège uprising was put down by the active intervention of an Austrian army.

During the war of the nations, which broke out in 1914, almost every one of the hotels in Spa was utilized during the entire campaign for the tens of thousands of German wounded, for which the place was so admirably fitted by nature and art.

CHAPTER XXVI

UNDER FRENCH MASTERS

ALTHOUGH the Austrians were again in power in 1790, Leopold II (1747–1792) being Emperor, and the chief executive Metternich, father of a more famous son, and the Governor-General Maria Christine and her husband Albert seeming conciliatory in method and policy, the Belgic people were not enthusiastic at entering once more into the old house of bondage. Many anonymous writers of pamphlets discussed the question of the constitution and what they supposed to be the best government for Belgium, which the Austrians imagined was wholly their question and not that of the natives; for they insisted that there was, properly speaking, "no Belgian nation; each of the ten provinces was different."

The people, wishing to enjoy their ancient constitution in their own way, easily saw through Metternich's scheme, which was to play off one Belgic party against another. Sullen and insurgent as they were, the situation became acute when the States refused to vote supplies to the Austrian Archduchess.

When Kaiser Leopold died, on March 1, 1792, open war broke out between France and Austria.

The first French invasion failed, for the alert Austrian army was forty thousand strong, eight of the regiments being Walloon. In the autumn ninety thousand Frenchmen, in three divisions, one of them commanded by General Lafayette, of American fame, crossed the border and, at Jemappes, November 6, outnumbered and defeated the Austrians. General Dumouriez entered Brussels, and occupied Antwerp, Namur, and Liège. Europe wondered at a conscript army of republicans overcoming Austrian veterans, accustomed to be commanded by dukes and imperial generals. Later, because of their humane pleas on behalf of the French King and Queen, and of their protests against the excesses of the Revolutionaries, both Dumouriez and Lafayette were declared traitors to France. Nevertheless, despite the prayers of his wife and the intercession of Washington and the Government of the United States, Lafayette spent five years in the prisons of Prussia and Austria. The name of the latter country became, in America, a synonym for dungeons, despotism, and reaction, an impression which lasted until after Kossuth's time.

The Belgians were quickly disappointed in that quality of French republicanism against which Lafayette had protested. Instead of altruistic allies, they found common plunderers. The Gallic marauders regarded the property of "aristocrats" in Church or State as their booty. The

guillotine was erected in the Grand Place in Brussels, to behead the victims of republican fury, while in the abbeys and châteaux, the alien robber and iconoclast wrought foulest destruction in the name of "liberty, equality, and fraternity."

When in 1793 Louis XVI was beheaded in France, Great Britain declared war. The Allies entered the Belgic provinces and defeated the French at Neerwinden. In April, 1794, at Brussels, the Austrian Emperor was solemnly inaugurated Duke of Brabant, and apparently the bonds uniting Austria and the Belgians were forged anew.

Yet the insincerity of the Austrians, who gave the Belgic people no assurance of respect for their ancient liberties, but rather kept the conquered country as a pawn in the broker's shop, helped the French. These, after defeating the Allies, entered Brussels on the 9th of July, and in the fourth year of the Republic formally united the Low Countries with France. For twenty years to come, the Belgians were to suffer bondage in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity. A steady emigration of natives into Holland began and continued from 1780 to 1830.

The era of the Austrian occupation, from 1713 to 1796, may be called the period of the Apochrypha of Belgian history. During the two centuries, which include also the Spanish domination,

except in art the Belgians spoke chiefly the language of despair.

Into the same house of bondage the French planned to force the Dutch. During the severe winter of 1795 they crossed the icy highroads, furnished by the frozen rivers and canals, and established the Batavian Republic. On the whole they treated the Dutch with comparative mildness and honesty, as having less sympathy than the Belgians with aristocracy. The Belgic churches and abbeys were ruthlessly despoiled, and, added to the onerous taxes, was the compulsion to take the worthless French paper money at its full face value.

Goaded to desperation, large numbers of natives took to the woods or hid in the swamps, becoming bandits and highwaymen. When the French ordered a general conscription, in a country where the objection to a standing army was deeply rooted, the Peasant War of 1798 broke out. It was confined to the Campine, the region of moors and marshes; and only villagers, farmers, and laborers took part in it. The valor of these patriots did not avail before the French infantry and the uprising was put down in blood. In recent years, in Hasselt (hazel bush), the city of Limburg, famous for its folklore and fêtes and of Browning's poem, "How they [three horsemen] brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," a noble monument, in eloquent sculpture, has been

reared to commemorate these rustic martyr-patriots. On a high pedestal adorned with life-sized figures of farmers in combat with the invaders, stands the leader, with standard and staff of the cross, blowing a horn to assemble his comrades.

At Jemappes, in 1911, — at the time when hostilities between France and Germany over the Morocco affair were expected every moment, — a Gallic cock in bronze, instead of the Napoleonic eagle, was unveiled on the old battle-field. Neither French President nor Belgic King was present, however, and the oration of the French General Langlois was as "colorless as a royal speech from the throne." The Belgian masses supplied the only enthusiasm of the day.

When Napoleon came into power, at the time of the Treaty of Lunéville, February 9, 1801, by which all Germany west of the Rhine was ceded to France, he declared that France would never yield her rights in or renounce her possession of the Belgic provinces. He realized the naval importance of Antwerp, and, soon after assuming the title of First Consul, visited this city, spending three days. He declared that he would make it the metropolis of Europe. This touched the pride of the Belgians and their welcome of him was warm and his whole progress a triumph. Their enthusiasm was based on the belief that at last a ruler had appeared who honestly desired to promote their true interests. His real purpose was

to make Antwerp the base of ambitious war projects. By 1813 he had spent on docks and fortifications the sum of ten million dollars.

Long is the story of hopes continually raised in the Belgian heart, but short and rapid appears their issue in despair. For a year, the river being open, Antwerp enjoyed a flush of prosperity, until the Scheldt was blockaded at its mouth by British cruisers, and commerce suddenly ceased. The lacemakers made a gorgeous veil for the Empress Josephine when she and her uncertain husband — a colossal blunderer when judging peoples — entered Brussels, escorted by twelve thousand veteran troops. But in 1804 France became an empire; and when, in 1810, Napoleon revisited Brussels, Josephine was a divorced woman and the fickle husband had a new wife from the Austrian Court.

The Treaty of Luxembourg in 1806 meant the dismemberment of Belgian territory, for the old Walloon State of Stavelot, after nine hundred years of history, was dissolved. Later, in 1815, it was divided, part of it going to Prussia, while the towns, Stavelot and Malmedy, remained Belgic, with no change of language or religion.

The popularity of the upstart emperor waned as suddenly as it had risen when he appointed Belgian bishops independently of the Pope, whom he treated as a virtual prisoner. In the palace at Laeken he planned the invasion of Russia, in

which thousands of Belgian young men were sacrificed. After Napoleon had lost the Battle of Leipsic, in October, 1813, the Belgians were ready to revolt. "The Dutch took Holland" and the Prince of Orange returned from England. The European Congress at Châtillon, in March, 1814, offered Napoleon France with the boundaries of 1791. This meant that he must evacuate Belgium. When the allied army entered Brussels and Bonaparte had been banished to Elba, Great Britain, thinking that the Napoleonic problem was solved, sent thousands of her veterans to America, expecting at New Orleans to end her war with the United States with a crushing victory. Her statesmen did not then know the virtues, either of cotton bales or of Old Hickory, or the shooting qualities of Jackson's riflemen.

A shower of pamphlets fell in Belgium and it continued to rain printer's ink until the cannon boomed at Waterloo. The Congress of Vienna decided that the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands were, after a separation of two hundred and thirty years, to form a single kingdom. William, Prince of Orange, at Amsterdam and Brussels, on March 17, 1815, caused himself to be proclaimed King of the Netherlands. This calmed public opinion in Belgium and gave satisfaction in Great Britain.

The sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, however, upset all plans, reopened the problem, and made Belgium the first object of invasion by

the French. Meanwhile Wellington's veterans were not at hand, but across the Atlantic.

All these events, though but slightly noticed by historians, worked for the American cause at Ghent, where, for the purpose of framing a treaty of peace which should end the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States, five of the ablest American statesmen, appointed by President Madison — Bayard, Gallatin, J. Q. Adams, Henry Clay, and Jonathan Russell — confronted three of Great Britain's weakest envoys, the young and unknown William Adams, with Henry Goulburn, and an elderly ex-admiral, Lord Gambier, after whom Gambier, Ohio, is named, as is also Kenyon College after his friend. Behind the British envoys was the angry war party in London, who wanted President Madison banished and made a companion in exile of Bonaparte. It eventuated that the treaty signed was one of the most favorable ever made by the United States. The Battle of New Orleans, fought after the treaty of peace had been made, there being as yet no ocean telegraph, was fought in vain.

On the continent three months passed before a shot was fired, for great armies on both sides had to be gathered and equipped. Bitterly disappointed in the Belgians, Napoleon found only three hundred and fifty under his eagles at Waterloo, while forty-five hundred were ranged with the Allies. He had hoped they would welcome him as a bene-

factor, whereas the Belgians had deemed themselves in a French prison for twenty years. Napoleon did not understand peoples.

At the Battle of Quatre Bras on June 16, the Netherlanders bore, without British support, the brunt of the fighting until 3.30 P.M., losing over one thousand men. Then they were skillfully withdrawn by Colonel Bylandt from the fire of the French artillery. On June 18, at the splendid charge of Ney's division of fifteen thousand men of the French cavalry, the Dutch and Belgians gave way after great loss, but re-formed and fought again.

Thackeray, Bædeker, and others have revamped an old story, concocted twenty years after the battle, about the cowardice of the Belgian troops. Thackeray's funny character, Regulus van Cutsum, stands on the page of "Vanity Fair," most unjustly, as a typical Belgian. All contemporary accounts, both official and popular, show that the sons of the soil were no more cowards than the German troops under Sigel in our Civil War, or the Union soldiers at Gettysburg when ordered to retire behind the guns.

In changing from French to Dutch masters the Belgians were to prove that they were to gain any advantage. A European congress at Vienna had ordered that two peoples, differing largely in religion, language, temperament, occupations, and experience, should form the Kingdom of the United Netherlands.

CHAPTER XXVII

UNDER A DUTCH KING

WILLIAM I, the Dutch King, looked upon the new domain, allotted to him by a congress of the Powers, as a conquered territory, while the Belgic people, devoted to their old constitution, agreed to union but not absorption.

King William I was a typical Dutchman of the old school, rich in private virtues, but hardly fitted for civil government and difficult problems of statesmanship. He had been driven out of his home land by the French, had lived eighteen years in foreign lands, chiefly in barracks, had fought against Napoleon, and was of a military cast of mind. Would he be a master of hearts in reconciling two nations? Heads shook at the idea.

Belgium's population, as compared to that of Holland, was as seven to five, and concerning the Dutch Constitution of March 19, 1814, her people had not been consulted. Only one Belgian had a seat in the King's cabinet of ministers. His Majesty nominated the members of the Upper Chamber, who sat for life. Of the one hundred and ten members in the Lower Chamber, half were from Holland and half from Belgium, despite the larger population of the latter. The great national

debt of Holland was to be paid largely by those who had no part in its making.

Of the prominent personalities, the Crown Prince and the future King William II was popular with the Belgians. He made Brussels his residence and married Anna Paulowna, daughter of Czar Alexander of Russia, at St. Petersburg, February 1, 1816. Their son, born February 9, 1817, became William III, father of Queen Wilhelmina. Another friend of the Belgians was Hogendorp, who, having been in America, was proud of his friendship with Washington.

King William I, thoroughly imbued with the views of his Prussian ancestors and relatives of his wife, took his ideas of government from the barrack-room, rather than from men wiser than himself. His aim seemed to be to enforce his personal will, to make Holland supreme and Belgium subordinate. He was not even a success with his own people. Attempting to reconstruct the democratic system of the Reformed Dutch churches, on the model of the Anglican establishment, backing his decrees with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, he drove thousands of his Protestant subjects to resistance and secession from the State Church. The result was a change from subjects to citizens, who, in a great emigration of the most desirable settlers, helped build the commonwealths of Michigan, Iowa, and Nebraska. The King and Hogendorp quarreled, and in place of a helper, his Majesty

had a bitter and unrelenting critic, whose statue to-day, erected by the Dutch Liberals, stands, not in the conservative Hague, but in Hogendorp Plein, in progressive Rotterdam.

Hogendorp was succeeded by Falck, who happily was a man of intellect and rich culture, a friend of literature and a patron of art. He revived the Royal Academy of Arts and Letters, arranged attractively the treasures of sculpture and painting which had been recovered from Bonaparte's plunder gathered in Paris, deposited the famous Burgundian Library in the Brussels Museum, and encouraged the formation of art galleries in other cities.

Yet Falck, too, did not please his sovereign, for he, like Hogendorp, felt that he must be the servant of the nation rather than of one man in it, however eminent, considering that the government was representative, not despotic. The King removed Falck and appointed Streefkerk, a man after his own heart, a routine official and hard worker, who could obey without scruple.

It is needless to detail the story of how two peoples, differing in interests and habits, in religion and language, drifted apart. Although Brussels was a brilliant city and The Hague was then but an overgrown village, the smaller place was made the national capital. With thirty Belgians and one hundred and thirty-nine Dutchmen in the principal offices, with a great national debt contracted

by Holland, which the Belgians could not understand why they should be called upon to pay, with the fleets from the Orient isles, with cargoes of pepper, spices, and coffee, unloading at Amsterdam and not at Antwerp, and the wealth of the Far East and colonies enriching the northern and not the southern Netherlands, even though Walloon and Flemish soldiers fought in Java, and with food very dear and living increasingly expensive, the masses in Belgic land became more and more dissatisfied. When new taxes were laid on wheat, and the popular religion was interfered with, they showed openly their discontent.

Time, tact, and patience would have won the Belgians, but neither the King nor his ministers would argue or explain, requiring from the annexed people only obedience. The King even tried to reconstruct education. His attempt to establish a department of philosophy at the University of Louvain was openly resisted by the prelates. He founded the University of Ghent in 1816, which was highly appreciated and the university still flourishes, with the Dutch arms unerased from their place of honor.

Other good things were done by King William in behalf of the Belgic people, which have survived revolution and estrangement, and for which Belgians are to-day grateful. He encouraged and supported societies for the development of the resources of the southern Netherlands. He patron-

ized many enterprises of industry, one of which, the great ironworks at Seraing, near Liège, founded by John Cockerill, an English mechanic, had, in its development, a story of romantic interest. King William invested largely of his private fortune in the enterprises fostered by the Cockerill establishment, in which later the Waterloo Lion was cast and the Belgian railways equipped. Its activities, carried on by over fifteen thousand men, comprised the production of war material, cannon casting, bridge and railway equipment, and the building of steel ships at Hoboken on the Scheldt. The offices of the company were in the old palace of the Prince-Bishops of Liège. In 1914 the Germans utilized this large "plant."

These facts, creditable to the heart of King William, explain why it was that, in the University of Ghent, after the separation of the two countries in 1830, the arms of the Dutch Kingdom, with the motto of William of Orange, "I will maintain," wrought in bas-relief on the walls, were untouched and still remain.

It may be safely said that an ex-soldier's interferences with conscience and customs, irritating as these were, do not wholly account for the downfall of Dutch rule in Belgic land. It was rather, as in the days of Alva, the financial measures of 1821, touching as they did the pocket nerve of every householder in the country, that hastened the crisis. The tenth penny of the Duke of Alva

precipitated the Dutch revolt against Spain in the sixteenth century. The same law of cause and effect in the ninteenth century began to work fresh disaster.

In 1826 the influence of Belgic Liberals, led by Louis de Potter, was more than apparent. His articles in the newspapers taught the people that the Constitution of 1815 had been violated, and that the new laws ought to be withdrawn. At this, the King was furious. He ordered de Potter arrested, and in the trial of December, 1838, the journalist was sentenced to fine and imprisonment. This produced a tremendous popular excitement. The mob showed its feeling by smashing the windows of van Manen, the Minister of Justice. De Potter refused to be silenced. In prison, he sent out one of those little books which have set nations aflame. He appealed to Catholics and Liberals to unite in the national cause, and made scathing indictment of the royal policy. Thereupon, the King ordered de Potter to be banished.

At once, Count de Mérode, head of the Catholic party, who had reared a tablet in honor of Anneessens of 1719, champion of Belgic liberties against the Austrians, circulated a petition that was soon black with one hundred thousand signatures. Catholics and Liberals, Walloons and Flemings, forgot their differences and became as one man. Then the King, even before he could understand the force of the movement, very unwisely

and all unconscious that he was playing the rôle of a Berlaymont, denounced the agitator as "infamous." The reply to this royal outburst of bad temper was a society formed of the leading petitioners called the "Association of the Infamous." Imitating their ancestors, they took as their motto, "Faithful, even to Infamy." Royalty thus furnished ammunition to the foes it had made. It was manifest to cool-headed outsiders that the southern Netherlanders were determined to be free. The Dutch were soon to discover that the Belgians were a nation. Like Napoleon and many a great man, victim to his egotism and delusions, King William could deal with men of routine, but not with a people. He could read the mind of individuals, but not that of a nation.

It was not Dutchmen only that scouted the idea of Belgians uniting as one man. The first infirmity of the French mind regarding Belgic land was that it was a house divided against itself and that Flemings and Walloons could never form a permanent union.

Necessity being the mother of invention, and also of success, true Belgian journalism, so sorely needed, developed amazingly from the year 1827. Despite severe press laws and government prosecutions, the power of the printed daily sheet grew steadily. In July, 1829, King William, after visiting Ghent, Liège, and other places, was misled by the warmth of his welcome outwardly

given, and in October, thoroughly self-deceived, the King opened the last session of the States-General of the United Kingdom of the Netherlands. To a petition of the Belgian people, bearing one hundred and fifty thousand signatures and declared to be backed by three hundred and sixty thousand heads of families, praying for redress, the only answer of royalty was — "I know my duty. I will maintain with all my power that Constitution to which I have taken oath."

Action and reaction between the Belgian Liberals and the Dutch Government followed. The King withdrew the unpopular law on education, but the cession came too late; and the climax of unwisdom was capped, on the 21st of June, in an order removing the High Court from Mechlin, where it had been since Burgundian days, and fixing it at The Hague. This was done when there were nearly four million Belgians to less than two and a half millions of the Dutch. In the army fewer than one fourth of the officers were Belgians.

The Paris upheaval of July, 1830, had its effect in Brussels. On the 8th of August the Dutch King visited the city, but left, after four days, in alarm. A meeting of prominent Belgians was secretly held to discuss plans for a new government. The situation was so menacing that the celebration of the royal birthday on August 24 was postponed. Yet no special military precautions were taken, though the garrison numbered

only fourteen hundred and sixty-eight men, without artillery.

On the night of the 25th of August, whether with or without intention, Auber's opera of "Musette de Portici," then new, was sung. People recalled that the Sicilian Vespers had been followed by the Bruges Matins. The same music had been sung, just before, in Paris, when Lafayette turned the tide in favor of the Liberal *bourgeoisie*, and gave his adherence to Louis Philippe, recognizing the supremacy of the nation in the new royal title, "King of the French, by the Grace of God and the Will of the People."

In Auber's opera, the Neapolitan, Massaniello, who had four other names, calls upon his fellow countrymen to rise from their misery and slavery, and, moved by sacred love of country, to seek liberty from foreigners. When, in Brussels, the tenor had sung the passage in which the hero makes his appeal to revolt and hurls his anathemas against the alien conquerors, the audience was seized with an irrepressible enthusiasm. Rising in their seats they sang the air over and over again in chorus. Then, rushing from the house and into the square, they shouted, "Down with the Dutch! Down with the Ministers!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE NATIONAL REVOLUTION OF 1830

VERY appropriately music was the occasion of an outbreak of a war for freedom, in which Brussels, like Paris, had its very effective barricades and became the centre of operations. Delegations of leading Belgians were sent to The Hague, asking for separation and that the Prince of Orange, the King's son, be made viceroy; but royalty kept silence. The King scorned proposals which, later, he would gladly have accepted.

At Laeken, Belgian notables, wearing the Brabant colors and cockades, met the Prince of Orange, but no mutual satisfaction was gained. The next morning the Prince rode into the city with a small escort, and, leaping over the barricades, joined Colonel Bylandt's Dutch garrison at the Palace.

Events moved rapidly in Belgium and slowly in Holland. Dutch troops advanced across the frontier and on the 23d of September attacked the city gates of Brussels. Planting sixteen guns in the inner space, they swept the Rue de Royale with ball and grape. Then Bylandt, at the head of a solid column of eighteen hundred men, charged down the street. Victory seemed easy, but at the

barricades, off the main street, resistance was stubborn. A Dutch flanking force, sent eastward, lost its way and the men had to surrender. Neither cavalry nor infantry could make any impression on the barricades, which now rose on every side, while Belgian reinforcements from Namur, Tournay, and Liège poured in. The Dutch retreated to the park. The wooden-legged gunner, Charlier of Liège, serving his brass cannon, pointed at the park gate, with amazing rapidity and at short range made a record, now famous in song and story, that meant death to Dutchmen by the score. The King's troops were in Brussels and in the park, but how were they to get out?

The Provisional Government of Belgium was formed on the 24th and took charge of affairs. Hard fighting was resumed on Sunday, the 25th, when four hundred Dutch and two hundred Belgians were killed. Cooped up without a supply of provisions or ammunition, and utterly unused to this style of fighting, the Dutch, after four days' war, with a loss of fifteen hundred, retreated during the night. In the square now called "The Place of the Martyrs," six hundred Belgians were buried, their other dead and the wounded making a total of many more. In this struggle the Walloons had thus far furnished the leaders and statesmen, but now the Flemings joined them. The battle at the barricades has been grandly painted by Gaillart, the Belgian artist.

King William called upon the Dutch people to rise in arms, but in Belgium the supreme activities were in the direction of political reconstruction. The Prince of Orange came to Antwerp October 24, empowered by his father to be governor of the southern provinces, but this time he met with little sympathy. After attempts at a compromise, he left Antwerp, October 25, in despair.

Hostilities reopened. The Belgians won in some skirmishes and when their volunteer soldiery entered the gates of Antwerp, the Dutch troops retired into the citadel, in which General Chassé had now a garrison of five thousand men. On the 27th of October, at 3:30 P.M., aided by eight Dutch men-of-war in the Scheldt, he began a bombardment of the city, which continued during seven hours, eighteen thousand shots being fired. The loss to Antwerp totaled two hundred lives and $2,500,000

This settled the question. A "river of fire and blood divides us forever from King William and his dynasty," was an individual's expression of Belgian feeling. On the 19th of November, the National Congress passed a resolution, declaring that "all members of the Orange-Nassau family are excluded in perpetuity from exercising any power in Belgium."

Some sarcastic folks declared that the real motive of this unnecessary expenditure of powder and bombs was that which underlay the century-

long closure of the Scheldt, — to ruin the city commercially for the pecuniary gain of the Dutch. In a word, "Rotterdam bombarded Antwerp." Like most wars, this one, at bottom, was for lucre.

The Belgians had won their freedom and become a nation. A congress of two hundred delegates assembled and, after the labors involved in one hundred and fifty-six sittings, the issue in work was not only nobly creditable, but proved that natives were able to govern themselves far better than foreigners possibly could. Constitution, flag, and motto became law on February 7, 1831. Independence, representative government, and the exclusion of the Orange-Nassau family were the three principal features of this fundamental law of the old people and new nation.

King William proved refractory and applied to the five Powers, authors of the Treaty of Vienna, and a conference was opened in London, November 4.

Meanwhile the Belgians elected as their sovereign prince Prince Leopold of Saxony, whose (legendary) descent was from the historic Wittekind. A man of fine education aud notable abilities, he accepted the responsibilities of service. Of the Reformed faith until the day of his death, he yet made an almost ideal ruler of a Catholic country. After he had read the Belgian Constitution he remarked that they who made it had left little for a king to do. On the 17th of July, 1831, he en-

tered Brussels amid splendor and rejoicings. The throne was set up in front of the great cathedral of St. Gudule, and the coronation, conducted with solemn and joyful ceremonies, gave the Belgians a sense of unity and new courage. After forming a cabinet, Prince Leopold looked for his military resources to meet the impending storm of war from Holland. He found that instead of the army of sixty-eight thousand men planned on paper, there were but twenty-five thousand ready and available for service. Meanwhile the host of eighty thousand Dutch troops, in four divisions, with seventy-two guns, was marching across the Campine, while the gunboats floating the tricolor were active in the Scheldt and cruising over fields now covered with water by the cutting of the dikes.

In the "Ten Days' Campaign," the Belgian general, Niellon, at Turnhout on one day with his eight hundred men, kept twelve thousand Dutch troops at bay, and, reinforced next day, he, with eighteen hundred soldiers, held his own against twenty-five thousand of the enemy, and then retreated. At Kermpt, two thousand Belgians drove fifteen thousand Hollanders, with many guns, from their position.

This was the war in which the Flemish novelist, Henry Conscience, was a volunteer. He has told us of his experiences, and vivid indeed is the story of summer life in the Campine, amid the solitudes of which he spent his boyhood. Even

more pathetic are his winter pictures of Belgium's frozen Siberia, of the snow, slush, ice, and frigid air of the desolate heaths. The patriots had to sleep with slight shelter or none. Sometimes the ice had to be chopped from their blouses. In this typical workingman's garment the soldiers fought, and colonels wore it as their uniform, — the gold shoulder-straps and badges of rank and office harmonizing finely with the blue. Proudly the patriots of 1830 wore the blouse. Exultingly do their children cherish it. Gladly have painters represented their heroes in it.

Yet few reputations were made during this struggle, which from one side seemed a civil war and from the other a patriotic resistance of invading foreigners. Slight honor belongs to the Belgian commanders, Neillon being the only real general. Despite his corrupt and improvident ministers of war, King Leopold kept heart and persevered. The Assembly voted seventy-two million francs and a new levy of twenty-five thousand men. The Belgian Lion and motto were seen on the regimental flags and on the colors of garrisons, meaning defiance to the end.

On the Dutch side little glory was won, but one name, beside that of General Chassé, rises immortal. Lieutenant van Speyk, an alumnus of the Amsterdam Orphan Asylum, in command of the Dutch gunboat and thirty-one men when it grounded, February 5, 1831, on the river bank,

saw his ship surrounded by boatloads of Belgians coming to capture his men and his craft. Unable to make successful resistance to overwhelming numbers, he waited until his enemies were on board, in exultation over an imaginary victory. Then, rushing to the powder magazine, van Speyk fired his pistol. In the explosion, ten men were killed and twenty-one wounded, only two of the crew escaping. To-day, in the parlor of the orphan asylum, on the Kalvar Straat, in Amsterdam, the sword and relics of this brave man are reverently cherished, and at Egmont-aan-Zee in his honor rises an obelisk crowned with a bronze lion. When the United States of America, in 1889, celebrated their centennial of the Constitution, it was the marines and sailors of the Dutch frigate van Speyk, who, marching down Broadway, attracted so much attention, because so totally different, in build and face, from the Dutchmen of Irving's literary legend.

In accordance with the terms of the treaty between the British and French, Belgium now called on France for aid, and a French army of fifty thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, and eight thousand artillery and engineers, entered the Low Countries, through Tournay, to dislodge General Chassé, who had forty-five hundred men in the citadel at Antwerp, much of it still retaining Alva's tough masonry of 1567, and the batteries their Spanish names. The initial trenches

were completed November 29, and the next day the first gun opened the storm of fire. On the 14th of December the lunette of St. Lawrence was captured. On the 23d, the Toledo bastion was breached. Sixty-five thousand rounds had been fired. All was now ready for the assault, when the white flag was hung out, and the next day the Dutch laid down their arms and marched as prisoners to France. The Dutch loss was five hundred and sixty-two men. On the French side, seventeen hundred and thirty-one men were killed, wounded, or invalided. Colonel Coopman, in command of the Dutch fleet on the Scheldt, rather than surrender to the French, who now commanded forts that could sink his craft, set fire to five and scuttled seven of his ships. Most of his sailors escaped, though he himself was made prisoner. General Chassé, praised as a hero, received the thanks of King William. Despite this French-Belgian success, the Scheldt was not yet open. Over the two great fortresses at Lille and Liefkenshoek on the right bank commanding the river, the Dutch flag floated until 1839. At Tournay, a memorial column was reared in honor of this French intervention.

Traditional Dutch obstinacy was illustrated by King William, who still held out. While he sulked, unreasonable and irreconcilable, the Belgians continued to progress in unity and prosperity. On the 9th of August, 1832, at Compiègne,

France, Prince Leopold was married to Louise, daughter of "the Bourgeois King," Louis Philippe.

The written protest of the Belgian envoys to the London Conference, made September 28, 1833, closed the first period of the new kingdom's foreign affairs, and during the next five years there were few incidents that vitally concerned the two nations that had formerly been one. At last the iron will of King William relaxed, and on the 24th of March, 1838, he accepted the twenty-four articles agreed upon in 1831 by the Powers. The final treaty in London signed by all the Powers, April 18, 1839, guaranteed Belgium's perpetual neutrality. This document was the "scrap of paper" of 1914. To the sorrow of the patriots, who for nine years had sacrificed for their country, Belgium, Limburg was attached to Holland.

The long struggle only proved the absurdity of war as a method of deciding international disputes, in which the personal element was so visible and prominent. At bottom the whole affair was a squabble raised by a stubborn old aristocrat, who wanted his ministers to be slaves of the royal will. In the early stages, at least, of the dispute, the affair could easily have been settled without the loss of blood or treasure. It seems the height of absurdity that great nations should be troubled with the personal quarrels of their chief servants. Their bitter experiences made the Dutch welcome,

in the next century, the Hague Conferences and Court of Arbitration.

Belgium's vital foreign problem being solved, her energies were now devoted to interior reorganization. Now began that long struggle between the Clericals and Liberals that has furnished, since 1830, the core of Belgian politics. The first battle was over the control of the universities, for the inveterate question of the priests was, — Who shall be master of the mind and conscience of the nation? Unless isolated from the influences that make the dreaded Liberals and the kind of people that want public schools free from priests and parsons, sects and church rulers, as in America, for example, there was no hope of maintaining the power of the hierarchy. After the problem of the university came that of elementary education. The long battle of words in discussion lasted many months. Then the primary education law, of September 23, 1842, in substance the law of the land until 1911, was promulgated.

Gradually, though very slowly, the civilized nations are following the example of the United States in the absolute separation of Church and State.

In the perspective of eighty years, we can see that whatever yet remains for difference and adjustment between them, the Dutch and Belgians now respect each other as genuinely as do Federal and Confederate veterans, who, on the old battle-

fields, have long since clasped hands. At the inauguration of Queen Wilhelmina in 1898, the obelisk reared in Amsterdam in memory of the fallen Dutch in Belgium in 1830, was hidden in the "reconciliation of flowers." In Belgium this oblivion of bitterness is all the more true, with emphasis, not only because of Rogier's song, "The New Brabanter," but was notable in 1911, when the menace of France and Germany against the neutrality of either country on account of the Moroccan affair threatened to take a form of reality inimical to both countries. Then the sovereigns, Wilhelmina and Albert, were as glad to meet and exchange ideas for mutual benefit as are the men of the Blue and the Gray in America to reaffirm ancient friendships, which are more powerful, in the long run, than temporary causes of estrangement.

In our chapter on "Brave Little Belgium," we shall see how again, in 1914, as in 1567, Holland opened her arms to welcome the Belgian refugees driven from home by war.

CHAPTER XXIX

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BELGIAN STATE

THE new king, Leopold I, was at first disgusted at the parochial nature of local politics. He was not in love with either the theory or the practice of government by parties, and the incessant squabbles of the Clericals and Liberals irritated him. Nevertheless the constitutional system of Belgium was far in advance of the general status in Europe, and when the era of unionist ministries was over, cabinets containing many elements came into being. Then Belgium, with the electorate vastly enlarged, was enabled to resist and weather the great storm of revolution in Europe which made the year 1848 so memorable in history. From Paris the "Citizen King" fled, and most of the continental nations were profoundly perturbed. From Hungary, Kossuth, invited by President Zachary Taylor, fled to America, coming in the United States warship Mississippi, only to receive from President Millard Fillmore the disappointing announcement that the policy of non-interference in the affairs of foreign nations, outlined by Washington, would be rigidly upheld.

The Belgians drove back from their soil several

bodies of armed French invaders who attempted to violate her neutrality, even the locomotive being used for the sudden transport of these filibusters. During the tragic and troubled era, remaining undisturbed, to be a bulwark of defense to Holland also, Belgium emerged in strength and prosperity, rendering by her stability vast services to the cause of constitutional liberty in Europe. The demonstration of the value of a written constitution as a safety-brake was in this case notable. Throughout all the debates the examples of England and the United States of America were constantly held up as to be followed for inspiration.

The system of party politics steadily developed, and with increase of the electorate the elections became more and more representative of principles and not merely indices of the personal followings of leaders. Even when, in 1851, Napoleon III made his Coup d'État in Paris, the example of the French had slight allurement. Despite the taunt that "Belgium was a nest of demagogues," it was clear that the new state had the freest constitution in continental Europe. Its very freedom, however, rendered its provisions of hospitality to foreigners liable to abuse, in that revolutionists from other countries made Belgium too often the headquarters of their pernicious activities, in the licentiousness of journalism, and the plots of assassins.

Preëminent in measures of reform and advancement stood the great Liberal statesman, Charles Latour Rogier (1800–1883), one of whose monuments stands in Brussels, while another, recently erected at Liège, is one of the noblest triumphs of modern art. Under his leadership the number of voters was doubled. Indeed, the story of modern Belgium may almost be told in the narrative of his life. Left an orphan by the death of his father, who perished in the Russian campaign of Napoleon, Rogier came to Liège and started a newspaper which attacked the Dutch administration. In 1830, under a banner inscribed, "Win or die for Brussels," he led a hundred and fifty of his fellow citizens to the capital, took part in the fighting and civil reconstruction, and was made president of the administrative commission. He served in the National Congress, fought a duel, and was wounded. He carried to success the law establishing a national system of railways. He served repeatedly in cabinets and as Premier, devoting his untiring energies to Belgium's industrial development, and to limiting the power of the Clericals. To secure reconciliation with Holland, in 1860, he wrote a famous poem, "La Nouvelle Brabançonne." In 1860, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he achieved the greatest of Belgian diplomatic triumphs, the opening of the Scheldt River to commerce, which in a few years made Antwerp the second seaport on the Conti-

nent. When the Belgians celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their independence, the popular ovations accorded Rogier showed him to be the idol of all classes. In 1910, above the Brabant Lion, and beside the Maid of Belgic Land, with all the symbols of honor and veneration of a grateful people, the figure of Rogier was set in enduring bronze in the city of Liège. To-day one may behold what his statesmanship accomplished for the nation. No country in Europe excels Belgium in the cheapness and convenience of travel by railways, which he helped to inaugurate. In Antwerp, the allegory in marble of the enrichment of the city and land, through the wealth-giving river, stands in one of the principal thoroughfares, and in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art the naval pageant, which inaugurated the navigation of the Scheldt in 1863, is shown on a brilliant canvas by Paul Jean Clays. Happily for the enrichment of life and the sweetening of toil, the first smile of free nation was art. Like a garden of bright flowers, Belgian painters made the canvas bloom as they told their country's story and its episodes in their paintings.

Rogier's younger colleague, Hubert Joseph Walther Frère-Orban, born in 1812, who carried on the good work of his predecessor, was also a man of Liège. His motto, as against the Clericals, was, "The temporal power must displace and absorb the spiritual." As Minister of Public

Works, and of Foreign Affairs, and throughout all the vicissitudes of fortune and public favor, he was ever in the van of progress, being active until 1894. Several others of the eminent statesmen of free and sovereign Belgium have been commemorated in statues.

Among the great problems pressing for solution, in a country that had been for centuries militarily defenseless, was the fortification of the frontiers and of Antwerp, the chief seaport, according to modern theory and practice. This has been so far accomplished that, both in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when tens of thousands of the wounded of both combatants were nursed on her soil, and in the disputes of France and Germany over Morocco, in 1911, enforcement of neutrality and of the rights of a sovereign state were possible. When Belgium was a land of mercy and healing for the wounded of both warring nations in 1870, many of the old castles and "cloth halls" served as hospitals. The visit of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands to the Court of Brussels in the autumn of 1911 was interpreted to mean a practical union of Belgium and the Netherlands for the defense of their menaced frontiers.

With the increase of population, which has made Belgium the most densely inhabited country in Europe, the minds of statesmen were directed to making provision for material comfort and prosperity at home, and to discovering fresh

outlets for the national energies and the surplus population. King Leopold I had early foreseen that the markets in Europe were drying up and that new avenues of trade and expansion must be found elsewhere. The aptitude of Belgians for colonization became the theme of study and writing. The door of colonial activity in the East Indies, where many Belgians had gone, having been closed in 1830, investigations were made concerning Mexico, Texas, the Philippines, Guatemala, Brazil, Canada, and the United States, as fields of enterprise, during the period from 1830 to 1870. The treaties with China, Japan, and other nations of Asia, and the Duke of Brabant's tour in the Far East in 1858, awakened public attention still further. The purchase of Formosa or of the Philippines was considered. In February, 1860, the Crown Prince, later, as King, the private owner of the Congo State in Africa, made a notable speech in the Senate, which "constituted the true starting-point of Belgium's colonial policy." After a later address in 1861, his utterance "I claim for Belgium a fair share of the sea" became a watchword and point of advance.

Yet the old proverb, "A home-keeping lad has ever homely wits," as applicable to nations as to individuals, must not be forgotten here. The Belgians had so long been under foreign masters that their caution in inaugurating so novel a scheme as colonial enterprise verged upon timidity. As

early as 1844 the King wrote, "We have to create almost everything here, because private enterprise does next to nothing at all." This fact explains why the African Congo State was so long the private property of King Leopold. It had at first to be so, for the Belgic sovereign was the original mover in the enterprise and long the chief one interested.

The intermarriages between the royal family of Belgium and Austria, as of Charlotte, born June 7, 1840, daughter of King Leopold I, who wedded, in July, 1857, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, renewed the old bonds of friendship. When Napoleon III sent an army into the interior of Mexico, to establish there a throne and a European dynasty, in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine, during the time of our Civil War, the crown was offered to and accepted by Maximilian, and in May, 1864, the Emperor and the Empress Charlotte, of Belgium, arrived at Vera Cruz. The success of the Union arms in the United States was not anticipated in Europe.

The Austro-Belgian military contingent for Mexico numbered ten thousand, of which Walloons and Flemings constituted one fifth. In two bodies, October 15, 1864, and January 15, 1865, the soldiers sailed away in high hopes, to form the nucleus of a new imperial army in Mexico. Yet before they or Maximilian and Charlotte arrived, the Congress of the United States had re-

solved that no monarchy on American soil would receive recognition. This meant that General Grant's veterans might soon be in Mexico to enforce the Monroe Doctrine.

In the two battles fought by Belgians on Mexican soil, the men acquitted themselves bravely. In one case five hundred of the Legion surrendered to three thousand Mexicans, only after their last cartridge had been shot away. In another, a body of thirty-five hundred natives was defeated by the Belgians. Marshal Bazaine thanked the Legion on its departure for home in January, 1867. Mr. Seward's representations to Napoleon were too much for the French adventurer, and he withdrew his troops. Maximilian was shot by the Mexicans on June 19, 1867. The grief-stricken Charlotte went insane. In the mean time, December 10, 1865, King Leopold had died. At Oudenarde and at Beverloo, monuments to the fallen brave recall the valor of the Belgian heroes in Mexico and the folly of Napoleon III.

The first King of the Belgians (1790–1865) left a noble record of unselfish devotion and amazing diligence. He was rightly called the founder of a nation, a constitution, and a dynasty. Having lived and died in the Reformed faith, he was buried according to its simple forms. Though he had never changed his convictions or form of worship, he had served well and acceptably a Roman Catholic country, and had allowed his children to be brought

up in the mediæval ritual and dogma. The Ministry announced that "Belgium has lost the king who shared her fortunes with unalterable devotion during the whole course of a long, peaceful, and glorious reign." His son, Leopold II, succeeded his father, reigning until 1909. In Windsor Chapel, Queen Victoria erected to her uncle's memory a monument which bore an inscription, "Who held the place of a father in her affections."

CHAPTER XXX

GREATER BELGIUM: THE CONGO STATE

ALL the world went to Brussels in 1910. The Belgians, having enjoyed eighty years of freedom, determined to eclipse all previous national celebrations, such as the twenty-fifth in 1855 and the fiftieth in 1880, not only in the splendor of their pageants and processions, but also by inviting the nations to a great international and universal exhibition of art and industry in their national capital. Antwerp in 1885, Brussels in 1897, and Liège in 1907 had held similar expositions on a smaller scale, but the halls and pavilions for 1910 were erected on a space of two hundred acres. Most of the governments of the civilized world responded with exhibits. Despite a destructive fire during the progress of the exposition, millions of people enjoyed its attractions. Besides the wonderful display of Belgian products, the Congo Museum, the art and architecture of the brilliant city were revelations of Belgium's prosperity and the almost incredible advance made in fourscore years. From the rude monolith at Hollain and the dolmen at Wevis, to the imposing architecture of the Palais du Justice, fit monument of Belgium's freedom, what an advance in civilization! What climates and

revolutions of belief, aims, and ambitions in the long perspective of twenty centuries !

To the thoughtful student the pageant of real history outrivaled all attempts at visible reproduction to the eye, however impressive. Since 1830 the population had doubled and the volume of trade increased eighteen fold. Belgium's commerce, in proportion to the numbers of her people, was double that of France or Germany, seven times that of Italy, twelve times that of Russia, four times that of the United States, and exceeded that of Great Britain. Belgium's financial system was so stable that the Japanese after ten years' trial of American methods made the Bank of Belgium her model, with the happiest results. Within that same period of time new seaports, such as Zeebrugge, had been created, and Antwerp had become one of the greatest ports of entry in the world. Brussels, from being a provincial town, is now known as one of the intellectual capitals of Europe. Since 1830 over one hundred thousand separate works in Flemish, Walloon, or French, had been published, and the names of Belgian authors, including Maeterlinck, were known all over the world. Space does not permit us to treat of the Flemish movement in literature inaugurated by Henry Conscience.

In continuance of seven centuries of the fine arts and an inextinguishable love of beauty, the Belgian men and women of genius and taste have

opened a new era of painting, sculpture, and architecture. By generous and successful restorations, the authorities have harmoniously joined to modern freshness and enterprise their mediæval triumphs and monuments which the world loves still to enjoy. Until the war of 1914, the artistic wealth of Belgium was beyond human estimation, forming a magnet to attract lovers of beauty to a land of almost ideal material comforts for the traveler.

As of old, Belgian art is famed for its "color-blood," its expression of health and robustness, its keen sense and appreciation of the material, and its instinct of animality; in a word, it is rich in life and light.

Glancing at the political history of eighty years of freedom, we note that the "father of his country," Leopold I, died in 1865. By the Salic law, only males inherit the crown of Belgium. The Duke of Brabant, who succeeded under the name of Leopold II, was born April 9, 1835, and married, in 1853, Marie-Henriette, Archduchess of Austria. Of this union three daughters and one son were born. Under the reign of Leopold II, the Liberal party held power from 1857 until 1870, and the Catholics, in the main, from 1870 to 1910, when a Liberal reaction took place. The revision of the Constitution in 1883 provided for manhood suffrage. Foreign as well as native critics declare that Belgian jurisprudence is equal to any in the world in securing the greatest good to

the greatest number. The most striking monument of Belgium's triumphs in law and history is the Palace of Justice in Brussels, inaugurated in the year of jubilee, 1883. It is the largest architectural work of the nineteenth century, and one of the most beautiful of modern buildings.

Belgium is small only in territory, having an area of but 11,373 square miles, with a population of about eight millions, or nearly six hundred to the square mile, but the Belgian Congo State in Africa is nearly eighty times larger.

Within the memory of living men the interior of the Dark Continent was a blank. To-day the flag of the Congo State, with its golden star on a blue ground, floats over a hive of industry in a fruitful garden. Dotted with churches, hospitals, trading-stations, and promising new settlements, threaded with wagon-roads and highways of steel, with steamers plying upon its rivers, and the produce of its forests and plantations enriching both the natives, colonists, and the rest of the world, the transformation is as marvelous as a fairy tale. The most striking index of Africa's progress to be found in Europe is seen in the Congo Museum in Brussels.

Following the explorations of Burton, Speke, and Livingstone, which revealed the sources of the Nile and the Congo in the great fresh-water lakes of Central Africa, went Stanley, who traversed the Dark Continent from sea to sea, reach-

ing the mouth of Africa's majestic river on March 12, 1877, after a journey of nine hundred and ninety-nine days.

King Leopold had founded in 1876 the International African Association and sent Belgian officers to establish the first stations at Lake Tanganika. After Stanley's discoveries, the King organized the International Association of the Upper Congo and sent exploring parties up the mighty river and into its numerous affluents. The United States of America was the first great Power to recognize this association as a properly constituted state. This work of civilization made such rapid progress that at the Congress of Berlin, in 1885, the Powers recognized the Congo as an independent state under the sovereignty of King Leopold. The Belgic Anti-Slavery Society, under Cardinal Lavigerie, Primate of Africa (1825–1892), was founded to repress the slave trade, the "heart disease of Africa." It was even hoped that a fraternity of armed laymen would restore the fertility of the Sahara. This did not come to pass, but gradually the slave-hunters were driven out of the Congo Free State — a notable triumph of civilization. In the founding of new stations and in the military campaigns, by which the Arab strongholds were captured and slave-hunting and cannibalism improved off the face of the earth, Baron Francis Dhanis (1861–1909) took the leading part. At Blankenberghe, a noble monument has

been reared to two of the victims of war, Sergeant de Bruyne and his comrade, whose bleached skulls, long after their death, were found exposed on the palisades of a village of black savages.

No less brave and enterprising were the Christian missionaries, men and women, who, leaving their Belgian homes, went into the wilderness to rear schools, hospitals, and churches, and to help in forming a free, prosperous, and Christian nation. After these followed colonists, who were often less humane than eager in the quest of ivory, caoutchouc or rubber, coffee, and the raw material, which, turned into gold, has been the basis of many Belgian fortunes. Too many supposed that gain was godliness, and in the business of getting rich too fast, the King himself led. The abuses of bad government, chiefly in the form of cruelty to the natives, became so great that the civilized world cried "shame" and the British Parliament made protest. The situation called for action.

The Congo Free State, bounded by "the white man's Africa," as partitioned among Portuguese, Germans, French, and British, has an area of over nine hundred thousand square miles with a population of possibly thirty millions. It was brought into being wholly through the ambition and force of one man, King Leopold. At first the Belgians insisted that he alone should be the responsible owner and manager. Within ten years King Leo-

pold spent six millions of dollars on his African estate, but later he more than recouped his outlay and became very rich. The Congo Free State was thus at first a monopolist trading concern, in which abuses soon grew intolerable.

This led to a movement in Belgium for direct annexation. After prolonged discussion and negotiations the Congo Free State ceased on November 14, 1908, and the Belgian Congo, as a colony of the mother country, began its life. The first foreign Power to recognize the transfer was Germany, in January, 1909. The old system of absolute monarchy, with forced labor, was changed to a colonial system of thirteen districts and one province, each governed by a commissary, the power of legislation being vested in the Belgian Parliament.

By the Berlin act missionaries of all names and creeds have perfect freedom of action and are the chief educators of the natives, though the state has established agricultural and technical schools. Provision is made for orphans, foundlings, abandoned or neglected children, and those rescued from slavery. In 1907 there were five hundred missionaries at over one hundred stations in the colony. These give technical and manual as well as religious training.

King Leopold II, a man of great public virtues, but with a record of private life over which, after death, his friends prefer to draw the veil of

charity, died on December 17, 1909, after a reign of over forty-four years. His only son, Baldwin, having died in 1891, Leopold's nephew, Prince Albert, born April 8, 1875, and married December 12, 1900, to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, succeeded to the throne. Three children are the issue of this auspicious union. Few monarchs have begun their reign with more dignity and popularity than King Albert, who, besides having traveled in the United States, is a warm friend of America.

CHAPTER XXXI

BRAVE LITTLE BELGIUM

In 1914 Belgium became the military centre of the continent and the savior of France from German invasion, winning the praise of the world because of the valor of her people. She was again made "the cockpit of Europe," but for the first time by her own will and choice.

It is proposed, in this chapter, not to sketch the great world-war, but to bring our historical narrative into focus with the events of 1914, to show Belgium's position in law, and her justification as a belligerent.

In September, 1913, I made my fifth visit to Belgium, my course of travel taking me through northern France and over much ground that has since become the battle-line. With the incident of Jemappes (p. 258) fresh in mind, what I saw gave me the impression that Europe was already an armed camp, that powder was "lying around loose," and that with the falling of a single spark the long imminent war would break out. It could not be deferred many months. Japan, by humbling Russia in 1905, had disturbed the balance of power in Europe and weakened the value of the Dual Alliance, while the result of the Balkan

campaigns had been to bring the Central Powers, Germany and Austria, face to face with Russia. With steady increase, on both sides, of armies and military budgets, recent international events, especially between the two nations typified by Brunhilda and Fredegonda (p. 22), wore a most sinister aspect.

In France at several places I saw files of soldiers dragging young conscripts from the fields, bakeries, and shops to the barracks, there to be enrolled and uniformed in the active army. Those already under the colors, who had expected to be free at Christmas, were ordered to remain in active service for another twelve months. The Balkan States had already signed the Treaty of Bucharest, which closed the advance of Germany southeastward, leaving the west as the only direction of her ambition for "a place in the sun" and on the sea.

In Belgium, the new military law enlarging the army was in process of execution. The forts of Liège and other places, long deserted except by watchmen, were being garrisoned. Reorganization and expansion of all arms of the service were being carried out. The cavalry, especially, seemed very active. The nation had at last heeded King Leopold's warnings. Nevertheless, the store of munitions was slight and the heavier artillery was strikingly defective.

One story that I heard on the spot seemed to

me portentous. According to this, a party of Belgian officers had been out on a "hike," or walk, over the frontier, into Germany. In the wastes of heath, where neither tree, nor root, nor rock showed anything to stumble over, one of the party tripped and fell. Surprised, he kicked away the sand, and found a line of steel rails. Such a secret railway, thus built close up to the frontier, could be uncovered and put to use within an hour by a regiment of men. In the day of automobiles and aeroplanes also, here was an object-lesson showing how rapidly an invading army on its way to Paris could be thrown into Belgium.

In 1911, when several army corps of German soldiers were massed near the frontier, it was a common subject of their conversation that Paris, with the new vehicles and artillery, could be reached by a rush within ten days. Belgium, a little country, was scarcely reckoned as a factor in the case. Strategic "necessity" was not likely to know law, or care for treaties.

When in Paris, in 1891, I had witnessed, in connection with the revival of the Joan of Arc pageantry, the rather spectacular celebration of the Franco-Russian alliance. In 1913, I recalled the links in the chain of startling facts — that Japan, by humbling Russia, had upset the balance of power in Europe; the interference of Germany in French affairs at Tangier, in Mo-

rocco; the Algeciras Conference; and the incident of the German man-of-war Panther, at Agadir, in Morocco. The logic of these facts was to transform a divided into a united country and even "an Eternal France." Since the mania for armaments in Europe had reached almost the point of insanity, I felt fairly certain that there would be war in Europe within two years. As in the case of modernized Japan, the action that startled the world had been preceded by a century of interior, intellectual preparation, through philosophy, which is stronger than armies, for it creates them.

Under that cardinal doctrine of European statecraft, — built up after feudalism had given way to monarchy, — "the balance of power," the position of Belgium had been fixed by the Great Powers in the Treaty of London, signed April 18, 1839 (p. 280). Article VII declared, "Belgium . . . shall form an independent and perpetually neutral state." The chief object of both Great Britain and Germany in this treaty, though the former was most active, had been to form a bulwark against France. As King Leopold declared to Queen Victoria, in 1852, "Our good Congress here did not wish it; it was *imposé* upon them." To this document, which in 1914 the German Chancellor, Bethmann von Hollweg, referred to as "a scrap of paper," Great Britain, France, and Germany were signatories.

This treaty, besides recognizing the independence of Belgium, settled her external relations, and placed her under the safeguard of all the Powers. On August 9 and 11, 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, it was reaffirmed by France, Germany, and Great Britain. These three Powers stipulated that the British forces were to be used against either the French or the Germans, if either should violate the neutrality of Belgium. One year after the war, the Treaty of 1839 was to remain, as before, the basis of Belgium's independence and neutrality.

The diplomacy, thus made in 1839 and solemnly reaffirmed in 1870, debarred Belgium from either making any alliance with, or seeking the protection of, any single Power. At the Hague Conference, in 1907, the law was laid down that a neutralized state must prevent troops or convoys of a belligerent from crossing its territory; and that defense in maintaining neutrality was not an act of war.

A few far-seeing Belgian patriots, knowing that their country was the meeting-place of the Latin and the Teutonic nations, the key to England and France, the gateway to the Atlantic Ocean and America, and the point likely to be selected for the expansion of Germany, saw that it would be coveted by the great inland Power, and urged a plan of national defense.

It was part of the duty of Belgium to fortify

her frontiers. Hence the great expense incurred in erecting the forts which should guard the Maas River, and in making Antwerp a fortress and key to the system of national defense! When built, these twelve forts on the Maas were of ample strength to resist any artillery then known, the amazing powers of twentieth-century ordnance not being then suspected.

Events followed rapidly. In 1913, the new military law, enlarging the army and means of defense for Belgium, was passed. The Clerical Party and Ministry had been in power and office for thirty years and the law allowing plural voting was in force. Besides manhood suffrage, for all males above a certain age, those who held a degree from the universities had an extra vote, and a married man of thirty-five with children, another; thus making it possible for many of the voters to cast three ballots. Belgium swarmed with clericals, priests and monks, and the native host had been reinforced by the large French contingent driven out of the Republic. Other qualifications conferred voting power, but the limit of any one person was three votes. Since men with large families usually held Conservative views, it will readily be seen how difficult it was for their Liberal opponents to receive justice. The real question was that of education and the control of the schools. Should these be secular or sectarian?

This method of voting, against which the Lib-

erals had long protested, had been at first devised as a three-cornered compromise between Clericals, Liberals, and Socialists. In practice it worked badly, creating much dissatisfaction, especially among the large body of Socialists.

The Liberal agitation against the Conservative Party in power began about 1910, but the elections of June, 1913, in which Liberals and Socialists had made union, proved a disappointing surprise, for many of the timid in the party of fusion had absented themselves from the polls. The Clericals still held power in Parliament, controlling the Senate, and in the Chamber having a majority of sixteen.

Against this state of affairs the vanquished, of many shades of opinion, united once more to abolish plural voting and bring in the era of "one man, one vote." In a country dominated by industrialism this could be done by a strike, which, led by the Walloons, took place in February, 1914, paralyzing traffic and transportation. The military in large force was ordered out on guard.

Yet so orderly, self-controlled, and quiet were the strikers, with few or none of the usual concomitants of violence, that the display of military force was manifestly absurd and the Government wisely yielded. The strikers won their point. Reform was promised. A law, virtually granting what had been agitated, was in process of being framed to be reported to the next session of the Chamber

and Senate which was to meet in autumn. When the time came, the Belgian capital was in the hands of enemies.

This strike, organized on an almost national scale and lasting ten days, had a twofold effect. It cheered the modern-minded men in Belgium. It impressed, if not the world in general, at least the observing in other countries, convincing them that, under stress even of war, the Belgians would show themselves a nation of heroes.

The war-spark fell on the loose powder on June 28, 1914, when the heir-apparent of Austria was killed at Sarajevo in Bosnia, by an anarchist's bomb. At once an epidemic of international insanity broke out in Europe, giving Americans an object-lesson. What if the area of the United States — which, continental, outlying, and insular can cover and overlap Europe — were made up of jealous nations, with varieties of forms of government from despotisms to republics, with a network of frontiers, camps, customs-houses, race and creed hatreds, mutually hostile traditions, and still dominated, for the most part, by feudal, monarchical, State-Church, and other worn-out ideas, which the founders of the American Republic had long ago rejected!

Our narrative concerns itself only with Belgium. As in 1870, to protect her neutrality, a general mobilization of the Belgian army was ordered on July 31, and carried out within twenty-

four hours. Besides the soldiers on the eastern frontier, fifty thousand civilians began to dig trenches around Liège.

Large quantities of the most portable art works were sent out of the country, chiefly into England. Crowning the astonishing international telegraphic diplomacy of July, the German Ambassador, on the night of Sunday, August 2, notified Belgium that "the measures of the enemies of Germany obliged her to violate Belgian territory."

The answer was given that the Belgian Government had "firmly decided to repel by all means in its power any attack against its rights." There was no time to consult the nation, but the Parliament, in its session at Brussels of Tuesday, August 4, unanimously ratified the decision of the Foreign Office. The speech of the king before his lawgivers showed a leader and a hero worthy of the name. He called for "the calm of firm courage and a close union of all Belgians." He ended as follows: —

"If the foreigner, in violation of the neutrality of which you have always scrupulously observed the obligations, violates our territory, he will find all the Belgians grouped round their sovereign, who will never betray his constitutional rights, and round the Government, invested with the absolute confidence of the whole nation.

"Long live independent Belgium!"

All the neutral world that loves justice and be-

lieves in representative government applauded. Some, even of the enemies of Belgium, have praised her valor and have recognized the honorableness of her position while they sought justification for their own. Again the words of Cæsar echoed over all lands, singing themselves into poetry and song, — "*Omnium horum Belgii fortissimi sunt*" (Of all these, the Belgians are the bravest).

Germany's action united all King Albert's people. The names of ethnic stocks, parties, religions, were all forgotten in one word — *Belgium.*

By three routes, in automobiles, by rail, and on foot, twenty German army corps moved over Belgium toward France. War was waged in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth.

All previous theories of strategy seemed confounded by facts. For many weeks, the Allies were without plan or unity of forces, leaving the little Belgian army to bear the whole brunt and to withstand the total shock of the invading host. The French rushed to recapture Alsace and Lorraine. The British could not, at least did not, promptly support their protégés. Alone, the Belgian soldiers defended their native soil, thus saving Europe. France, England, civilization are indebted to Brave Little Belgium.

The border town of Visé was the first to be destroyed by German soldiers arriving in auto-

mobiles. The twelve Liège forts, defending the Maas, held out after the city had been occupied, but fell under the dropping fire of heavy shells from the giant howitzers lent by the Austrians. The story of their defense and the valor of Belgian resistance belong among the world's annals of loftiest heroism. Brussels was entered on August 20. Namur was bombarded and occupied August 22. The siege of Antwerp began on the 26th and the city was taken.

After several September battles, Ostend, Nieupoort, Westende, and Middelkerke were captured or destroyed. In November, the dikes were cut, flooding much of Flanders. By February 15, the Germans had captured the trenches at Ypres. In May, this ancient city was entered, and among the edifices destroyed was the magnificent mediæval Cloth Hall, one of the architectural wonders of the world.

The Belgians had now, perforce, become for the most part a nomad nation. The exodus was on an enormous scale. Probably a half-million of the people fled before the storm of war to Holland, to England, and to other lands, many even crossing the Atlantic. The Dutch repeated, to the refugees of 1914, their hospitality of 1567 and the generation following.

Into the question of desolation and alleged atrocities, or details of the campaigns, we do not here propose to enter. The king and his army



THE BEGUIN NUNS AT WORK



LACE-MAKERS AT BRUGES



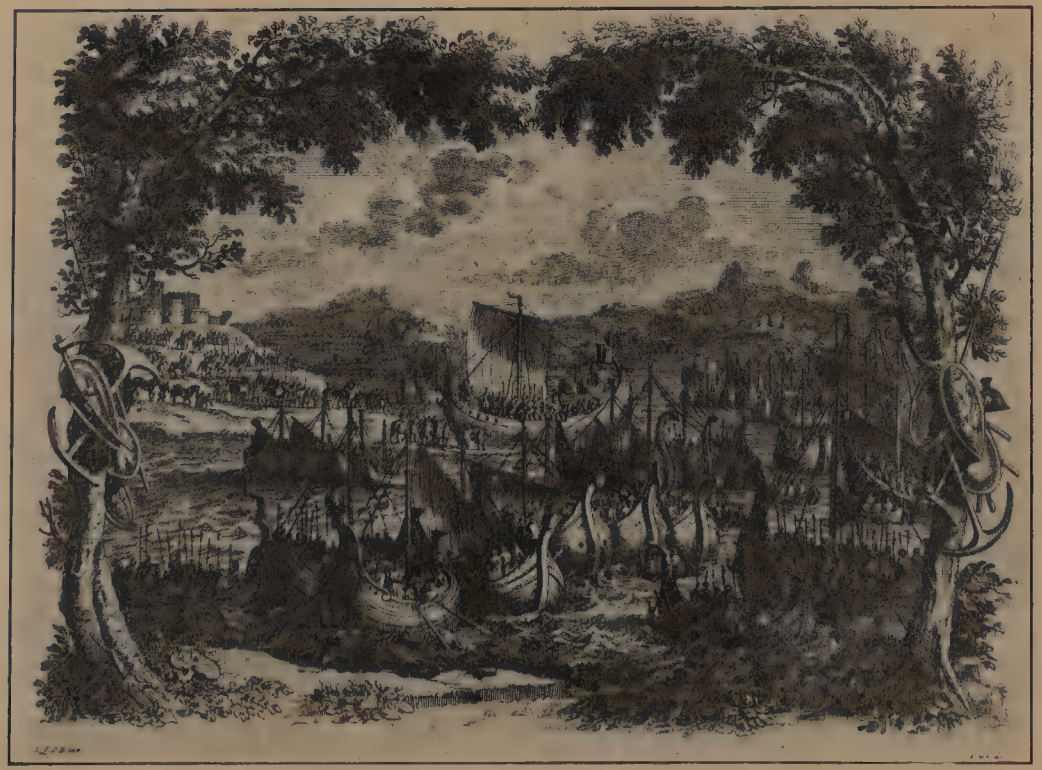
THE GREAT BELFRY OF BRUGES



LOUVAIN CITY HALL



A MARKET TEAM IN FLANDERS



A NAVAL EXPEDITION UNDER CHARLEMAGNE



THE INDUSTRIOUS WALLOONS



BELGIAN CRUSADERS IN PORTUGAL



THE LION MOUND AT WATERLOO



THE HEATH AND DUNES IN SUMMER



UNDER THE DOME: CONGO MUSEUM



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL AND STATUE OF RUBENS (p. 5)



THE GREAT ROCK OF DINANT ON THE MAAS



THE OLD GUILD HOUSES AT GHENT



ON THE BEACH AT OSTEND



SPA: "A FAMOUS FOCUS OF PLEASURE"

were not the only heroes. Cardinal Mercier, in his tireless labors, the American Minister, Brand Whitlock, who refused to take his orders from any superiors but those in Washington, the nurses, physicians, surgeons, priests, nuns, ministers of pity, succor, and food — all deserve gratitude and undying remembrance. From the first, the American hand opened and remained unsparing in its bounty. The seat of government was moved from one Belgian city to another, and at last found permanent establishment at Havre, in France. Here, on February 16, 1916, the Allies, in addition to their practical demonstration with army and navy, in August, 1914, the Russian Minister acting as spokesman, "renewed by solemn act the agreements" made in 1839, because Belgium had been "heroically faithful to its international obligations." They promised also that Belgium's political and economic independence should be reëstablished and that she should be "amply indemnified for damages suffered."

THE END

CHIEF EVENTS IN BELGIAN HISTORY

The Roman Dominion	B.C. 53–A.D. 406
Invasion of the Franks	A.D. 300
The Franks established	361
Belgium made part of Austrasia	511
Century of Christian missionaries	600–700
The Carlovingians	614–814
Church and State united — Charlemagne	800
The Verdun compact : Lothairingia	843
Duchy of Lothair and Principality of Liège	956–1096
Charter of Grammont	1068
Battle of Cassel	1071
The Belgian Crusades	1096–1270
Invention of lace and tapestry	about 1200
The order of the Beguins	beginning 1200
Rise and prosperity of the Communes	900–1500
Bruges Matins : French massacred	May 19, 1302
Battle of Courtrai (Battle of the Golden Spurs)	July 11, 1302
The van Arteveldes	1285–1382
The Joyous Entry of Wenzel : Constitution	1356
Battle of Roosebeke : Flemings overthrown	1382
Emigration of Flemings to England	1383–1400
Counts of Flanders	864–1419
Counts of Namur	908–1421
Counts of Hainault	915–1433
Counts and Dukes of Luxembourg	963–1467
Counts and Dukes of Brabant	1015–1430
Counts and Dukes of Limbourg	1055–1279

Prince-Bishops of Liège	972–1794
The Dukes of Burgundy	1384–1476
Jacqueline of Bavaria	1404–1436
Knights of the Golden Fleece	1430
Philip the Good: First bloom of Flemish painting	1419–1467
Début of the House of Austria	1467
Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands	1506–1530
Charles V	1515–1555
"The Troubles": Reformation era	1517–1648
Margaret of Parma, Regent	1559–1567
Guido de Bray: The Belgic Confession	1567
Invasion of Alva: Birth of Usselincx	1567
Flight of the Walloons and Flemings	1567
Pacification of Ghent	1577
The Catholic Reaction: Activities of Parma	1578–1592
The Great Infanta: Albert and Isabella	1598–1633
Jesse de Forest's Walloons in New Netherland	1623
The Age of Rubens	1609–1640
The Peace of Munster	1648
"A Century of Misery": "The Cockpit"	1600–1700
Blockade of the Scheldt	1648–1860
Peace of Ryswick	1697
The Barrier Forts erected	1713
The Austrian Netherlands	1714–1794
Ennessens executed	1719
The Pragmatic Sanction	1725
The Seven Years' War: British victories	1755–1763
Era of Maria Theresa	1740–1780
The "Crowned Anarchist," Joseph II	1780–1790
The Belgian United States	1790
War between France and Austria	1792
Dumouriez enters Brussels	1792
The French domination: Napoleonic era	1792–1814

Holland and Belgium united	1814–1830
The Treaty of Ghent	1814
The Belgian Revolution: Independence	1830
The statesmanship of Rogier	1831–1883
Reign of King Leopold I	1831–1865
"Iron roads": Railway system begun	1833
Frère-Orban's work	1880–1894
Fiftieth Anniversary of Freedom	1880
The Belgian soldiers in Mexico	1864–1866
Reign of Leopold II	1866–1909
Belgians in Africa	1876
Stanley's exploration completed	1877
The Congo Free State	1885
The Belgian Congo	1908
King Albert begins his reign	1909
Eighty-year Celebration: Brussels Exposition	1910
The new military law	1913
The great, peaceful strike	1914
Mobilization of the army	July 31, 1914
Germany's notification of war	August 2, 1914
Invasion of Belgium by the Germans	August 3, 1914
King's speech. Parliament votes resistance	August 4, 1914
Brussels occupied	August 20, 1914
Belgian government at Havre	1915
The Powers reaffirm Belgium's neutrality	Feb. 14, 1916

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